THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

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1935
V. 6, no. 3

JUNE
10
CENTS

Annette Hanshaw

RADIO BOWS TO HUEY LONG

LAUGH AT HEAT! Have Cool Allure!



WHILE OTHER GIRLS WILT
AND LOSE THEIR CHARM
YOU CAN KEEP

Irresistible

Summer's here and its good times go to the girl who keeps irresistible! Don't be mussy, sticky, unattractive. Laugh at heat, have cool allure on hottest days...use IRRESISTIBLE TALC. It has *special hot weather advantages.*

Easily, quickly, you can dust body odor away with this dainty deodorant talc. Apply it *generously* all over your body. No matter how great your body warmth... the exquisite perfume of Irresistible Talc keeps its exotic delicacy...keeps *you* irresistible.

Irresistible Talc contains a special ingredient which is soothing and healing to your skin. It cools the surface of the skin *without drying and roughening the skin itself.*

After bathing...or when you haven't time for a bath...rub IRRESISTIBLE COLOGNE on your whole body...it's a tingling, refreshing treat! Finish with Irresistible Talc for lasting fragrance and daintiness. Your whole body will feel invigorated, young, glorified!

Try all the wonderful IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS... each has some special feature to make you irresistible today... now...forever. Laboratory tested for purity and only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Dust body odor away with this dainty deodorant talcum powder. Rub this exquisite cologne into your body to tone, firm and refresh your skin.



Lipstick in four gorgeous shades, for lovely, luscious lips



Brilliantine that gives your hair a glorious, silky sheen



Vanishing, liquefying, cold cream . . . perfect for your skin



Exquisite face powder, satin-fine, clings for hours



Exotic perfume of glamorous allure... a clinging, lasting fragrance

TRADE MARK REG., CONTAINERS PAT'D.

Irresistible

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

ONLY 10c EACH AT YOUR 5 and 10c STORE

ORCHIDS TO SALLY (*UNTIL SHE SMILES*)



"Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups... dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work . . . what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums — of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

You can't afford to take chances — to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has explained and stressed that warning—"pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of exercise — soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep—those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush even occasionally shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't let yourself in for serious gum troubles — for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today and follow regularly this healthful routine. Start today!

Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gum tissue and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter—your gums healthier — and your smile will be lovelier with Ipana and massage.



IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. K-65.
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

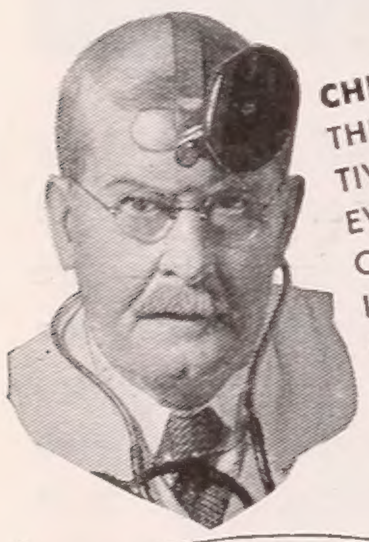
I was sallow and sort of logy



• Everything I ate seemed to give me gas—I just couldn't get my system regulated properly. My little boy suffered from constipation, too, and didn't like the taste of castor oil. His teacher advised me to give him FEEN-A-MINT. He thought it was just nice chewing gum and took it without the usual fuss. It gave him such a prompt and complete movement that I chewed one myself. That was over a year ago and I want to tell you that FEEN-A-MINT has been a welcome friend in relieving constipation. I wouldn't have any other laxative in the house.

Used by over 15,000,000 people

Our files are full of letters telling what FEEN-A-MINT does for people. Doctors know that FEEN-A-MINT does a more thorough job, and does it gently, because you must chew it—and chewing spreads the laxative evenly through the intestines so that more complete relief comes without straining and griping. Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—you'll join the 15,000,000 people who are boosters for FEEN-A-MINT—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... THEN IT MIXES WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED SYSTEM. THAT IS WHY **FEEN-A-MINT** GIVES MORE THOROUGH RELIEF. ESPECIALLY ADVISABLE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

FOR BETTER RESULTS CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum **LAXATIVE**

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

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Cover by Earl Christy

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LET'S GO "RECKLESS"!

Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero". See her sell kisses for $500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honeymoon ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.



Jean

HARLOW

WILLIAM

POWELL

in

RECKLESS

with a screenful of beauties and a great cast including

FRANCHOT

TONE

MAY

ROBSON

TED HEALY
NAT PENDLETON
ROBERT LIGHT

Produced by
DAVID O. SELZNICK

Directed by
VICTOR FLEMING

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Now AN IMPROVED MASCARA

New Emollient Winx Widely Welcomed. Gives Your Eyes Alluring Beauty

MY final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx is a nation-wide sensation. It brings women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx, which I can prove:

(1) It has a greater spreading capacity, overcoming the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.

(2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.

(3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer —your money back, without question, if you don't agree that I can beautify your eyes.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with my Winx Cake Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, *for any reason,* return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Louise Ross



KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL

The woman who wins attention is one who moves gracefully

By MARY BIDDLE

JUNE wedding marches will soon be ringing triumphantly in our ears, and summer breezes will be wafting the lilting melodies of sympathetic dance orchestras to couples who dance under the stars. "Love in Bloom" is something more than a popular radio song. The romantic months are here. And so it is but natural for us to turn to the ever-recurrent subject of how to be attractive to men.

Charm has been described as "a sort of bloom on a woman." Without it a woman never flowers into her rightful heritage of beauty and romance. And who is better qualified to advise on the factors of a woman's charm than the man who sees, every night, a regular "Peacock's Alley" parade of the cream of New York society's beauty and distinction?

Xavier Cugat, the famous tango maestro, who holds forth nightly in the ballroom of the exclusive Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York, and whose soft Spanish music comes to you every Saturday night over the radio, believes that one of the most important factors of a woman's charm is her carriage. Every night Cugat watches hundreds of women, dancing, walking, standing. All kinds and types of women. Society women, theatrical stars, shop-girls, stenographers.

Graceful carriage, according to the popular Cugat, is what sets a woman apart from the crowd.

"The woman who wins attention on my dance floor," Xavier told me in his soft-spoken English so reminiscent of his own land in the delightful accent that clings to it, "is the woman who stands gracefully, (*Continued on page 77*)



Haussler

Xavier Cugat, famous orchestra leader, gives rules for grace, and Margo, sensational Rhumba dancer, illustrates.

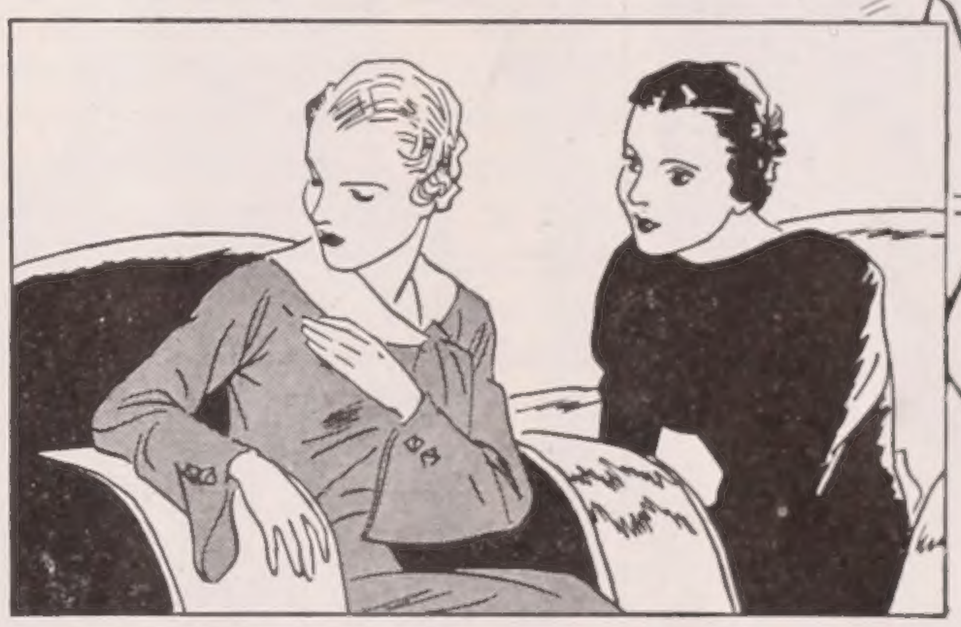
Helen didn't mean to be CARELESS





MARY: Why does Helen have such a poor time at parties?

JANE: The men simply won't dance with her—it's a shame she's so careless.



HELEN: Just look, I've spoiled another dress under the arms! In spite of everything I do, I can never feel safe in a warm room.

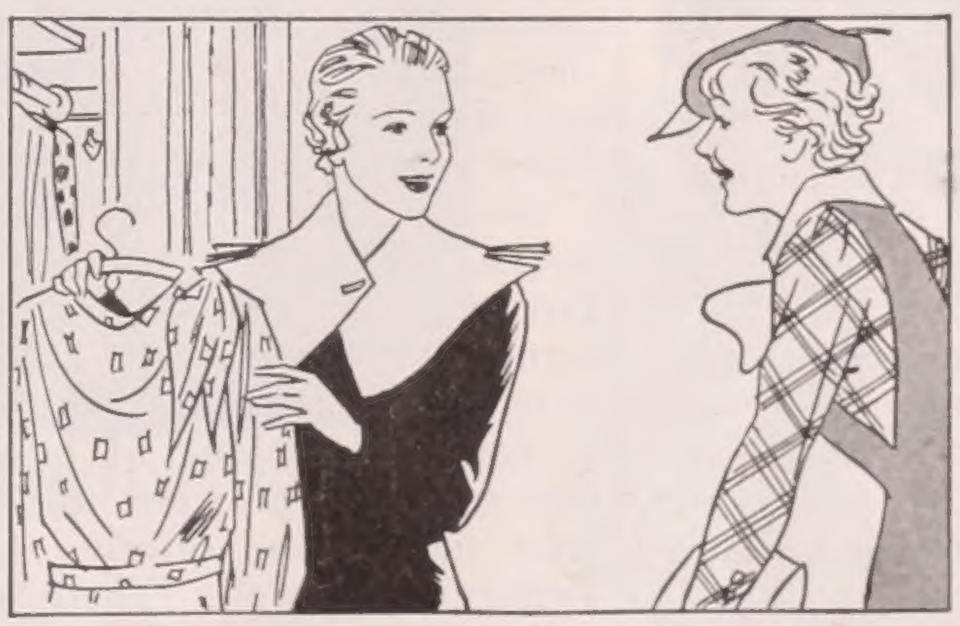
MARY: Why don't you use Kleinert's Dress Shields? You'll never need to worry again—they're *guaranteed* to protect your dress.



Next day)—

HELEN: What kind of Kleinert's Shields do you recommend?

SALESCLERK: They're all good but I think you would be especially pleased with their new Blue Label BOILABLE shields—hot soap suds get everything so sweet and clean.



(*A week later*)—

HELEN: There! I've put Kleinert's Dress Shields in every dress I own. Mary says they will prevent friction and weakening of the fabric as well as perspiration stains.

JANE: I'm so glad you insisted on Kleinert's—it always seems silly to accept a substitute when genuine Kleinert's cost as little as 25c a pair. Well—I must run along home—be sure to come early tonight, it's going to be a good party.

Kleinert's

Regardless of anything else you may do, you still need Kleinert's Dress Shields to protect your dress. When *genuine* Kleinert's Dress Shields cost as little as 25c a pair, why should you risk your dress by even one careless wearing. Women who dress well have discovered that clothes last longer and look better if the underarms are protected from friction, staining, and weakening of the fabric by perspiration chemicals.

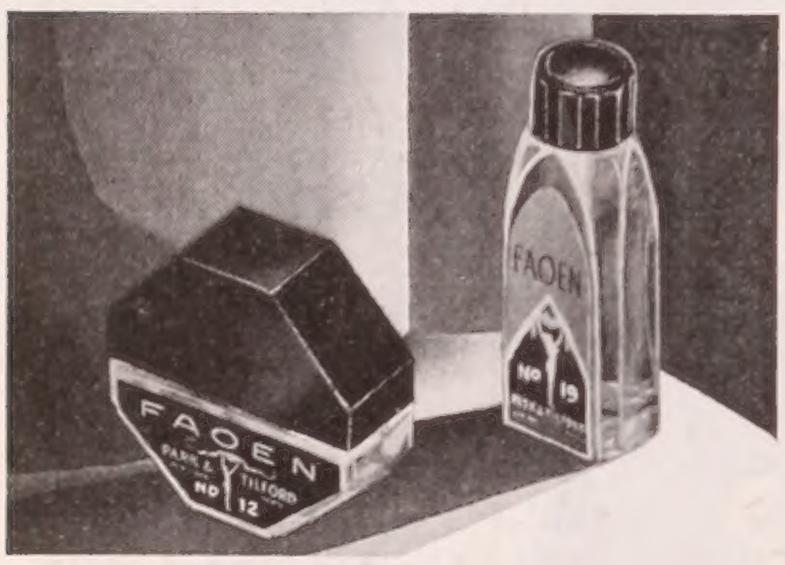
When perfect comfort is essential—Kleinert's NUVO Sanitary Belts. Can't curl . . . Washable . . . Some are pinless . . . From 25c to $1.00 each . . . All Notion Counters.

Kleinert's
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
DRESS SHIELDS

Another way of saying charm

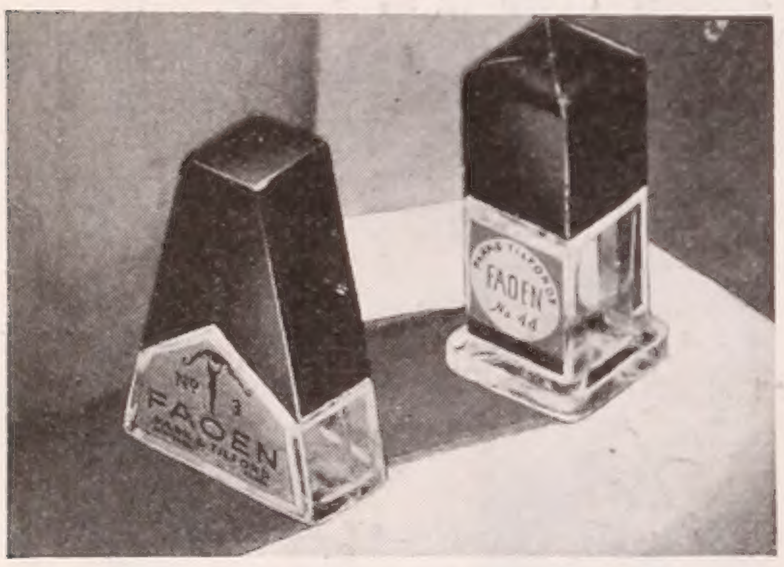
PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN



FAOEN No. 12
Floral and delicate.

FAOEN No. 19
Fresh, yet elusive.



FAOEN No. 3
is exotic and oriental.

FAOEN No. 44
Warm and Vibrant.

To the thousands of fascinating women who prefer FAOEN to more costly scents, FAOEN is more than a perfume . . . it is really another word for Charm.

It is amazing the way FAOEN can transform your personality. It's subtle, yet lingering fragrance gives you an entirely new sense of irresistible loveliness.

Let FAOEN enhance your charm and accentuate your hidden power of lovely, languorous allure!

10c *In ten cent tuckaway sizes as illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.*

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

TELEVISION IS COMING—BUT WHEN?

A lay view of some of its problems

Now that miracles of mechanical invention have become so much a matter of course, we no longer wonder at them. We expect them. We demand them. And the less we, the uninitiated, know of the stupendous problems involved in the working of these miracles, the more impatiently we clamor for them.

In a way that's not a bad thing. Desire or need supply the impulses which bring all things to birth. We wanted electricity, and we got it. We wanted swift automobiles, and we have them. We wanted airplane service to transport us across the continent in twenty-four hours, and it is established. We wanted motion pictures, and they no longer are "in their infancy." We wanted radios, and they have become a part of the daily life of the nation.

Now we want television. And of course we shall have it. Nothing can stop us from getting what we want! True, we won't have it next month. Perhaps not next year. So if you are thinking of buying that new radio set, go right ahead. Don't wait to get one offering television reception as well. There still are technical problems which must be solved in the laboratories. And there are operating and commercial problems to be solved by the organizations which will bring the new miracle to us.

Let's just glance at some of the intricacies involved. Since television already exists in the laboratories, let's see what problems must first be solved before we can have it in our homes. Don't be alarmed. This isn't going to be technical. Even we laymen can learn a bit about these problems and so understand why we haven't television as yet, and won't for a little while.

In the first place there is the problem of wires. . . . To bring sound into our homes, radio broadcasting companies pay vast sums for the use of thousands of miles of telephone wires, from which the transformed sound waves are distributed to radio broadcasting stations. Now our radio sound vibrations range approximately from twenty-five to eight thousand cycles. But optical vibrations are very much higher and demand more "cycle power" than any wires now existing can carry. So the present wire systems are not suitable for interconnecting television stations, as they are for radio broadcast stations. In order to bring television into homes throughout the country, either a new system of wires reaching from city to city must be created or radio relay stations must be established.

Such relay stations aren't necessary in the sound broadcasting we have today. Radio sound waves flow thousands of miles through the air without interruption, lifting or bounding over any obstacle to their course. But (*Continued on page 61*)

Three who need not fear Television.

Maxine | Marion Holmes | Janice Jarrett



Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids—

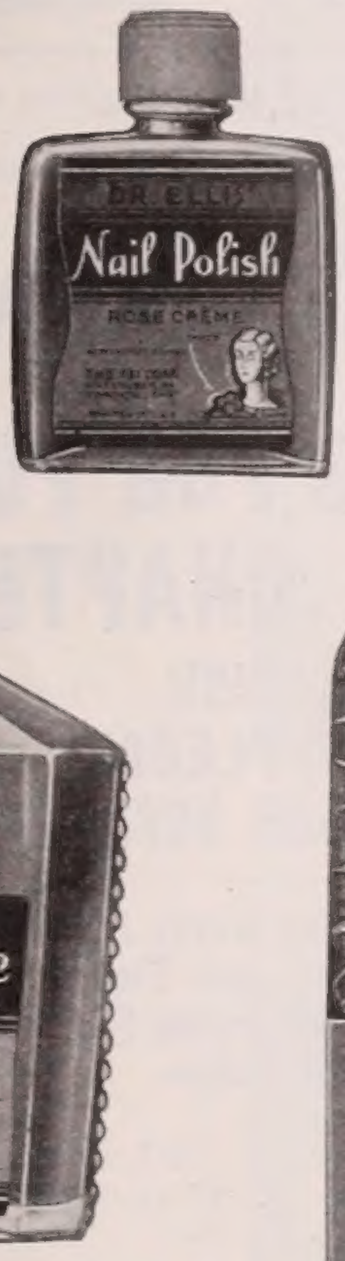
There is a charm and beauty in DR. ELLIS' Beauty Aids that identify them wherever they are seen, and they are seen everywhere.

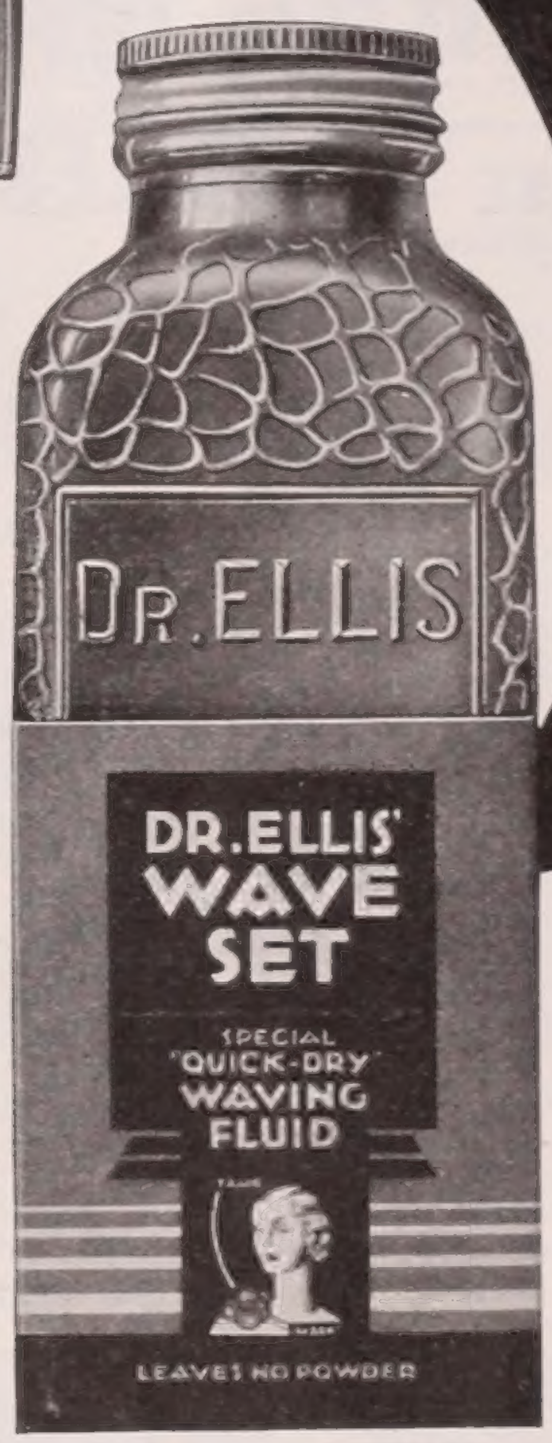
DR. ELLIS' Products give that certain "exotic" touch that makes the discriminating modern woman so glamorous.

DR. ELLIS' Beauty Aids were inspired and created to make Milady more charming, and their use makes home grooming a pleasant ritual rather than a difficult and extravagant luxury.

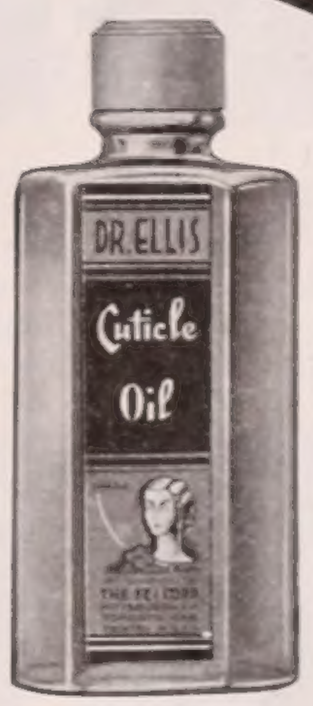
A few minutes daily, and an entirely new sense of "exquisite loveliness" is yours.

DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK DRY" WAVESET has stood the test! DR. ELLIS' WAVESET does NOT discolor hair. It makes hair lovely and keeps it so. Waves take on the luster of a lemon rinse and last longer. The handy "Comb-Dip" bottle in which DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK DRY" WAVESET WAVING FLUID is sold has been proven the ideal dispensing unit.





LEAVES NO POWDER



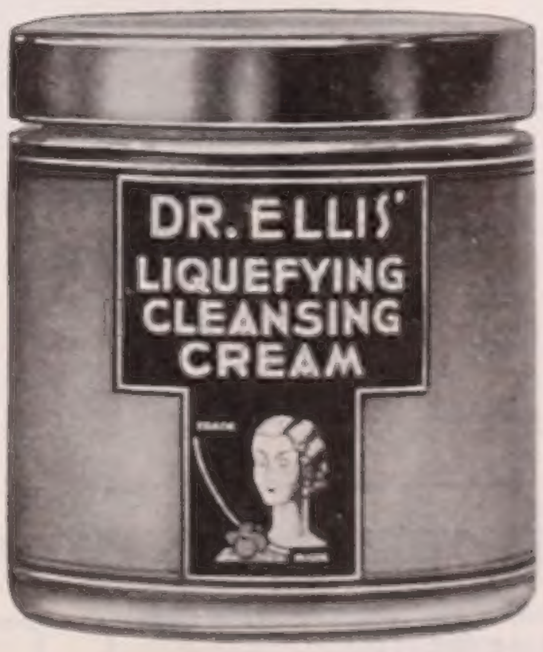


For The Modern Woman—

DR. ELLIS' BEAUTY AID PRODUCTS

DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK DRY" WAVESET WAVING FLUID . . 10c
DR. ELLIS' BRILLIANTINE 10c
DR. ELLIS' LIQUEFYING CLEANSING, VANISHING, LEMON CLEANSING, HAND, TISSUE and COLD CREAM . . . 1½ oz. 10c . . . . 4 oz. 20c
DR. ELLIS' POLISH REMOVER . . . Oil and Plain 10c
DR. ELLIS' CUTICLE OIL 10c
DR. ELLIS' CUTICLE REMOVER . . 10c
DR. ELLIS' NAIL POLISH Creme or Clear, CORAL, CRYSTAL, NATURAL, CARDINAL, RUBY and ROSE . . . 10c

The above listed and other Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids may be purchased in your favorite 5 and 10 cent store or at your nearest toilet goods counter. Price in Canada, 15c.



THE DR. ELLIS' SALES COMPANY
PITTSBURGH · TORONTO

RADIO STARS

Let's get together for FAIR WEATHER

THE LISTENERS' LEAGUE Gazette

HOME EDITION

Vol. 1, No. 1 NEW YORK, NEW YORK June, 193

FAN CLUBS FORM NATIONAL FRAT

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

The purposes of the Listeners' League of America are threefold. They are:

1. To give a voice to the vast body of listeners for the betterment of broadcasting.
2. To champion the cause of the artists around whose talents the business of broadcasting is built.
3. To protect listeners from the abuses of poor or objectionable programs.

Provisions Made For Those Who Cannot Be Members of Chapters

Since Chapters must have ten or more members, some people might have been deprived of affiliations with the League had it not been for a special provision just completed for that group.

It provides for one central Chapter which we have named after Marconi, inventor of the radio, for each radio artist, to be composed of those who, because of their residence in sparsely populated communities or because of other local conditions, are prevented from forming ten or more persons into a regular Chapter.

By this means, no radio listener will be deprived of participation in the League. These individuals apply for membership in the same manner as regular Chapter members, indicating on the application, however, that they are not affiliated with a local Chapter.

Activities of these Chapters will be handled directly by the New York office of the League.

MEMBERS RECEIVE VARIED BENEFITS

Fans Will Have Closer Contacts With Their Air Favorites

Organizers of the Listeners' League of America, in co-öperation with RADIO STARS Magazine, outline the benefits of the League as being based primarily upon the idea of bringing the artist and his or her followers into closer fraternalism.

To do this, the League lists seven benefits it will endeavor to achieve in behalf of its members. They are:

1. To conduct a correspondence clearing house for mail between members and artists. Mail can be sent direct to the artists in care of the League headquarters, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, and it will be delivered direct to the artists.

2. To furnish each member with an official membership card which will entitle members to the benefits of the League.

(*Continued on page* 106, Col. II)

RULES FOR FORMING CHAPTERS SIMPLIFIEI

ARTISTS LAVISH PRAISE; PLEDGE LEAGUE SUPPORT

Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, Annette Hanshaw and Jane Froman Among Those Urging Fans to Join League



When announcement was first made of the formation of the Listeners' League of America, scores of radio artists sent messages pledging their support and urging their fans to affiliate with the League.

"We find in this League," said a prominent broadcasting official, "a means to organize listeners into one vast audience whose opinions will undoubtedly be an important factor in program building.

Rudy Vallee stated: "It seems to me that there is a definite place in radio for a Listeners' League. I am happy to know that RADIO STARS Magazine has undertaken to sponsor such an organization. I heartily recommend it to my friends."

"It's a swell idea," said **Annette Hanshaw.** "I cherish the loyalty and help of my fans.

(*Continued on page* 106, Col. II)

The method of formir Chapters has been made simple as possible. The pr cedure is as follows:

1. Get together ten or mo persons who wish to organi in behalf of their favorite rad artist.

2. Elect officers, naming president, vice-president a secretary-treasurer.

3. Have *each* member c out and sign an individual mem bership application which printed on this page.

4. Have the president fill o the application for a chart which is printed just below t individual membership applic tion.

5. Send both the membersh coupons and the application f charter coupon to The Listener League of America, 149 Mad son Avenue, New York City.

Radio fans throughout t country are issued an invitatic to support their network favo ites through the medium broadcasting's first and on national listeners' organizatio This new organization, to known as The Listeners' Leagu of America, makes its bow th month.

Fans will be interested know that the League is forme for their exclusive benefit wit purpose outlined as follows (1) To give a voice to the va body of listeners for the be terment of broadcasting; (2 to champion the cause of th artists around whose talen the business of broadcasting

(*Continued on page* 106, Col I)

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT—RADIO STARS SUBSCRIPTION FREE TO PRESIDENTS OF FIRST 100 CHAPTER

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Application for Membership into The Listeners' League of America.

I, the undersigned, apply for membership into the Listeners' League of America in support of..... (insert name of artist whom you are backing).

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER

LISTENERS' LEAGUE OF AMERICA,
149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

I, the undersigned, as president of the..... chapter (insert name of artist for whom Chapter is being formed), enclose ten or more individual membership coupons and apply for a Charter from the Listeners' League of America. When this application has been acted upon, it is understood that each of these members will receive membership cards and the Chapter will receive its Charter signed by..... (insert name of artist for whom Chapter is formed).

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Kilocycle Quiz

(We wonder if you can answer these. If you are a real radio fan, you should be able to zip right through them.)

1. Who is the star who can sing 32 operatic roles in 6 different languages?

2. Who is the vocalist with Don Bestor's orchestra?

3. What makes the sound of raging fire on the air?

4. What is the title for Otto Harbach's show which won a $500 prize?

5. Who owns radio station WLW?

6. What program has as a star an anonymous baritone called the "Night Singer"?

7. What nationality is Richard Bonelli and what is his real name?

8. What male singer can hold a single note longer than any other singer on the airwaves?

9. Who is the radio and screen star who was awarded the annual gold medal for distinguished services in arts and science by the Society of Arts and Science this year?

10. How many homes approximately have radios according to a recent survey?

11. How old is Major Bowes?

12. Can Annette Hanshaw read music?

13. Is Morton Downey's mother a talented harpist?

14. Is the girl Frances on Today's Children the same as Ireene on The Singing Lady Program?

15. What two orchestra leaders have their brothers as soloists in their bands?

16. Who is "The Long Tall Gal from Dixie"?

17. What is Wayne King's first name?

(*Answers on Page 79*)







KATE: "Look, Ida. That wash of Mrs. Palmer's is full of *tattle-tale gray.*"

JOAN: "And how! That dingy color almost shouts that her soap didn't get out *all* the dirt."

IDA: "You know, Kate — my clothes look terrible—but what can I do?"

KATE: "Just change to Fels-Naptha—*and dirt can't stay* behind. Smell!—that *golden* soap holds *lots* of naptha."





ERNIE: "Wh-e-e! All dolled up for Dad."
IDA: "It's an old dress — but it looks so nice and white now—you'd think it was new. I could hug Kate for making me change to Fels-Naptha Soap."

IDA: "Hey, you little rascal! Don't you muss up mother's silk things. Those are my best stockings and undies — and Fels-Naptha is the only thing that's gentle enough for them"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

FELS-NAPTHA Soap is *two* dirt-loosen-ers instead of one

Richer golden soap and *plenty of naptha* added! Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt like "trick" soaps do. It gets ALL the dirt—even the deep-down, stuck-fast kind. It gets clothes beautifully white!

Fels-Naptha is *safer*, too: [illegible] to daintiness things. And it's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerin in every golden bar.

Get some Fels-Naptha today. It's great in tub, basin or machine! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



Board of Review

★★★★ LUX RADIO THEATRE (NBC).

★★★★ TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC).

★★★★ JACK BENNY (NBC).

★★★★ FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR (CBS).

★★★★ FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS).

★★★★ FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).

★★★★ GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY CONCERTS (NBC).

★★★★ CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS LILY PONS WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ'S ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS (CBS).

★★★★ CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS LUCREZIA BORI; ANDRE KOSTELANETZ'S ORCHESTRA AND VOCAL ENSEMBLE (CBS).

★★★★ PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT AND JOHN BARCLAY (NBC).

★★★★ COTY PRESENTS RAY NOBLE AND HIS DANCE ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).

★★★★ ONE MAN'S FAMILY, DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC).

★★★★ CITIES SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).

★★★★ COCA COLA PRESENTS FRANK BLACK WITH ORCHESTRA AND VOCAL ENSEMBLE (NBC).

★★★★ EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).

★★★★ MUSIC AT THE HAYDNS—OTTO HARBACH—AL GOODMAN AND ORCHESTRA, DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL PROGRAM (NBC).

★★★★ CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS RICHARD BONELLI, BARITONE; ANDRE KOSTELANETZ'S ORCHESTRA AND VOCAL ENSEMBLE (CBS).

★★★★ VOICE OF FIRESTONE FEATURING RICHARD CROOKS, TENOR; GLADYS SWARTHOUT, MEZZO-SOPRANO AND NELSON EDDY (NBC).

★★★★ SILKEN STRINGS WITH COUNTESS ALBANI AND CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ HOUR OF CHARM, FEATURING PHIL SPITALNY AND HIS ALL GIRL VOCAL AND ORCHESTRAL ENSEMBLE (CBS).

★★★★ AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, VIRGINIA REA AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).

★★★★ BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★★ SWIFT PROGRAM WITH SIGMUND ROMBERG AND WILLIAM LYON PHELPS (NBC).

THE TOPS

The following programs were ranked as leaders by members of our Board of Review for this month. All other programs are grouped in four, three and two star rank.

1. ★★★★Lux Radio Theatre (NBC).
2. ★★★★Town Hall Tonight (NBC).
3. ★★★★Jack Benny (NBC).
4. ★★★★Ford Sunday Evening Hour (CBS).
5. ★★★★Ford Program with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians (CBS).

★★★★★ **Excellent**
★★★★ **Good**
★★★ **Fair**
★★ **Poor**
★ **Not Recommended**

★★★★ BING CROSBY WITH THE MILLS BROTHERS (CBS).

★★★ PLEASURE ISLAND WITH GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ RCA RADIOTRON COMPANY'S "RADIO CITY PARTY" (NBC.)

★★★ COLUMBIA DRAMATIC GUILD (CBS).

★★★ WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES IN 20,000 YEARS IN SING SING (NBC).

★★★ CAMPANA'S FIRST NIGHTER WITH JANE MEREDITH AND DON AMECHE (NBC).

★★★ BOND BREAD SHOW WITH FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).

★★★ LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★ KATE SMITH'S HUDSON SERIES (CBS).

★★★ "LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" WITH FRANK MUNN, HAZEL GLENN AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★ "MELODIANA" WITH ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA, VIVIENNE SEGAL AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS).

★★★ EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VARIETIES WITH ELIZABETH LENNOX AND VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★ SENTINELS SERENADE WITH MME. SCHUMANN HEINK; EDWARD DAVIES AND JOSEF KOESTNER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL DE CARLAY, ANDY SANNELLA AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, CONCERT WITH ERNO RAPEE (NBC).

★★★ A. & P. GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORLICK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ CONTENTED PROGRAM WITH GENE ARNOLD, THE LULLABY LADY, MORGAN EASTMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ LOWELL THOMAS, COMMENTATOR (NBC).

★★★ JAN GARBER'S SUPPER CLUB WITH DOROTHY PAGE (NBC).

★★★ SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).

★★★ PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA AND PHIL DUEY (NBC).

★★★ HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES WITH EDGAR A. GUEST, ALICE MOCK CHARLES SEARS AND JOSEF KOESTNER'S BAND (NBC).

★★★ THE ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).

★★★ "HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD" WITH TONY WONS (NBC).

★★★ ROSES AND DRUMS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

★★★ BOAKE CARTER (CBS).

★★★ EX-LAX PROGRAM WITH LUD GLUSKIN AND BLOCK AND SULLY (CBS).

★★★ THE ROXY REVUE WITH "ROXY" AND HIS GANG (CBS).

★★★ ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC).

★★★ CLIMALENE CARNIVAL (NBC).

★★★ GRAND HOTEL WITH ANNE SEYMOUR AND DON AMECHE (NBC).

★★★ THE PONTIAC PROGRAM WITH JANE FROMAN (NBC).

★★★ THE GIBSON FAMILY (NBC).

★★★ SONGS YOU LOVE WITH ROSE BAMPTON AND NAT SHILKRET AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ PAT KENNEDY WITH ART KASSEL AND HIS KASSELS IN THE AIR ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★ "OPEN HOUSE" WITH VERA VAN, DONALD NOVIS AND FREDDY MARTIN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★ ISHAM JONES AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH GUEST STARS AND MIXED CHORUS (CBS).

★★★ THE CAMEL CARAVAN WITH ANNETTE HANSHAW, WALTER O'KEEFE, GLEN GRAY'S CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA AND TED HUSING (CBS).

★★★ MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).

★★★ THE IVORY STAMP CLUB WITH TIM HEALY (NBC).

Curtis Mitchell
Radio Stars Magazine, Chairman
Alton Cook
N. Y. World-Telegram, N. Y. C.
S. A. Coleman
Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan.
Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.
Andrew W. Smith
News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.
Lecta Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas

Si Steinhauser
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Leo Miller
Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.
Charlotte Geer
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.
Richard G. Moffett
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.
Dan Thompson
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.

R. B. Westergaard
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, Ia.
C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Wolters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.
H. Dean Fitzer
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.
Joe Haeffner
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
Andrew G. Foppe
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.
Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.
Jack Barnes
Union-Tribune, San Diego, Cal.

★★★ CAREFREE CARNIVAL (NBC).

★★★ INTIMATE REVUE WITH JANE FROMAN, JAMES MELTON, AL GOODMAN (NBC).

★★★ LET'S DANCE—THREE HOUR DANCE PROGRAM WITH KEL MURRAY, XAVIER CUGAT AND BENNY GOODMAN (NBC).

★★★ LAUGH CLINIC WITH DOCTORS PRATT AND SHERMAN (CBS).

★★★ THE ADVENTURES OF GRACIE WITH BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS).

★★★ HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL OF THE AIR (CBS).

★★★ CLUB ROMANCE, WITH CONRAD THIBAULT, LOIS BENNETT AND DON VOORHEE'S BAND (CBS).

★★★ "DREAMS COME TRUE" WITH BARRY McKINLEY AND RAY SINATRA'S BAND (NBC).

★★★ BEATRICE LILLIE, COMEDIENNE WITH LEE PERRIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ EASY ACES (NBC).

★★★ THE SWIFT GARDEN PROGRAM; MARIO CHAMLEE, TENOR; GARDEN QUARTER, EARL SCHULTE'S CONCERT ORCHESTRA (NBC). (NBC).

★★★ FIRESIDE RECITALS, SIGURD NILSSON, BASSO; HARDESTY JOHNSON, TENOR, AND GRAHAM McNAMEE (NBC).

★★★ STORIES OF THE BLACK CHAMBER—DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

★★★ THE INTIMATE REVUE, FEATURING AL GOODMAN'S ORCHESTRA; BOB HOPE, MASTER OF CEREMONIES (NBC).

★★★ WALTZ TIMES—FRANK MUNN, TENOR; BERNICE CLAIRE, SOPRANO; ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).

★★★ THE GARDEN OF TOMORROW, FEATURING H. L. D. SEYMOUR, NOTED HORTICULTURIST (CBS).

★★★ CAPTAIN DOBBSIE'S SHIP OF JOY ((CBS).

★★★ ROADWAYS OF ROMANCE, DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL; JERRY COOPER AND ROGER KINNE, BARITONES; FREDDIE RICH'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).

★★★ LITTLE MISS BABO'S SURPRISE PARTY WITH MARY SMALL AND GUESTS (NBC).

★★★ GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMMODORES (NBC).

★★★ THE FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC).

★★★ TODAY'S CHILDREN, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

★★★ IRENE RICH FOR WELCH, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).

★★★ THE JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).

★★★ ONE NIGHT STAND WITH PICK AND PAT (NBC).

★★★ ED WYNN, THE FIRE CHIEF (NBC).

★★★ NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC).

★★★ LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS).

★★★ MYRT AND MARGE—DRAMATIC SKETCH (CBS).

★★★ PENTHOUSE SERENADE—DON MARIO, TENOR (NBC).

★★★ HARRY RESER AND HIS SPEARMINT CREW, WITH RAY HEATHERTON AND PEG LA CENTRA (NBC).

★★★ DANGEROUS PARADISE WITH ELSIE HITZ AND NICK DAWSON (NBC).

★★★ DICK LEIBERT'S MUSICAL REVUE WITH ROBERT ARMBRUSTER AND MARY COURTLAND (NBC).

★★★ CARSON ROBINSON AND HIS BUCKAROOS (CBS).

★★★ ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT (CBS).

★★★ HOLLYWOOD HOTEL WITH DICK POWELL AND LOUELLA PARSONS (CBS).

★★★ MARIE, THE LITTLE FRENCH PRINCESS, SKETCH (CBS).

★★★ HEART THROBS OF THE HILLS WITH FRANK LUTHER, TRIO, ETHEL PARK RICHARDSON, NARRATOR (NBC).

★★★ UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION (NBC).

★★★ PENTHOUSE PARTY WITH MARK HELLINGER AND GLADYS GLAD (NBC).

★★★ KITCHEN PARTY WITH FRANCES LEE BARTON, COOKING AUTHORITY, MARTHA MEARS, CONTRALTO; AL AND LEE REISER, PIANO TEAM (NBC).

★★★ DREAM DRAMA; DRAMATIC SKETCH WITH ARTHUR ALLEN AND PARKER FENNELY (NBC).

★★★ THE STORY OF MARY MARLIN; DRAMATIC SKETCH WITH JOAN BLAINE (NBC).

★★★ THE SHADOW—DRAMATIC SKETCH (CBS).

★★★ MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT (CBS).

★★★ FIVE STAR JONES, DRAMATIC SKETCH (CBS).

★★ SALLY OF THE TALKIES (NBC).

★★ VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).

Don't choose your laxative *blindly!*



BLIND Man's Buff is no game to play in any matter pertaining to your health.

When you need a laxative, you must know *beforehand* how it will act on you.

Harsh laxatives will cause stomach pains, upset you, leave you weak. Laxatives whose sole virtue is gentleness may fail to be thorough.

You must have *both* thoroughness and gentleness...you must have pleasant, painless, complete relief from constipation. Never be satisfied with less from a laxative.

Why America uses more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet its action is so gentle... so completely without stomach pains. Ex-Lax doesn't leave you feeling weak, doesn't upset you. Ex-Lax is not habit-forming—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And Ex-Lax is not a punishment—it's a pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Ex-Lax has no unpleasant after-taste and no bad after-effects.

Millions of people have found this out. And last year alone, 46 million boxes of Ex-Lax were bought!

And...that "Certain Something"

So many imitators have tried to produce a chocolated laxative that would equal Ex-Lax. But they couldn't. Why? Because Ex-Lax is more than just a chocolated laxative. Because the exclusive Ex-Lax process gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain ideal action that words just can't explain and that we refer to as Ex-Lax-ness. But once you try Ex-Lax, you'll know what we mean, and nothing else will ever do for you.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you should like a free sample, mail the coupon.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170

Name

Address

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

RADIO BOWS TO HUEY LONG



HE talks through the air with the greatest of ease, this red-headed fat man on the public trapeze. We're discussing Huey P. Long who is going to make all the rich men poor and all the poor men rich. And he's going to do it by radio. So he says.

"Call me Kingfish," he tells you when you meet him. "Get out of ma way," he bawls to traffic cops. "This is the Kingfish!" And they get. That name—Kingfish—where do you think he got it? From Amos 'n' Andy, of course. If it wasn't such good advertising, they might sue him. His life is like that, all bound up in radio. His mind is a 15-tube set hooked to a 500-yard aerial—a good mind—and it helps him to listen in and get what the public is saying and thinking.

What he thinks he says. His voice is a 50,000-watt transmitter all by itself. It blares. It lambastes. It battles through the ether. It butts in on other broadcasts.

This daring young man—he is only forty-three—would be exactly nowhere if it weren't for radio. Even when he makes speeches directly to the people, radio helps him because he speaks from sound trucks equipped with amplifiers which carry his voice to many additional thousands. Without the air to swing on, he might still be hoeing corn on a red clay farm in Louisiana. Or be a waiter. Or a bartender. Or a cake maker. All of which he was before he got into politics—which is to say, before he got into Radio.

Did you ever see him speak? Well, you should. This man's double-jointed. He can swing his arms farther back than a man in a circus. He swings them, flails them, shoots them up and down, his hands opening and shutting. He rams his fist down into the palm of his hand with the smack of a 6-inch gun. He sticks out his stomach—menaces you with it. He rocks on his heels, hunches his shoulders. His head goes way back, his brown eyes get red and gleaming. His wide mouth, full-



But is he Pied Piper, leading rats to ruin, or Modern Moses bound for the Promised Land?

BY GEORGE KENT

Huey P. Long of Louisiana makes a successful plea.

lipped, opens as big as a yawn and out of his throat comes the voice that you know, hard and emotional and persuasive. He is a spell-binder and a stem-winder, who knows every trick in the soap-box. He brags that he never has experienced stage-fright.

General Hugh Johnson—once in command of the N.R.A.—called him a Pied Piper. Now, as you know, the Pied Piper was a ragamuffin who played the flute so well and so long that all the rats and babies followed him—to their ruin. If we follow Huey Long, what does that make us? We have a choice of being classified as either rats or babies. Still, you never know. Many a man has started out as a Pied Piper and ended up as a Moses leading his people out of the wilderness.

When Huey came to the mike some weeks ago to answer General Johnson's famous attack upon him and Father Coughlin—he made the same old gestures but he made them for the photographers before he actually started speaking. When he started to speak, his hands hung at his sides—only his face moved. Only his clothes were the same—the same badly cut brown tweed suit, the same old red necktie, the same old pink handkerchief in his breast pocket.

The Kingfish snatches a brief, well-earned rest.

And the words he used were good words. There were no "ain'ts," no tough out-of-the-ditch words. He gave us the most refined Huey we have had since he escaped from his Louisiana reservation. The explanation is—Harvard. *Fair Harvard!* Two young fellows from that institution of swank decided that Mr. Long was the coming man and they attached themselves to him. They've taken him in hand. They're polishing the rough pearl from the Louisiana bayous. They're ironing out his English, amputating his "ain'ts"—teaching him manners, in short, making a gentleman of Long.

Thataway lies danger. By becoming too swank he runs the risk of losing the support of the cracker-barrel politicians, the mud-wallowers, the poor whites who have made him and kept him the big frog in his Louisiana puddle. But we shall hear what we shall hear. His battle for power—for the Presidency of the United States—is being fought in your ears, in your loudspeakers. Radio for the first time in history will decide a Presidential election. Right now the war is between him and Johnson and between Johnson and Coughlin. Next it may be between Long and Roosevelt. If the President ever decides to take a fireside swat at Huey—well, all I can say is, poor Huey! But who knows? This is a funny world—and anything may happen!

With Mrs. Huey on a vacation in Hot Springs.

I'll say it would be funny to find Huey Long in the White House, the man who has been called Hooey Huey, Hooligan Huey, the Cockalorum of Louisiana—and a hundred worse names. He has been accused of every crime in the calendar. He has been charged with kidnaping, with graft, with bribery, with plundering, with banditry. He has been called a thief and a liar at least a thousand times. He was charged directly with dickering with Battling Bozeman, a heavyweight prizefighter, to assassinate the Honorable Jared Y. Sanders, one of his opponents. He has denied all of these accusations and charges. The Senate, the Department of Justice and the State of Louisiana have all investigated him—from well-bottom to rafters—and they have found nothing. Either there was nothing to find, or he was too clever!

He's more than clever. His enemies declare he is a genius. All ragged, mussed and dirty, he has lounged in the Supreme Court of the United States while his neat, well-groomed adversaries sneered—and he has won his cases. Not only won them but got himself compliments from these great judges on the brilliance of his presentation. Grudgingly those who know his history admit that Huey Long is one of the smartest lawyers in the country. Operating single-handed in the Senate, he puts it over on the slickest politicians in the land because he knows the law—knows what he can get away with, how much murder he can commit with impunity.

This is the man who started out in life as one of six children of a poor red-earth farmer in a small Louisiana parish. His ancestors were Irish, Welsh, Pennsylvania Dutch and French.

Nine days out of ten his diet was blackstrap molasses and corn pone. At seven he was working in the fields. At thirteen, he left home and was peddling books from door to door. He worked at a dozen other jobs. One of them was as demonstrator for a baking powder company and he gave demonstrations of cake making—awarding prizes for the best cake. One time a girl named Rose McConnell won the prize. She didn't win Huey Long. He married her.

Up to that time he had had a High school education and one year at the University of Oklahoma.

"I didn't learn much there," he said. "Too much excitement, all (*Please turn to page 97*)

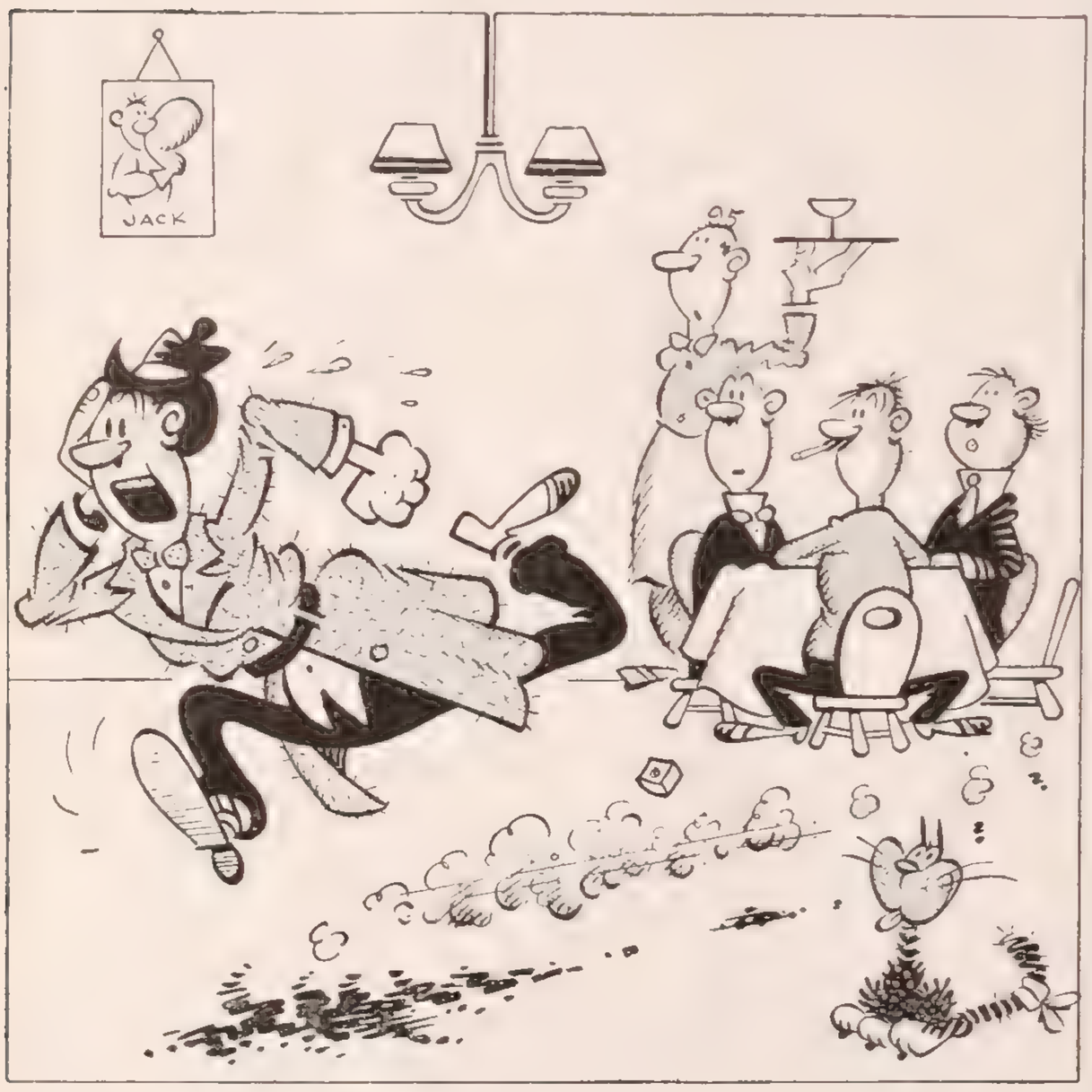
UNWRITTEN LAWS OF RADIO ROW



It was a strange a
lovely sight to see,
she kissed the m
she never spoke

CARTOONS BY
SMOKY BILL HOLM

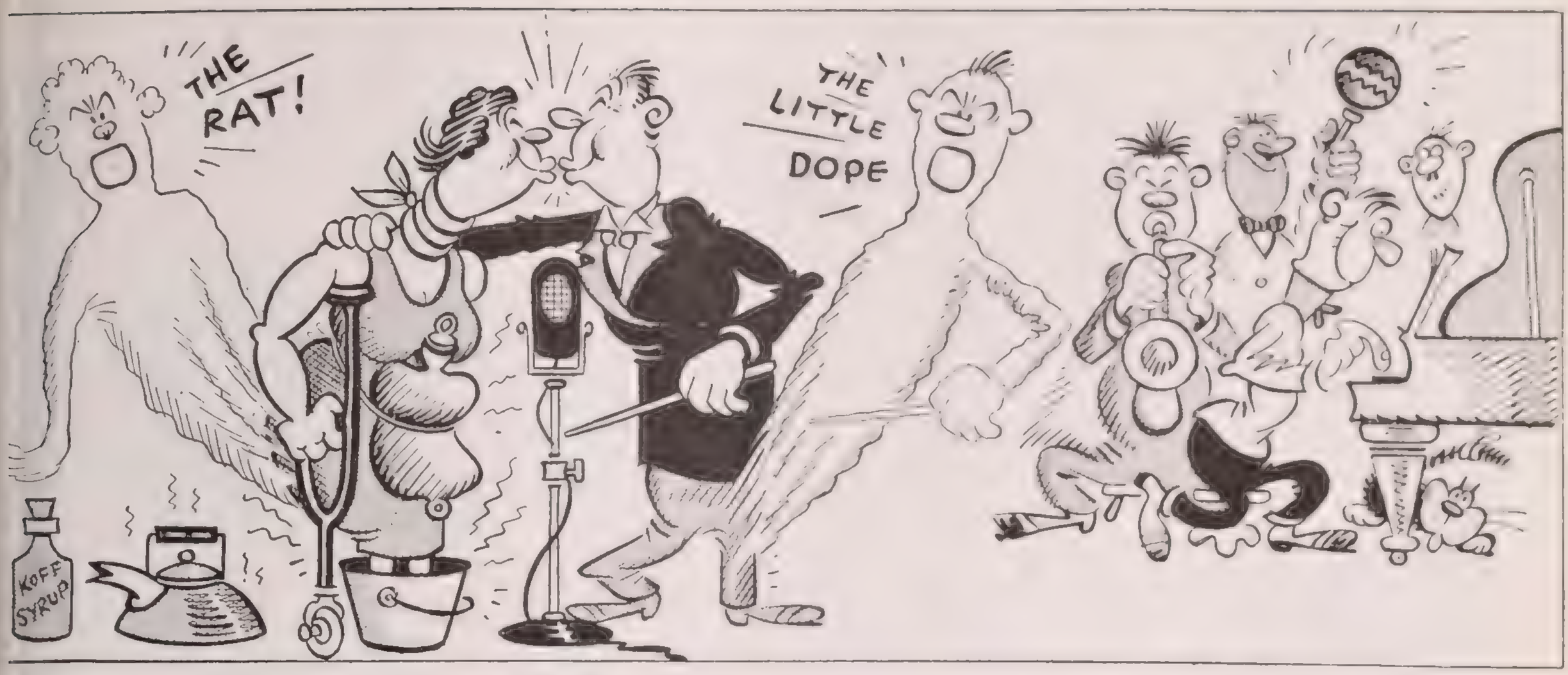
They're not on record. The
are strange beyond belie
But you can't ignore them



"I forgot to send that dope a telegram. He opens a new show tonight!" He ran for a phone.



It's a pleasure to bomb a bum! But the unwritten law dictates a strikingly different gesture!



THE night had come and gone, and the last lances of daylight were fading in the dim court-room where I sat sleepily waiting for a jury to come in.

A lady of the Broadway song and dance seminaries had taken bull's-eye aim at her beau's hard heart, laying him among the sweet peas forever nore.

The jury came in after a night of haggling, and set he homicidal cutie free to shoot some more. At breakast her attorney told me something I shall always remember.

"We beat that rap with the unwritten law," the barister said. "Kid, the unwritten law is stronger than any aw on the books."

All of radio's laws are unwritten.

There is no kilocycle constitution engraved on any croll, imprisoned by pen and ink so all can read. But hose who make their living in the studios are governed by this unwritten code. There are universal ules that never are set down on paper but hich are as stern as any roster of conduct or court procedure devised by Blackstone.

There are people in radio who do not peak to one another when they pass in the arrow studio corridors, yet they send long nd happy wires of congratulations on the ights when their enemies begin a new proram to assure them of their good wishes.

I have frisked my brain, badgered radio wisecres with questions, asked every one from page boy o president—but no one can tell me why they do it.

"They just do it," they explained unsatisfactorily.

I recall sitting in the murky twilight of a night-club round the corner from Columbia's studios on Madison Avenue, with a knocking knot of radio troupers. With adistic happiness they were sticking knives into the backs f absent brothers and sisters. The name of a certain rchestra leader came up. The most violent hater of the hissing baton boss was a young singer, who tore the rchestra leader to tatters. He said he was a rat, the eanest man in the world to those who worked for and ith him, that he knew as much about music as a butcher bout art.

"Gee, that reminds me," he said. "I forgot to send hat dope a telegram! He opens on a new show tonight."

I helped the serenader compose the telegram. If memry serves this fatigued brain, it read something like this:

"A great fellow like you rates all the success and the happiness in the world stop I know you will be sensational on your new show and you will be the talk of the town stop I'm rooting for you."

He hurried to a telephone booth and sent it. When he returned to the table, I asked him why he had telegraphed congratulations to a man he hated.

"Oh," he said, "he sent one to me. He always does."

He had obeyed the unwritten law of radio. That was all.

It is an unwritten law that you must attend the hotel and night club openings of orchestras, if you are a performer. The badge of radio success is the frequency with which you are seen at ringside tables at these noisy festivals. The same people compose the audience at every opening.

The broadcasting chains who microphone these jamborees usually run the seating arrangements. It is an unwritten law that the stars who get the highest salaries never get a check. But those performers who are struggling, trying to live on small salaries, get the worst tables—and would be arrested if they tried to put a check on the cuff!

Another unwritten law is that the most capable performers present never perform. They take their bows with a blasé majesty, and then angrily wave the spotlight off them as the crowd applauds for them to do their acts. Occasionally, if the applause keeps up, they will mutter a few words. If they are not introduced, they will stalk peevishly from the room, swearing they were deliberately insulted.

If you can't make it, you wire. But if you can make it, you come to the cabaret or hotel opening of the man you hate.

There is a man in radio who is a social ogre. He is an orchestra leader, and is insulting and arrogant.

I think no one hated him more than the torch singer who sulkily muttered of love while he led his orchestra in sultry accompaniment.

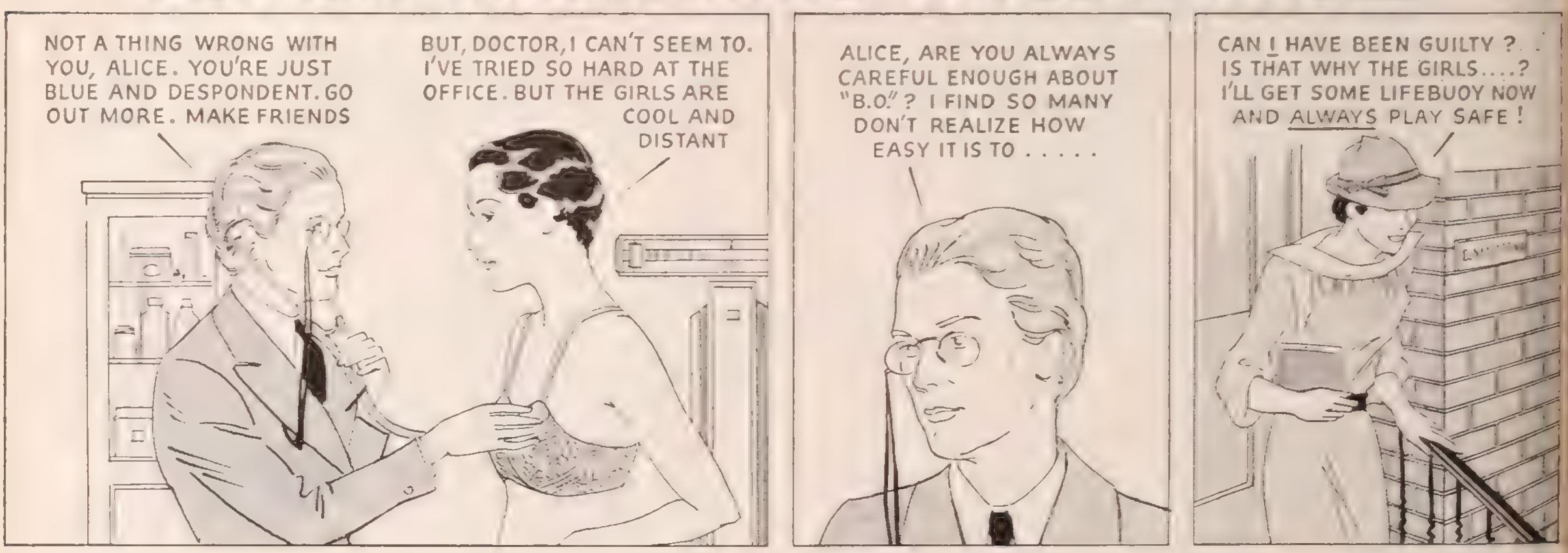
The young lady spent most of her spare time telling people how she loathed him. She refused to talk to him, snubbed him openly at the studio. It was her endless complaint that the man was ruining her with his inferior music.

But one snowy night in February the orchestra leader started a run in one of the town's caravansaries. The young singer had a cold, and (*Continued on page 88*)

BY JAMES CANNON



CUT OFF FROM GOOD TIMES UNTIL—





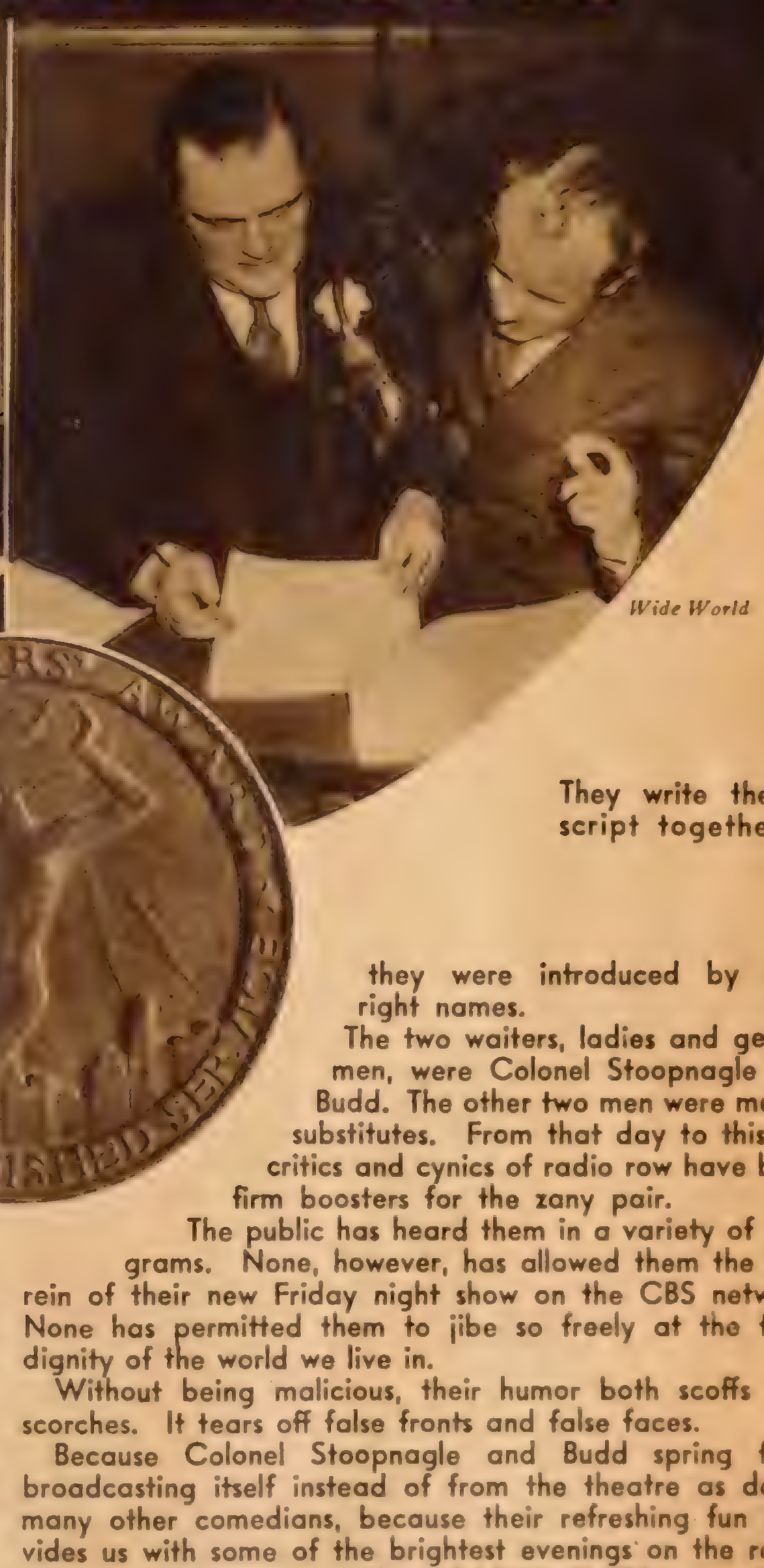


FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO



Culver

Stoopnagle and Budd broadcast.



Wide World

They write their script together.

THE story of how Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd fought the battle of New York is an old one, but it bears repeating.

All the critics and cynics of adio row were assembled around a Manhattan banquet board to greet and e greeted by two upstate comedians amed Stoopnagle and Budd. All the critics ad heard stories of these two quietly mad gentlemen, of the following they had won on a local station, of heir lunatic antics on the airwaves. All the critics and the ynics were sitting back in their chairs wearing "I'm-from-Missouri" looks in their eyes. Two ill-at-ease fellows at the able's end had been presented as the Colonel and Budd.

Two waiters entered and began to serve. It was noticed hat the portlier of the two was excessively clumsy. He nvited a guest to have some toast. The guest politely efused. The waiter shoved the toast under the guest's ose and demanded that he take some. The startled guest bjected. The waiter flung the entire platter in the guest's ap, snarling: "When I says, 'Have some toast,' yuh gotta ake some toast, see?"

The second waiter leaped to the first waiter's side, abusng him for his impoliteness. They glared at each other. a moment, chinaware was flying through the air, and the oom was in an uproar. When they finally were parted, they were introduced by their right names.

The two waiters, ladies and gentlemen, were Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd. The other two men were merely substitutes. From that day to this the critics and cynics of radio row have been firm boosters for the zany pair.

The public has heard them in a variety of programs. None, however, has allowed them the free rein of their new Friday night show on the CBS network. None has permitted them to jibe so freely at the false dignity of the world we live in.

Without being malicious, their humor both scoffs and scorches. It tears off false fronts and false faces.

Because Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd spring from broadcasting itself instead of from the theatre as do so many other comedians, because their refreshing fun provides us with some of the brightest evenings on the radio calendar, we present to them RADIO STARS Magazine's May Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curtis Mitchell





OLGA ALBANI
and
JANE ACE

On the left, a titled songstress in action—Countess Olga Albani, young Spanish soprano, during one of her broadcasts on the Silken Strings program heard each Sunday evening.

Right, another favorite. She hasn't piloted an airplane, but Jane Ace is a real air ace. With her husband, Goodman Ace, she has risen to the heights of radio fame in their comedy series, Easy Aces three nights weekly.



From out of the west came this pretty French-Canadian blues songstress, to go on the air Friday evenings with Phil Baker, using her baptismal name, Gabrielle, now, instead of Gogo as she formerly has been known.

GABRIELLE DE LYS

JEANETTE NOLAN

Another new arrival from the west coast. One of radio's newest dramatic stars, Jeanette now portrays newsworthy characters in the March of Time program. Listen to this charming star on the air Friday evenings.



JOE COOK

All dressed up for his new role of circus manager for Circus Nights in Silvertown, on the air each Friday evening, Joe very ably contributes an amusing spot on this new program. He is celebrated for his stories.



SALLY O'BRIEN

A radio tap dancer displays a new idea for broadcasting sound effects. A miniature microphone on Sally's leg catches the taps in her dance, while Herbie Kay strums away merrily on his banjo to accompany her.

Wide World

I COVER THE STUDIOS

by Gadabout



Above, Elaine Melchoir, air villai
with Buck Rogers. Below, Betty Winl
dramatic star, and Gale Page, sin

What the pages of the notebook show



Let enemies, if a
beware Little Jac
Heller's friend a
defender, Champi
Markus von Alchenfl





Above, Jack Pearl explains the script to Cliff Hall. Below, Dog Expert Bob Becker receives a small gift—a new St. Bernard puppy.

Above, Paul Whiteman's "gang" enjoying an idle moment. Below, Aee McAllister and Chester Stratton of the delightful "O'Neills".





Would you sign something like his?

"It is understood that I am to receive no compensation for auditions or rehearsals . . . and there is no understanding that I will be engaged as an amateur or professional for compensation. It is further understood that if I am permitted to begin my act on a radio broadcast, the master of ceremonies, the announcer, or "X—" may stop my performance at any time, without giving any reason therefor, and that I shall have no recourse or claim against anyone therefor.

"It is further understood that the master of ceremonies, the announcer, or "X—" may make public comment during such broadcast, over the microphone or otherwise, of his or their opinion of my act or performance or the reason for the discontinuance of same, whether commendatory or derogatory, without assuming an obligation to answer to me for same in any way or manner whatever."

You probably wouldn't, but thousands of people have. It is an excerpt from the agreement between competitors and producers of a famous amateur hour, and I have secured it because it shows why the amateurs, called a fad last year, continue to be the marvel of radio, with Major Edward Bowes, granddaddy of the idea, the latest to join the networks.

Glittering fame, swollen bank accounts, famous names compose the bright reward that beckons to the amateurs, urging them on. For that they must lower their heads and their new, young talents to the searing sarcasm of an acid and comic master of ceremonies. But do they care?

I asked a young girl who sat among the hundreds of waiting applicants. She was tiny, her hair was braided, and her eyes were big with wonder at the things she was seeing. She had come hundreds of miles for this.

"No," she said. "It's all right, but—" her eyes became worried, "they won't give me the gong if I'm good, will they?"

A moment later I heard her singing in a high, thin voice. She was *not* good! She was, even, pitifully bad. I knew that if she were allowed to broadcast, it would only be so that she could be cut off and her voice kidded.

I asked three young men who played on harmonicas.

"But doesn't everybody get ribbed?" they asked. "Didn't they kid Crosby? Didn't he win out? Didn't Frank Parker have a tough time? What's a kidding?"

They found out last week.

One out of a thousand has what it takes. *(Continued on page 105)*



Above, Lily Pons, at a costume party of Metropolitan opera stars. Below, in her studio living-room.



Below, the opera and radio star poses with Dr. Fritz von Becke, Ship's Doctor on the Arcona.



Below, the lovely coloratura soprano smiles as she finishes one of her justly popular broadcasts.



GOD LOOKS AFTER LOVERS

How Love and Dreams Have Shaped a Glorious Voice

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

IT was in France, in 1918. The air quivered with the rumble of distant guns, of bursting shells whose vibrations shook the whitewashed walls of the hospital. The hospital beds stood in stiff, white rows. Between them moved a ministering nurse followed by a little girl who wore a starched apron over her frock and carried the pan in which the bandages were held.

She had long spindly legs, this little girl, and because she walked carefully and stiffly, lest jarring a bed she cause one extra thrust of pain, she had the appearance of a little wooden figure worked by strings.

Sometimes as she stood with her mother, the nurse, beside a bed, a soldier would attempt a joke. Her eyes wouldn't smile, only her mouth. For in that long white room where pain lived her eyes were well occupied with the serious business of keeping back the tears. Under no circumstances must they be allowed to fall until she had escaped from all these broken men as well as from her mother's anxious eyes.

That little girl was Lily Pons. Lily Pons, who today gives performances for those Kings and Queens left with the sceptres to command them. The glamorous, gay Lily, who fills the golden horseshoe at the Metropolitan with its most brilliant audiences, who crowds opera houses in all the capitals of the world, for that matter. And who now sings over the radio to charm an entire land with music such as only a privileged few ever heard before.

It wasn't right, of course, for a little French girl to spend her days walking, stiff and careful, through hospital wards. She ought to have been out in the sunshine keeping house with her dolls under a palm tree. But it wasn't right, either, that men, boys many of them, should lie there, broken.

It was the war. . . And even if Lily never had stepped inside a hospital there were other things, all calculated to make her old and sad beyond her eleven years. The lists, for instance, which were posted outside the Post Office on the Square. Long rows of black letters which here and there took startling form to become the name of a relative or a friend. Those interminable lines in which Lily must take her place with other children and men and women to wait rations of food. Nights when a siren sent the darkness trembling and her mother aroused her and her two younger sisters, that they might join hundreds of others scuttling like rats for the cellars.

It was the scuttling that Lily hated. Not the Zeppelins.

"The raids themselves never frightened me," she says, telling of those years, gesturing with her lovely white hands. "My mother used to have to pull me from my bed. And I well remember her horror that evening the raid came early and I insisted upon waiting in the street to watch that great thing move across the sky."

We were sitting, Lily Pons and I, in her studio living-room, a room so large that two concert grand pianos do not crowd it. Into this room she has put all the things she loves. The walls are covered with damasks so *(Continued on page 63)*



A charming portrait
of Lily Pons.

WILL CONRAD MARRY

Former marriages brought grief to both of them. Now

BY DORA ALBERT

THE first time Mary Courtland saw Conrad Thibault a great wave of unhappiness swept over her. She couldn't understand it. The boy was singing for a gay group of guests at Bill Stuhler's. The place was full of radio celebrities, which is just what you'd expect at Christmas Eve at Bill's place, for Bill is head of a radio department. Outside it was bitter cold, but inside there was a warm hearth-fire, and only a moment ago the air had been filled with a kind of radiant happiness.

Now Conrad sang a simple song: "The Day Is Done," and the very air of the room seemed filled with a kind of melancholy.

Was it the song that had awakened this strange mood in her, Mary wondered, or was it something about Conrad, some brooding unhappiness that was in his heart and had somehow been transferred to hers?

Impatiently she tried to shake off the thought, but there it was. And there it remained all evening. Even when she and Don Vorhees, the orchestra leader, and Conrad gathered together before the piano and laughingly tried to compose a mad little song, "In the Middle of the Night," even while their laughter rang through the rooms, an undercurrent of sadness kept welling into her heart.

But for Conrad the evening was quite different. It had started off miserably, for it was his first Christmas since the death of his wife, Madeleine. But though he had entered the room with the burden of the pain he had been carrying in his heart, he shook it off that evening. Suddenly he felt light-hearted and gay, as he hadn't felt for many, many months.

For a long time he had brooded over the death of Madeleine, his child-wife, just when he was on the threshold of success. What a crazy-quilt pattern fate wove, he thought bitterly, depriving him of the girl he loved just when he might have given her some of the luxuries for which they had fought and struggled and starved.

Never, he told himself, would he love another woman as he had loved Madeleine, for where was there a woman with her simplicity and sincerity? His lips curved in a bitter smile as he thought of the women he had met on Radio Row, gold-diggers, self-seekers, women who would trample over anything or anybody to get ahead.

And though Mary Courtland, with her midnight black hair and her dark eyes, looked startlingly lovely that night, it never occurred to Conrad to seek her out. He had learned that she was a radio singer, ambitious, he supposed, ready to use every feminine wile to get ahead. Well, he wouldn't help her! He knew the kind too well, these girls who hid their ruthlessness under a shy manner.

Afterward he met Mary occasionally, when she was rehearsing for some radio program. And he'd say: "Hello, how are you?" and let it go at that. Oh, no, he had no interest in the girl at all.

Suddenly it was June. The skies over Manhattan's soaring towers were a symphony in blue. The sunlight



Last winter brought the thrill of sleighing through the city streets.



Summer finds them relaxing happily together at a charming beach resort.

MARY?

hey find friendship sweet

oured pale gold on the sidewalks, and even indoors here was sunlight spilling itself all over everything. Conrad, with a party of friends, came into a little nchroom near the studio and they sat down at one f the tables. Near them sat a girl, sipping an ice-ream soda.

"Why, Mary," said Conrad, his voice elaborately sual, "what have you been doing to yourself? Where did you get that grand tan?"

"Horseback riding," laughed Mary. "Didn't you now I was the original tomboy? But you've got uite a tan, yourself. Where did you get yours—nder a sun lamp?"

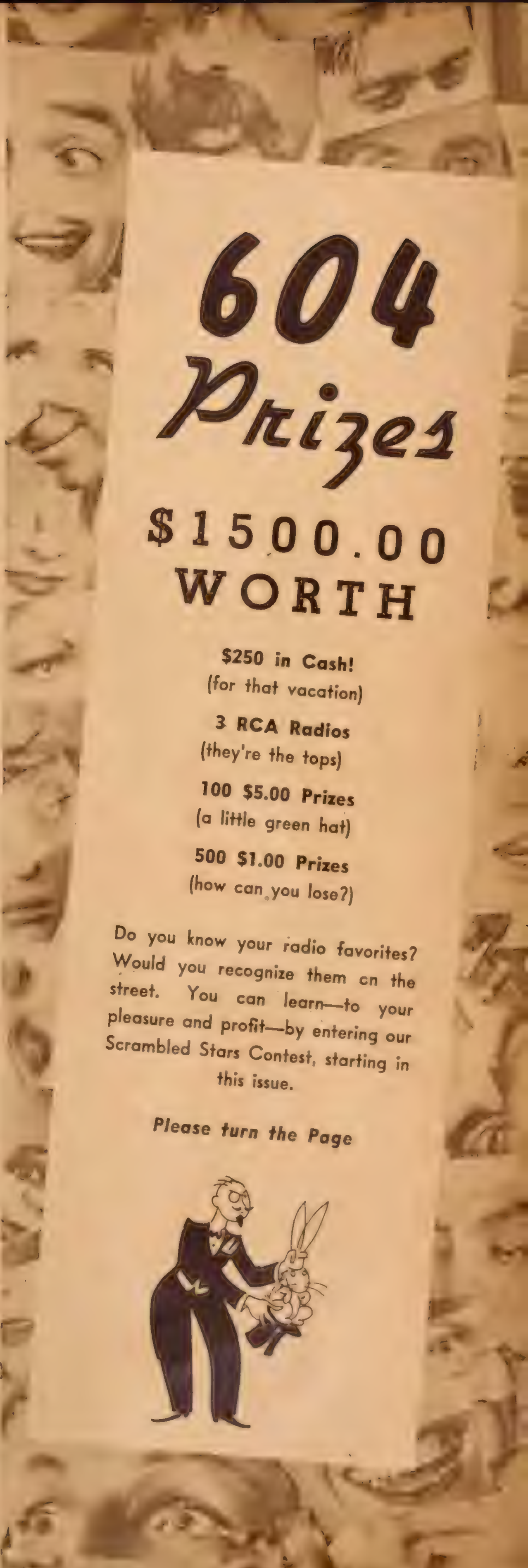
"Oh, no," demurred Conrad, "mine is just as enuine as yours. I got mine at the beach—at the ido."

And so they sat there and talked commonplaces. ut try as they might to be casual, there suddenly as the beating of magic wings in that little lunch-om. For they were discovering that they were some enchanted way, although altogether different om each other, strangely akin.

That sounds rather paradoxical, doesn't it? But think I can explain it, for I know both Mary and onrad. Conrad is by birth and nature what Mary s been striving to be all her life. Brought up to a clinging vine, Mary never really fitted into the ttern, and strove all her life to break away from and fight for the independence which she felt was r due as a human being. Until a year or two o, except for occasional (*Continued on page 89*)



A native of Maryville, Tennessee, Mary Courtland now is a New Yorker.



Scrambled Stars

1st PRIZE • $250.00

2nd Prize—1 RCA-VICTOR radio worth $200.00

3rd Prize—1 RCA-VICTOR radio worth $100.00

4th Prize—1 RCA-VICTOR radio worth $50.00

5th Prize—100 $5.00 cash prizes will go to the 100 next best entries.

6th Prize—500 $1.00 cash prizes will go to the 500 next best entries.

HAVE you room in your home for a grand new RCA-Victor radio? Or room in your purse for some crisp new prize money—a five-dollar bill, or a one-dollar bill—or a thrilling check for two hundred and fifty dollars?

If the answer is "yes"—just cock your ear this way.

This is RADIO STARS MAGAZINE's own private fairy godmother speaking. And the lovely lady is telling you how you may win one of the exciting prizes described on the opposite page. And such prizes! Three RCA-Victor radios—one worth fifty dollars, one worth a hundred dollars, and the third worth two hundred dollars! And cash prizes—one

(*Continued on page 71*)





Contest

EXPLANATION

1. The issues of RADIO STARS Magazine for June, July, August and September will each print the scrambled pictures of four radio favorites, or sixteen pictures.
2. To win the prizes offered in this contest:
   (a) Unscramble as many of the sixteen pictures as you can, cutting out and putting them together.
   (b) Name as many of the stars as you can recognize.
   (c) In thirty words or less, contestant must name his favorite radio star and tell why he or she is chosen.
3. The four sets of star pictures should not be mailed to us separately. Hold them until the final set has been published.
4. When you have unscrambled as many stars as you can, named as many as you recognize, and written your thirty-word reason for liking your favorite, mail them all together to the

Scrambled Stars Contest
Radio Stars Magazine
149 Madison Avenue
New York City

RULES

1. Contest is open to anyone living in United States or Canada, with exception of employees of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE and their relatives.
2. Contestants must submit four sets of "Scrambled Star" heads, of four pictures each, one set to be printed in the June, July, August and September issues each of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE.
3. Contestants must unscramble as many of the heads as they can, assemble them as correctly as they can, and name as many as they can identify.
4. In thirty words or less, contestant must name his favorite radio star and tell why he or she is your favorite.
5. All four sets of four pictures each (from June, July, August, and September issues) or facsimiles thereof and the thirty-word statement about why you like your favorite radio star must be mailed in one envelope or package between the dates of August 1st and September 1st.
6. Address them to:

Scrambled Stars Contest
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
149 Madison Avenue, New York City

7. Prizes will be awarded to those contestants who unscramble correctly the greatest number of scrambled stars, who correctly name the most and in thirty words or less name their favorite star and explain in the most original and sensible way the reason for their choice.
8. Judges shall be the editors of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
9. In the event of contestant missing one or more issues, such numbers may be secured from the office of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE for ten cents.
10. If contestant desires, he may make facsimile drawings of scrambled stars and assemble them.
11. There is no limit to the number of entries each contestant may submit, but each entry shall consist of all four sets of pictures, names of the stars you recognize, plus your 30-word paragraph on why you like your favorite radio star.
12. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
13. Contest shall close at midnight of September 1st, 1935.
14. Prizes shall be:

First Prize, $250.00; Second Prize, 1 RCA-Victor radio worth $200.00; Third Prize, 1 RCA-Victor radio worth $100.00; Fourth Prize, 1 RCA-Victor radio worth $50.00; Fifth Prize, 100 $5.00 cash prizes; Sixth Prize, 500 $1.00 cash prizes.





FOUR SECRET TRAGEDIES IN VIVIENNE SEGAL'S LIFE

IT seems strange, to those who do not know her, that Vivienne Segal, who three times has won fame—each time in a different medium, stage, screen and radio—should be so quiet, so elusive, so remote. In New York, where she now is starring on major programs over two great networks, they say that she slips away from the microphone as soon as she has finished singing, or, before rehearsals, waits dreamily in some dim corner. Those who do not know her find it difficult to figure out "Sonny" (her middle name is Sonia) Segal. But her friends understand the reason for her sadness—know the grim ghosts of tragedy that haunt the scenes of her success.

She couldn't have been much more than an infant when the idea of going on the stage first occurred to her. At least, she still was a mere child when she startled Broadway into acclaiming her a star.

It was odd, perhaps, that it should have happened so. Her father, Dr. Segal, was a wealthy and successful physician in the fashionable Chestnut Hill section of Philadelphia. One would have expected Vivienne's thoughts to run on beaux and parties and the usual routine of a popular sub-deb. One would have imagined Mrs. Segal's hopes and plans for her lovely little daughter to have centered in such a course, to culminate in a notably successful marriage. Such, no doubt, were the conventional thoughts of the conservative Dr. Segal.

But in Vivienne's heart the dream of a stage career superseded all other thoughts and interests. Over and over again she pleaded with her mother, exhorted and argued with all the ardent conviction of her brief twelve years.

It took courage. But Vivienne Segal had that in full measure. It took ambition, self-reliance, determination. But those qualities, too, were hers. And it took a lovely voice and an instinct for dramatic art, which gifts also the good fairy had dropped into Vivienne Segal's cradle. And so she persisted in her pleas.

Like most mothers, Mrs. Segal longed to give her child whatever she most desired. But this time she hesitated. It was as if, wiser than the inexperienced girl, she saw far ahead



Glamorous, wistful and charming—all of these i Vivienne Segal. And read ing this poignant and stir ring story of her life, w understand why these thre words are so characteristic And the word courageous



Vivienne samples a product of her own cooking. Later foregathering with children in the park, for a balloon Derby. And, still later, she relaxes for a quiet hour in her charming, artistic home.

BY JAY KIEFFER

Turning a spotlight on grim ghosts that mock a brave success

the long road on which success and defeat and joy and heartbreak met and mingled. Yet, in the end, she must have doubted that warning vision—for she surrendered, and twelve-year-old Vivienne was given her first chance, appearing as Puck in an amateur performance of Midsummer Night's Dream.

To both Vivienne and her mother her first press notices seemed thrillingly important. One said: *"The rôle fitted her better than her tights."* And after that the longing for more of that heady, exciting wine was inevitable. During the next three years Vivienne took part in many such amateur productions—singing, dancing, playing the piano. And, watching her, Mrs. Segal began to observe in her little girl what seemed at least a spark of authentic genius. And genius, coupled with the beauty and acknowledged charm which already had made the young girl the most popular of Philadelphia's sub-debs, might take her far.

And so, when Vivienne suggested a week's shopping tour in New York, again Mrs. Segal capitulated. That is, ostensibly it was a shopping tour—for both Vivienne and her mother knew in their hearts that Dr. Segal never would approve of a stage career for his little girl. Secretly, then, they would visit theatrical managers in quest of an engagement. She was fifteen now, and grown up, Vivienne said hopefully. If the quest were successful, then they would confess to Dad. Otherwise, they would return home and nothing should be said about it.

The adventure was, perhaps, even more discouraging than the none-too-sanguine Mrs. Segal had feared. Each evening, reviewing the day's disappointments, it seemed more and more futile to go on. But the week was not yet done. On the sixth day they achieved, through an agent, an appointment for the morrow with the Shuberts. And that night, as she slept, Vivienne smiled happily in her dreams.

But the Shuberts, although they were looking about for an unsophisticated young girl who could both sing and act, were unimpressed with Vivienne's press notices. All her acting, they pointed out, had been done with her friends. She might not appear to such advantage among professionals. Besides, they were staking their money at the moment on an inexperienced young composer, Sigmund Romberg, and to offset that they must have more experience in the leading rôle. True, they conceded, she auditioned well.

It was hard to go home after that. Tears blinded Vivienne's eyes as she walked aimlessly through the streets of the unfriendly city. But presently courage came back, and a proud smile. She had spent three years working for her chance in the theatre. She hadn't won it this time—but win it she would!

Back home two days slipped slowly past. Vivienne played croquet on the smooth green lawn. She played bridge. She danced . . .

And then a telegram came! From the Shuberts! And they wanted Vivienne to come to see them at Long Branch, New Jersey, regarding the part she had tried out for in the Romberg operetta.

Once again the two conspirators put their heads together. Telling Vivienne's father that they had to go again to New York for fittings, they hurried to the Shubert theatre in Long Branch, where "Blue Paradise" was being tried out.

"Well," Jake Shubert asked, (*Continued on page 66*)



Frank McIntyre, the Captain Henry of Showboat fame.

Muriel Wilson and her radio sweetheart, Lanny Ross.

Audrey Marsh the one-time singing voice of Mary Lou

The third of the Mary Lou's was Lois Bennett.

One Who Listened Now Tells All

I WON'T tell you my name because it might get me into trouble. You wouldn't know me anyhow, for I don't sing, I don't act, and I'm not one of the gold-braid wearers in the musical crew of the Showboat. But one gift I have got; I can listen. During the last few years I've listened a lot. I've been with Captain Henry's Showboat since it first poked its nose into the Mississippi. Between decks, take it from me, a heap of things happen that never get into the microphone. Scandal and tragedy and jealousy are just part of the things I mean. And just part of the things I know.

Don't think I'm being disloyal to my ship in telling these tales. They've never seen print before, true enough, and my bosses would be after my scalp if they knew I'd decided to talk, but what has already happened can't hurt the Showboat now, nor the talking about it.

To be blunt, it's a miracle that the Showboat hasn't sunk long ago. But it hasn't; it's still floating high and tight; one of radio's great programs. Which makes it a miracle ship in more ways than one as you'll see when you know the things I know. The things about the old Captain Henry and the new Captain John Henry, for instance. The things about Lanny Ross and Mary Lou and all the others.

I began work on the Showboat in October, 1932. The stars were Charles Winninger, Lanny Ross, Annette Hanshaw, Rosaline Greene, Jules Bledsoe, with Don Voorhees leading the orchestra. A nice crew, but it wasn't long before they began to break apart. You couldn't tell it, not on our broadcasts, but the rest of the week wasn't so peaceful.

I think the Mary Lou trouble came as near to sinking the big ship as anything that has happened during the last two years. You wouldn't think sweet, sugary little Mary Lou could do anything to sink a radio show, would



Annette Hanshaw keeps singin' but not for showboat.

The crew of the Showboat program on the air.

SECRETS OF A SHOWBOAT SAILOR

ou? But she almost did. And this is how it happened: From the very beginning, Mary Lou was just a fake ame picked out of the sky and given to the cute and iddly heart interest in the Showboat cast. From the ery beginning, she was two separate people; that was here and why the fireworks started.

She was two separate people because the radio masterinds who built the Showboat learned early that it is ird to find a singer who can act or an actress who can ng. Since the public can't see what happens at the her end of the broadcasting set-up, they solved the oblem by using both singer and actress.

The first Mary Lou was the capable radio actress, osaline Greene, for the talking part and hard-working abel Jackson for the singing. Splitting up rôles that ay is an old radio trick; even Lanny Ross, in those ys, had a double named Allyn Joclyn who took over the anny lines as soon as Lanny finished singing.

Mary Lou was just three weeks old when the first gns of trouble appeared. Somebody decided that Mabel ckson wasn't handsome enough for the publicity phographs that were being sent out. Get a new voice for e part, the higher-ups decided. The public wouldn't otice the difference. So the singing half of Mary Lou alked the plank and was replaced by Audrey Marsh. Whether the public noticed then or not, I never arned; Audrey wasn't aboard that long. They said her oice didn't blend with Lanny's.

The third Mary Lou was a girl who managed to be in e center of a lot of excitement later. She sang like a k and then got her notice just like the others for the me reason they side-tracked Mabel Jackson. Not goodoking enough, they whispered. Then they got Muriel ilson.

By this time, most of us deck-hands were getting dizzy watching the procession. We'd see Rosaline Greene get up each Thursday night and say Mary Lou's lines and then step back for some singing new-comer. How the public stood for it, or accepted it is a thing I just don't savvy, but apparently they did, for the Showboat kept right on riding along.

Replacing Muriel Wilson was Katherine Neuman, a dazzler for looks, with an angel's voice. If my diary's right, she stayed with us exactly one week. What the matter was with her, I don't know, but I remember like it was yesterday how she got the works. It happened in the middle of rehearsal and her whole family was there. Tiny Ruffner came out and broke the news, with all her relatives waiting for her to do her stuff and make them proud. I still remember her pretty mouth sort of working and trying to smile and then flattening out as if her will couldn't lift the corners of her lips.

That's show business, I guess, land or sea. If an actor doesn't click, out with him.

The fifth Mary Lou was Lois Bennett. She had everything, of course; looks, experience, voice, and a disposition that gave out violet rays and vitamines *A* to *G*. She didn't last because somebody got a letter. Somebody got a letter, maybe several of them, which said the public was getting sick and tired of this switching and shuffling of Mary Lou's. This letter said the Mary Lou the writer wanted was Muriel Wilson, the singing Mary Lou *No. 3*.

You can't possibly know how important some radio show builders consider letters that come from the public. At best, they're guessing when they put on a program, guessing at what the public will listen to and dial in again at the same time next week. So when somebody comes right out and says he likes some particular singer, that's like gospel sent down from Sinai.

In this case, it got Muriel (*Continued on page 69*)

SCOOP! THE STORY OF BETTY AND BOB

BY BLAND MULHOLLAND



(Above) Bob's mother, Judith Lowry
(Below) Beatrice Churchill, Don Ameche.



Below, Playing two babies for "Betty and Bob" keeps Loretta Poynton busy.

We bring you the first story of this popular radio serial

HERE'S a scoop! The real story of "Betty and Bob" and the folks who make it. The first time in print.

If you're a dyed-in-the-wool "Betty and Bob" fan, you've been following them for years. But have you ever seen a picture of Betty or of Bob? No. Have you ever read a yarn about them? No, again. Do you know the identity of the folks who play in this immensely popular serial? Well, you may have your guesses, but that's all they are.

That is because the directors of "Betty and Bob" believe in hiding their light under a bushel. Not a line of information about the people who make "Betty and Bob" has ever been sent out. Nor will the sponsor let any broadcasting company publicity department answer any questions about the sketch. They say the microphone can do the job alone—they don't need any pictures or print.

They've broken a lot of rules for radio success, and still succeeded. They've shown that you don't have to have Broadway big shots or ballyhoo to click. You can get along without Hollywood stars and stunts and still make a hit. You can do without an evening hour and still have an audience that would be the envy of most night-time shows. Faithful followers, they have demonstrated, may be amassed in enormous numbers without fanfare.

But thousands of listeners want to know something about the actors who appear in "Betty and Bob." We went around to see the gentlemen who produce the show. "Won't you let us write the story?" we asked.

They were polite, but the answer was a firm "No."

"It would destroy the illusion of 'Betty and Bob' as it exists in the minds of millions of listeners," they explained. "Once they get acquainted with the actors, the radio characters will never seem quite the same as they did before."

Now answer frankly: When you first learned that Amos Jones and Andy Brown weren't played (*Continued on page 58*)



(Below) Carleton Brickert, who plays Bob's father in this radio drama.



How to remain happily married to a successful radio singer—with a sidelight on one who did

KENNY SARGENT LESSON IN LOVE



Shy and suave Kenny Sargent of the Casa Loma orchestra

BY MARY WATKINS REEVES

SHY, suave Kenny Sargent, who puts those falsetto tales on the Casa Loma Orchestra choruses, was in love. In love, seven years ago in Nashville, Tennessee. He was then just a sweet second sax in a second-rate band. And an out-of-town throb for the local belles.

Her name was Dot. And not only was she star cashier for the hotel where Kenny was playing, but she was all the decoration Nashville needed to keep it looking like April in Paris to half the eligible Southern gentlemen there. Dates with Dot were hard to rate. You were good if you could get her to give you a tumble.

And Kenny Sargent wasn't good. Not at first.

Which explains why he took his heart in his hands one day and asked her, painfully bashful: "Why is it you smile at the other fellows in the band and never even look at me?"

Pert was the drawl in answer thereto: "What do you expect me to do—give you a rugby tackle in the middle of the lobby?"

Kenny grinned. And the girl in the cashier's cage looked up to take her first good glance at the lean, dark, handsome youth.

The next night Kenny had the date he'd wanted.

And the next week they were honeymooning.

Now Kenny had undoubtedly been a catch. He had a sweet disposition, he was tremendously popular. He had a singing voice with a tremolo that would almost make you cry. And he had a *line:* Dot, he declared, was prettier than dew-drenched pink tulips and magnolia blossoms. Dot, he would have her know, had beauty and brains. And furthermore, far, far more exquisite was she than the clean clear loveliness of dawn and rainwater!

But such idyllic phrases pay no bills. And small-town bandsters go famously underpaid. So with the advent of Batch of Bills Number One, Kenny's bride had some thinking to do. She could have taken her pick of the richest swains in Tennessee, but she had chosen romance instead of ready money. And now it looked as if it would be a good idea to do something about turning Kenny's career into a paying proposition.

I think she realized then that he had the makings of a big-time vocalist. But first he must overcome his excessive shyness. Secondly, he needed the proper home life and incentive to make the fight for fame easier. And thirdly, he had to learn to take chances. Chances are easier to take with somebody else to share them. And Dot determined to give him those other essentials.

Blue Steele's famous orchestra came to Nashville about that time to play an engagement at the Peabody Hotel. And after Dot had done a little homework, Blue Steele's famous orchestra left Nashville—with Mr. and Mrs. Kenny Sargent in tow—Kenny occupying the enviable position of vocalist. Remember, about six years ago, that moonlight-and-roses record of "Girl Of My Dreams" that swept the country? It's probably in your attic somewhere. That was the first record Kenny Sargent ever made. When he came home, buoyant over its tremendous success, his pretty (*Continued on page 91*)

PEEK-A-BOO!

Artists of the air, pictur



Countess Olga Albani (above) writes her autograph for admirers. (Below) Little Jackie Heller shows us that he still can sit in his mother's lap.



(Below) Here are Bing Crosby (left) and Al Jolson (right) foregathering at the famed Santa Anita race track in Hollywood.



(Above) On the air, or at home accompanied by his wife, Jan Garber fiddles blithely. (Below) Peter Pan, but still our Beatrice Lillie, trying it on the dour dog.





N BROADCASTLAND

f the air by our pursuing and persevering cameraman



(Above) James Melton, the doughty hunter, captures both fox and pheasant in Florida. (Below) "Don't dare to blow a sour note!" Baby Rose Marie warns smiling Jimmy Durante.



(Above) Roxy and Amy Deloro, coloratura soprano of his "Gang" discuss a new song. (Below) Wallace Beery, "The Old Soak" of the Lux Radio Drama, with Minnie Dupree.







Morgan L. Eastman, Veteran Radio Conductor.



Charlie Sears, tenor on the air each Tuesday.



Carlyle Stevens winner of an announcing award.



Harry Reser, one of
favorite band leade



Wide World

Eleanor Holm Jarrett, famous Olympic swimming champion, gives hubby Art Jarrett, radio crooner, some of the finer points on the technique of drying dishes.

(Above) Lillia Fish made her radi
début on Sigmund Romberg's program
(Below) Five big band leaders, Valle
Himber, Whiteman, Waring and Lymo







nor Stuart Churchill
o hails from Kansas



Jackson
Peggy Flynn, highlight of the "Penthouse Party."



Don Mario, romantic Latin tenor from Cuba.



Startled Eddie Canto broadcasts indignation





Above) Ned Wever and Rose Keane
etter known as Dick Tracy and Tess True-
art. (Below) A glimpse of the studio
cene with "Myrt and Marge" on the air.

Presenting "Parkyakakas," the Greek who matches his wits with Eddie Cantor each Sunday evening at eight o'clock. Off the air he is better known as Harry Einstein.



HELL BENT FOR Bliss

They Starved for Their Start. But They're Going Strong Now. And Romance is Blossoming

BY MARY JACOBS

AT last their great moment had arrived! Grace Bradt, Eddie Albert, and Herbert N.—"That Terrific Trio," as they modestly termed themselves, were actually going on the air. For fifteen minutes! It had been worth the night after night practice in the hottest place in the world, the boiler room of the Paramount Theatre in Minneapolis, where Eddie reigned as assistant manager. It had been worth pounding on the wheezy old asthmatic piano, after Grace sold millinery all day long. They were on the air! Thousands would hear them. They'd make good, of course they would! They'd be big-shot radio stars!

So they went to the studio. Dark, handsome Herbert chewing nervously at the end of his cigar; slender, pretty Grace with her face rosy and hot. And blonde, grinning, devil-may-care Eddie Albert, with that strained look around the eyes. All of them saying: *"Oh, we'll be terrific, we'll slay them! We'd better order our Rolls Royce now! This radio racket, why it's nothing at all! We're fine! We'll get over swell!"*

"We had no idea of timing numbers," Grace told me. "We had prepared three numbers, and we sang them. Then it seemed there still was part of our fifteen minutes left. Some man in the studio played a victrola record. Still there seemed to be more time. 'You've got to sing another number,' the announcer whispered to us."

So what do you think they did? They sang their first number over again!

They didn't get the job.

That's how Grace and Eddie Albert, The Honeymooners, whose gay banter and sweet songs delight you four mornings a week, began on the air. But don't dare to think they were daunted by their failure! Had they been, they never would be where they are today. Grace would be married to Herbert, and Eddie would be managing a theatre at forty dollars a week.

Now, although Grace and Eddie plan matrimony today, at that time neither was interested in the other. Grace had an understanding with Herbert, and Eddie was in love with a girl named Rose.

How did "That Terrific Trio" get together? Grace came home from college with a prize for singing. Herbert, just out of college, hadn't been able to find a job.

"Let's try to organize an act. Maybe we can get singing jobs on the stage and in radio," Grace suggested.

But wherever they went everyone told them that they couldn't use a duet. Trios were all the rage four years ago. So Herbert got in touch with Eddie and the trio was born. Within a month after their fiasco, back they came for another chance. This time they made the grade on a flour program in Minneapolis. When they actually managed to draw pay, they felt they were wasting their talents there. So they got Papa Bradt, who was in the automobile business, to give them a second-hand Ford. Then they pocketed a week's pay, forty-five dollars, and started out on the road to auditions, heartache and fame.

To St. Louis, to Nashville, to Louisville, they rode in their chariot, stopping at each city for an audition. To Cincinnati they finally came. And there they were offered one hundred and fifty dollars a week for their trio.

For almost two years they stayed on there, on fifty dollars a week apiece. And then Eddie and Herb started to quarrel. Herb, stolid, respectable, couldn't stand the light-hearted, gay, irresponsible Eddie. Besides, Herb had tired of their nomad existence. He wanted to marry Grace right away and settle down. And he wanted to go into the business side of radio.

Eddie preferred to keep on singing. In fact, he considered going out solo, on his own. And poor Grace didn't know what to do. Her duty lay with her sweetheart, Herb—but she wanted to develop as an artist, too.

One day things came to a head. "I was terribly cross that morning," Eddie confessed, "just aching for a fight. I had received a letter from my girl back home, saying she had tired of an absentee sweetheart, and was going to marry someone else."

"I'm getting out of here," Herb said. "I'm sick of this trio business. I want a steady job, one that has roots. Gracie, are you coming with me?"

Grace looked at Herb. He was strutting up and down like a big business executive, a fat cigar in his mouth. Suddenly something caught at Gracie's throat. Was this



Together they build up each skit for the air.

"Grace and I agree on everything," says Eddie.



Wide World

They even collaborate on their cooking.

Fan mail brings its warm reassurance.

the man she'd promised to marry? She had a vision of what her life would be like, married to Herb—safe, secure, eminently respectable, but oh, so dull! And ahead of her lay an enchanting vista of adventure. Her eyes turned from Herbert to Eddie.

"I'm going to New York," said Eddie. "Is it goodbye, then, to both of you?"

"You know," Grace said, "isn't it strange? I want to go to New York, too!"

"Perhaps you'd like to come with me?" Eddie asked.

And that settled it. With one hundred dollars in their pockets they set out for New York. Now they would storm radio big time.

When they arrived in New York they had just four dollars left and didn't know a soul. They went to look for two single rooms, near each other so that they could practice. Finally they got rooms above an Italian speak-easy-restaurant on Forty-eighth Street, five flights up. Then they found out what thousands have discovered before them. That New York, (Continued on page 101)

CONFESSIONS

OF A CROONER'S "WIFE"

IN THE PRECEDING ISSUE the poignant story of Hal Robey and Molly Shannon began. It began when they met at the broadcasting studio—fell in love and were married. Hal suggested keeping their marriage a secret, fearing that his newly-established career as a popular crooner might be jeapodized. Molly perceived difficulties, but her love for Hal made her agree. But after the birth and tragic death of their baby Hal acknowledged his wife—too late to save their happiness, that now was shadowed by regret and misery. When Hal had to leave New York to broadcast from a midwestern studio, Molly agreed to join him when he could find an apartment.

"I'll make it up to you, Sweetheart," Hal promised. "Maybe we can make a fresh start."

"You can't give me anything I want now," Molly said sadly. "You can't turn back the clock!"

All she could see ahead was a long, lonely road. If only they could have known what new, strange, frightening fate was walking toward them down that road—with only a choice between two tragedies!

THREE weeks later I joined Hal in Lake City. He'd found time to choose a home for us—a penthouse in a big apartment hotel, overlooking the lake. It was a beautiful duplex, exquisitely furnished and equipped. It was everything but a home!

Yet, as he showed it to me with such boyish pride, I hated myself for thinking that. It was the only sensible way for us to live. Everything already was running like clockwork, including Hal's busy, hectic life.

Facing him at dinner that night over flowers he hadn't even chosen—the hotel florist had *carte-blanche*—I wondered where I was going to fit into that life. It was so incredibly remote from anything that we had known together—from anything I had imagined. And though he was sweet and gay and tender as the boy-lover I remembered, he wasn't that boy any more. He was Hal Robey, radio star! And I was still Molly Shannon. . . .

We had come a long way since I used to cook dinner for him in his shabby little flat. Since I had looked after his socks and counted his laundry and pressed his evening clothes. . . .

I told him so, unsteadily, slipping my hand into his.

"And we're going a lot farther!" he promised me. "Molly, the breaks are all with us, sweet. Just watch me, from now on!" He squeezed my hand. "I've played my cards pretty well. Not only at the studio. I've been meeting a lot of important people—society people." He chuckled. "How will you like playing around with the Gold Coast crowd, Mrs. Robey?"

He didn't want to turn back the clock, I told myself—want to recapture the sweetness of those early days of our love. His eyes were fixed on a glittering goal. I had no right to try to swerve him from it. I already had risked our happiness. Now I must try to salvage what was left; to make myself into the sort of wife Hal wanted.

But I still tired easily. Though I did try, it was an effort to brace myself to meet new people, to pretend a gaiety and zest that I didn't feel. Perhaps, during those first months of adjustment, if Hal and I ever had had any privacy. . . .

But we didn't. He was working terribly hard at the studio, with two broadcasts a week, and endless rehearsals. And his orchestra was a nightly attraction at the Sky Club, as well. But even so, we might have had a few stolen hours all our own if he hadn't been in such demand socially.

It was all good publicity, he and his manager both explained. He couldn't afford to turn down invitations from rich, important people

Scandal threatens Hal, and only Molly could save him—but at a cruel cost!

Illustrated by Floherty, Jr.

who wanted to lionize him. And he never did. I realized, from the first, that he was badly bitten by the social bug. He adored being snapped with Mrs. Hank Levitt and her beautiful stepdaughter at the Charity Ball. He was terribly anxious for me to make the right impression on that rich crowd.

And I realized, too, that it was part of my job to share his social success, to play the rôle of Hal Robey's charming young wife. I had to go to his broadcasts, meet his friends, his sponsors. And not only for publicity purposes, either. . . .

Hal's irresistible charm for women of every age made him fair game. Women and girls pursued him, and he wasn't oblivious to their adulation. I learned that soon enough. I don't blame him for some of the foolish things he did that first winter in Lake City. He was only human. And while I think he still cared for me, something precious and irreplaceable had gone out of our relationship. Naturally he resented my emotional apathy towards him, when every other woman was ready to fall in his arms!

But I didn't realize how far we were drifting apart until the afternoon Arthur Balcom came to see me. He had been a real friend to us, besides being Hal's sponsor on the *Milk o' Roses* hour.

I liked him. And I was more myself, more at ease with him than with any of Hal's society or radio friends. Arthur was a big, quiet, unpretentious sort of chap, with a delightful smile and young blue eyes that belied the grey in his hair. And I knew that he liked me. Not as Hal Robey's wife, but as a person.

I gave him tea, and we (*Continued on page 82*)

THERE'S A

BY JAY
KIEFFER



Beside their own hearthstone, Harry Von Zell, his wife, Mickey, and their son, Kenneth Harry.

HE might have been your favorite singer, or a prominen banker in your home town. . . . If he hadn't been seriousl injured in a football game, he might have been the grid iron hero of a great University. But Fate had other plan for Harry Von Zell. And so today he is at the top o radio, and possibly your favorite announcer.

Watching him during a rehearsal at the Columbia Play house you might imagine that he always was the star h is today. Yet not so long ago he was a beaten man. H fought his way up. Courage was his only weapon agains failure. He *had* to win—and he did.

Harry was born in an obscure rural community i Indiana. Almost as soon as he could walk he learned t follow his dad behind the plow. Like most country boy he attended a tiny one-room schoolhouse. He raked ha in scorching August heat, shoveled his way across snow piled fields to school in winter. But he was ambitious

He was an honor student when he graduated fron Sioux City, Iowa's, only High School. He had earne his education by working long hours at night as jack-of all-trades in a dry goods store. As a delivery boy, carry ing huge sacks in a grain mill, and by heaving tons o coal into the High School furnace, he had saved sufficien funds to enroll in the University of Southern California

"If I paid my train fare, there would not be enoug

This popular Hoosier announcer is also a successful radio script writer, but he is never too busy to talk with his young son.





AN BEHIND THIS VOICE

ose Courage and Ambition Him from Failure to Suc- as a Radio Announcer

ney left for tuition," he explained. "So I got out on highway and started hiking. Across the desert I rode tramps in a box car. Finally I got to college. I paid ear's tuition in advance, and then I was broke again, I was a Freshman at last! I strutted around the pus as if I owned the place. I thought all day how ll it was to be a college man. And then the sun went n. Where was I going to sleep? How could I eat? alized that I could starve handsomely long before I my Phi Beta Kappa key!"

He slept that night on the chill bleachers at the athletic d. In the morning, numb with cold, he saw the warm rise and realized that he must find work. He waited ront of the college drugstore until it opened, nearly e hours later.

He didn't get a job there. He could work only at night d there must be time for study. Then, too, whoever loyed him must stake him to food and rent until his pay day. In return, he was willing to do anything. ersistently he approached every unlocked store, until lly he found one man who could use his eager services. had to be at work at five p. m. and stay until two the morning. His duties were to keep the store clean the shelves of merchandise in order. He would be wed to sleep and study among the crates and boxes in the rear of the store, and he could eat any of the already opened bulk materials. Gladly, thankfully, he accepted and rushed off to make a ten o'clock class, two miles away.

Even before five o'clock Harry returned. His first day's chores kept him busy until after three o'clock the next morning. He slept in the store, lived on dried fish, prunes, and loose, broken crackers. He studied hard. He arranged his schedule so that there would be time to try out for the Freshman team.

And it was football that nearly ruined his life. It did bring to an abrupt end the college career he had worked so hard to get. "I worked all night and attended classes all day," he told me. "I guess my resistance got pretty low. I know my nerves soon were shot. I guess maybe I just couldn't take it."

Anyone but Harry would have realized that he was overdoing. But there was no one there to warn him—no one to stop him, except Fate. And when they carried his limp, broken body from the field, to the victim alone it was a surprise.

To the kind German in the little store, who for months had watched his young helper fighting life alone, it was something he had long expected—and feared.

He came to see the boy in the *(Continued on page 74)*

He bids his wife and son goodnight as he leaves for the studio to announce one of his successful programs for the network.

Von Zell announces the National Amateur Sunday night program as Ray Perkins, popular master of ceremonies, stands by.





RADIO STARS' Cooking School



Miss Swarthout and her husband, Frank Chapman, enjoy a salad composed of all available greens and served in an informal wooden bowl. Cheese is served in a squat brown jug.



Would you set a tempting table? Try Gladys Swarthout's recipes

BY NANCY WOOD

GREETINGS, friends and Radio Fans:

One night, on the famous staircase of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, a friend nudged me and said: "Look, there's Gladys Swarthout!"

"Where?" I asked eagerly, looking over the throng of beautifully gowned women, trying in vain to see someone who, I thought, resembled an opera singer.

"There! Over there, stupid," my friend whispered frantically. Then, forgetting her manners and the elegance of our surroundings, she pointed to a group of men surrounding and almost completely hiding, a *petite,* becomingly attired young person with black hair, flashing black eyes and the most delightful figure. No buxom prima donna was this star of the operatic stage and the air waves but a young lady I had mistaken for a society débutante! No wonder the movies plan to star her, too, and in the very near future!

"Well, if that's Gladys Swarthout," I said, after looking long and enviously, "it just isn't fair that any one person should have that lovely voice and be so beautiful in the bargain."

"And wait till you meet her!" replied my friend, enthusiastically. "Then you'll discover that not only is she lovely to look at and to listen to, but she also is a gracious hostess and a devoted wife."

Well, Radio Fans, what would you do if you heard anyone described in such glowing terms? In the first place you wouldn't believe a word of it (I know I didn't) and in the second place you'd make up your mind that you'd jolly well meet this paragon of virtues. "No one person," you'd think, "could combine all those qualities."

Maybe not, as a general rule, but I'm here to tell you that Gladys Swarthout does!

It is my duty, however (and a very pleasant one it is), as head of RADIO STARS Cooking School to describ Gladys to you principally in the be coming rôle of hostess. And as th very first step let's supply a fram for her portrait by describing he charming home.

The apartment house in whic Miss Swarthout lives is over in th fashionable East End Avenue dis trict of New York—a section mad popular by its proximity to the Eas River, with its swiftly flowing cur rent, wheeling gulls and chuggin boats. From the living-room of th apartment you get a lovely view o this river scene through wide win dows whose blue Venetian blind (used instead of sash curtains) ar flanked by lovely drapes which swee down and on to the floor like th train of a *grande dame's* evenin gown.

The furniture in this room is de signed for comfort as well as beauty and does not cling frantically to any set period or color scheme. Minia tures in oval (*Continued on page 73*)



MISS DE MUMM'S TAILORED HOSTESS COAT BY HATTIE CARNEGIE DEMONSTRATES
THE COOL ELEGANCE OF THE NEW PIQUÉS FOR SUMMER

"Camels certainly make a difference_"

SAYS

MISS MARY DE MUMM

IN NEWPORT, where she made her début, Miss de Mumm is one of the most popular of the smart summer colony, just as she is among the most fêted of the younger set during the New York season.

"Both in the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference," she says. "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. And I notice that Camels never affect my nerves. In fact, when I'm a bit tired from a round of gaieties, I find that smoking a Camel really rests me and gives me a new sense of energy. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular."

People do welcome the renewed energy they feel after smoking a Camel. By releasing your latent energy in a safe, natural way, Camels give you just enough "lift." And you can enjoy a Camel as often as you want, because they never affect your nerves.

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *R*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *B*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *B*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *C*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New*
MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *C*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New*
MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, *New*



CAMELS ARE MILDER!...MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND



Happy Duo

Love at first sight, and love ever since, is the record of Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. Married in 1927, for some years they sang together in musical comedy. Now they have retired to their Massachusetts home, "Dunrovin", from which they motor in each week-end to broadcast their popular Sunday afternoon programs.

TO AVOID THESE SKIN FAULTS } Keep your UNDER SKIN active



Not a line, not a pore, not a blemish—You can make your skin as clear and radiant—as enchanting as this!

Beauty's workshop is under your skin

Under your skin, tiny glands produce the oils to keep your outer skin clear, smooth. Blood vessels carry nourishment to cells and tissue. Nerve and muscle fibres keep lines away, contours firm—*if* you keep them all active!

RACTICALLY every fault that mars the skin you see in your mirror had its rt in the *under* layers of your skin! . . .

Blackheads come when pores are clogged secretions *from within*. Lines form tside when *under* tissues begin to grow n. Dryness comes when oil glands fail. sues sag when nerve and muscle fibres e their snap.

Beauty's workshop is right there in se deep layers of the *underskin*, where y blood vessels and glands carry nourment to cells and tissue all the time.

How to wake up a Slowing Underskin

en skin faults begin to spoil your looks, the Pond's way of bringing back the er tissues to vigorous action.

ond's Cold Cream, with its specially ssed light oils, goes right down into r underskin. First, it floats out of r pores every particle of lingering grime and make-up. As you pat it on briskly, it stirs the lazy circulation. Stimulates laggard glands. Invigorates failing tissues.



DONNA DEGNA MARCONI

who inherits on her father's side a distinguished name, and on her mother's side is descended from ancient Irish Royalty, is extraordinarily beautiful. She has used Pond's Cold Cream for years, and says: "It wipes away little lines. I've never had a blemish since I began to use it."

One application alone will prove to you how effective this cream is. As you continue to use it, you will actually be able to watch little lines soften—blemishes and blackheads go. Coarseness—dryness will be relieved. A new freshness will glow in your skin and its texture will become fine and smooth.

Use Pond's Cold Cream *every night* to flush your pores clean of every single impurity, and stimulate your underskin. *In the morning*—often during the day—repeat this treatment. It will make your skin so smooth that your make-up will go on more evenly than ever before.

Try Deep-Skin Treatment

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure and germ-free. It actually promotes the natural functioning of the underskin.

Just send in the coupon below with only 10¢ and see what this wonderful cream will do for you.

Mail this Coupon—for **Generous Package**
—see this cream bring beauty to your skin



Friday nights I liste
to "The Pause tha
Refreshes" prograi

I AM BLIND!

But I've discovered what I was too blind to notice when I could see!

I AM blind. But please don't pity me. Not when I have a faithful friend in the radio, to make up for every activity and pleasure which I ordinarily would miss.

Three years ago I never would have said that. Three years ago I was without a doubt the most tragic, the loneliest and the most despairing person on earth. For it was exactly three years ago that I became blind.

I was a young girl, only twenty-one, when the terrible accident occurred. A fall from a horse, a blow between the eyes which injured the optic nerve forever, and the next thing I knew I was lying in a hospital bed staring straight ahead into nothingness.

To me it was a cruel cross to bear. I had always been so active. I had loved life so—now I wanted to die. I always had so much fun and excitement crammed in my life. Now I had nothing—nothing!

Of course there were my friends. They all descended at once to pay me a visit. It should have been delightful, instead it proved to be a nightmare. They all stammered and groped for the right thing to say. They were so careful. They tried so hard to be kind and tactful and sympathetic.

Even my best friend, Ginny: Before this, when we met, we would argue and quarrel and scrap as only two friends can. Now she held my hand, spoke tenderly, sweet, cheerful things. She wasn't the old, boisterous Ginny. She was pitying me. But, oh, I didn't want to be pitied

The afternoon dragged on uncomfortably, and whe they left there was relief on both sides. But when heard them laughing and talking outside, I felt so shu out, so terribly lonely. . . .

And when I got home, it was the same with my family. All of those little things which I had taken for granted when I could see, now assumed such important propor tions. There was my Tuesday night Bridge Club. Tha was always such fun. And now—well, Bridge was ou of the question. When Tuesday evening came, I woul sit at home alone, feeling terribly sorry for myself. I shu myself up in a hard, bitter shell and did nothing but brood My family was desperately worried. Then Dad bough me a portable radio, hoping that it would cheer me.

I'll never forget the first time I tuned it in. Guy Lombardo and his band happened to be on just then. It reminded me of those days when I used to go dancing in the Pavillon Royal, where the Lombardo band played That was the night when I wore that stunning black tulle dress that everybody raved about. I would never see it on me again. Never again look into a mirror and see how flattering that dress was, how it brought out the reddish highlights of my hair. The radio was still on, bringing back memories . . . I couldn't bear it! I snapped it off. I never (*Continued on page 93*)

"EVERY DAY I LOVE YOU MORE"

Thrilling Words— but nobody says them to the girl who has COSMETIC SKIN . . .

IT'S WONDERFUL to *win* love —even more wonderful to *hold* it! So don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. It is when stale make-up is left to *choke the* pores that the warning signals of this modern complexion trouble appear—tiny blemishes, dullness, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to *protect* your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule: Use this gentle soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. Remember, 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

RUBY KEELER

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "GO INTO YOUR DANCE"

NRA CODE



LIKE SO MANY GIRLS I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT THANKS TO **LUX TOILET SOAP** I'LL NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN



PIED PIPER, 1935 STYLE

Professors are trying to discover his secret spell

All children know Uncle Don!

By MARY MORGAN

ONE of the wonders of radio is Uncle Don.

Don't you know Uncle Don? Then ask your little son or daughter, or your niece, or your neighbor's child, or the little boy who runs your errands. They know Uncle Don! Over a million and a half adoring youngsters are members of *Uncle Don's Radio Club,* conducted every night at six. Uncle Don has been on the air longer and more often than any other radio personality in the country. Now he's starting his seventh year on the air, appearing on ten half-hour programs a week.

The funny part of it is that about seven years ago Uncle Don was actually afraid of children. He was playing in vaudeville. Not as Uncle Don, and not for children. He was Don Carney (his real name) and his act was a pianologue comprising sophisticated songs and subtle humor. Strictly adult fare.

He was a hit and as a rule would pack the house, but Saturday matinees were a nightmare. A Saturday afternoon, as any good vaudevillian will tell you, is children's day at the theater. Well, when Don Carney sat down at the piano and started to play, the kids would get restless and fidgety and start crying and whining. And to Don Carney up there on the stage earning his living, those inattentive children presented his biggest problem. With the decline of vaudeville, Don turned to radio and had got a few odd jobs in airwave shows. He happened to be around the WOR studios one afternoon when there was a hurry call for an audition for a manufacturer of toy dogs. In those early days of radio last-minute auditions were not rare. The manager saw Don, and that's how he chanced to be assigned to get up a kiddie program immediately for the audition.

Without any script whatsoever, he sat before the microphone and told a story about a little toy dog who had walked out of the toy factory and had got lost. And on and on went the fantastic adventures.

From that time Don Carney became Uncle Don. He walked home with a contract which called for him to appear on the air three times a week. But instead of being happy over this, he was worried.

"I've got myself into a pretty pickle," he told his wife that night. "How am I going to keep this up? I know nothing about children!"

He sat up all night writing more adventures of the toy dog. But soon, like a modern Pied Piper, he cast a spell over the children. His six o'clock broadcasts had become a ritual with his young listeners. Letters by the hundreds came to him daily, written in a childish scrawl. Mothers wrote to him. He didn't have to worry any more about his script. Today he doesn't use a line of prepared copy, the entire broadcast being impromptu and informal.

His success in captivating the minds of children in a wholesome, constructive way has been so sensational that recently a class in Yale devoted a whole afternoon to trying to find out the secret of Uncle Don's child psychology. And this past summer the officials of Columbia University asked to be allowed to photograph his voice to see what magic something there was in it that fascinated the youngsters!

He accomplishes almost amazing results with his adoring devotees. Where mother and father and teacher have failed to break Johnny of a bad habit, Uncle Don will succeed. Mother will write in to Uncle Don that Johnny, for instance, bites his nails. Will he please reprimand Johnny for it on the air?

But, Uncle Don doesn't reprimand Johnny. It would be humiliating to Johnny to criticize him publicly as a nail-biter, and besides, children resent scoldings. Uncle Don, instead, talks in heart-to-heart fashion with Johnny, as though Johnny were a grown man. Then, a few months later, he'll come back to him in a personal, reminiscent sort of way: "Say, Johnny, remember the time (*Continued on page 72*)



This day will never come again—save it with snapshots

Everybody wants a print. And so often a snapshot like this becomes even more precious as the months go by . . . Snapshots are so important, don't take chances. Any camera is a better camera when loaded with Kodak Verichrome Film. You'll be proud of your pictures. Always use Verichrome . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES
CORK-TIPPED



LIGHT UP...
and feel pleasant

Watch a fellow light his first KOOL. See the mild surprise turn to the good old grin that shows he's found something. The smoke feels refreshingly cool. The throat relaxes. And best of all, the coolness of KOOLS doesn't interfere with the fine tobacco flavor—it's fully preserved. So try KOOLS for your throat and for pleasure's sake. And save the B & W coupon in each pack for handsome nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Write today for FREE copy of illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME PREMIUMS



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Scoop! The Story of Betty and Bob

(*Continued from page 38*)

by colored boys did that make you appreciate them the less? We'll bet it didn't. In fact, all of the stories about Charlie Correll and Freeman Gosden, their views, their way of life, their habits, their pictures all have helped to make Amos 'n' Andy more popular, we believe.

And that's the way we feel about "Betty and Bob." If you like the program now, you'll enjoy it even more, once you've peeped into the studio and had a closeup view of the actors who made the show.

To start with, the "Betty and Bob" picture, as portrayed by microphone magic, is pretty nearly perfectly framed by its theme song—the simple blending of the strains of "I Love You Truly" and Mendelssohn's lovely "Wedding March." For "Betty and Bob" seeks to be in a measure the fulfillment of what every woman, perhaps every man, desires. It's a story of life as you would like to have it. Real romance—the land of make-believe, where dreams come true.

In "Betty and Bob" Betty, a stenographer, marries her boss, a wealthy young engineer who finds himself promptly disowned by his wealthy, autocratic, domineering and thoroughly unsympathetic papa. Even today, years after the marriage, this tyrant is determined to crush the spirit of his son and break up his happy and successful marriage.

This Cinderella theme is a favorite of Bob Andrews, who writes the show.

No inside story about "Betty and Bob" would be complete without something about Bob Andrews. You've probably never heard about him before, but he's just about the busiest man in radio—and one of the best paid.

He turns out a "Betty and Bob" episode every day. Plenty of radio writers would call that a fair-sized job. But in addition he writes alone all the episodes of "The Romance of Helen Trent," "Judy and Jane," "Just Plain Bill," "Skippy" and others—thirty-five installments a week all told, five episodes every day, even if he works Saturdays and Sundays!

Born in the Ozarks, Andrews has roamed all over the face of the earth, though he is only about thirty now. A veteran reporter, he knows the stark realities, the harshness, the bitterness of life. Thus, when he turned to radio writing, he decided to write about life as people would like to see it lived. His radio shows, like his two novels which were made into successful pictures, "Three Girls Lost" and "If I Had A Million," reflect an escape from things as they are.

In Betty every woman, and particularly every housewife, (the sponsor sells flour and cereals) may see in some measure a romantic reflection of herself.

"Betty and Bob" tells the story of a typical young couple. Ambitious though Bob is, he slips, fumbles, flounders. And always Betty's intuition, feminine sagacity and innate charm save him from himself and set him back on solid footing. Betty, like every wife, knows that Bob wouldn't get far without her. Perhaps many a woman who follows "Betty and Bob" oft feels that it is all but hopeless to get h husband to see that. But it's a comfo to her to get that assurance from the radi

If you're a keen detective you may ha discovered that the voice of Bob seems be the same as the voice portraying the r mantic leads in NBC's "First Nighte and "Grand Hotel." It is—and that voi belongs to Don Ameche, that handson Don Juan of radio, last year revealed the most popular of all male dramatic star

And isn't Don Ameche the kind of person you would imagine Bob to be? tall, good-looking, ambitious chap, full fire, enthusiasm and the zest of living.

There's a bit of a parallel, too, betwee his real life and the events in "Betty an Bob." Don was married just about th time he went on the air as Bob Drake, an his own baby, Don Jr., arrived just a litt ahead of Bob Drake Jr.—no, Bob Drak III, in the radio serial. That was just sheer coincidence, since Andrews turn out the script in his New York penthous and is too busy to follow the persona lives of the actors who play the parts h conceives. But if you remember those ep sodes during the early days of the Drak infant, you must recall the voice of author ity that was Bob's every time the scrip got on to the subject of baby tending.

You would love that radio baby if yo could get one glimpse of the child. Sweete than sweet! Of course, it's a boy, so fa as "Betty and Bob" are concerned. Bu in the studio, it's a girl! Her name i Loretta Poynton—and here's a surprise She's nineteen years old! Has blue eye and brown hair—a willowy girl weighin ninety-eight pounds! She can coo an cry and laugh more like a real baby tha any youngster you've ever seen.

Loretta came from the stage. She playe leading parts in "On the Make" and "Skid ding" on Broadway. She left the foot lights because of the serious illness of he mother and returned to her home in Bev erly Hills, Chicago suburb. Tuning in th radio one day she decided that she coul do as well as the person to whom she wa listening—and got herself an audition b simply calling NBC and exhibiting consid erable persistence.

Loretta also plays in Tony Wons' "Hous by the Side of the Road." In fact she' been busy ever since she landed at NBC lately playing the parts of both babies o "Betty and Bob". You remember the foundling left on Betty's and Bob's door step not so long ago? She gurgles for her too.

That's the baby the sponsors are spend ing fifteen thousand dollars on, in one o the biggest radio contests yet. And all for a name for the youngster. And names plain and fancy, have been rolling in by the tens of thousands. Perhaps it will all be settled before this gets into print

In the studio Betty is a slim, trim girl with reddish brown hair and flashing brown eyes. Bob towers above her—he must be six feet or so. Betty is just a shade over five feet, weighs about one hundred and fifteen pounds. She's in her

irly twenties. Her real name is Beatrice hurchill and her friends call her Bee. he created the rôle of Betty and it's her st real big job in radio. You don't hear r on any other programs.

She went to the studio one day with friend already well established in radi , ho was scheduled for a commercial audi- n. After her friend had had her test eatrice asked if she might have one, too. hey let her read a few lines, and she got e job—a leading part in "Bill, the Bar- r", which later emerged as "Just Plain ll." Soon afterward she was called on take the lead in "Betty and Bob." Her dy at the Goodman theater, dramatic hool of the Chicago Art Institute, and e College of the Pacific had stood her in od stead.

Beatrice takes her radio work seriously t she's a regular girl. She enjoys sing- g and dancing and walking, just by her- f or with an agreeable companion, and ling. And she has a pet monkey. Her me town is Santa Rosa, California.

Though the leading characters of "Betty d Bob" are largely products of radio, group of real troupers are to be found the supporting cast. Edith Davis, who Gardenia, the maid, comes fr m tersburg, Virginia. She has been on stage since she was thirteen. One day dropped into NBC to visit Morgan L. stman, the conductor, an old friend. He suaded her to have an audition. She s picked for the part of Gardenia a few eks later. She also is heard in "Today's ildren" and "Judy and Jane" occasion- v. She is smallish, with graying hair l blue eyes. In private life she i- the e of Dr. Loyal Davis, Chicago's nous brain surgeon.

George and Jane Hartford, the young ple who are close friends of Betty and



Robert Weedy, popular baritone soloist, heard every Sunday on Radio City Music Hall Hour, WJZ, and Fridays with Pick and Pat.

"Oh darn! Darn! Double-darn! Every time I get him part way up, he falls down again! I'd like to break his old ladder in a trillion pieces! I will not be quiet—and I won't be good! I'm mad!"



"Bath-time? . . . Oh . . . Well, that's different. Will you let me spank the water—and poke a hole in the soap? And do I get some soft, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder all over me afterward?"



"Hurray! When I'm under that dandy powder shower I could just squeal for joy. And I never have a rash or a prickle or a chafe, do I? What do I care if things go wrong in my work!"





"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . and wherever I go, babies forget their troubles! For I keep their skins smooth and soft as satin—I'm satin-soft myself! I'm made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either. Your baby will appreciate Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson



"WHEN I first saw Clopay 15c Window Shades, it was hard to believe they cost so little. They actually look many times their price. Dainty chintz-like patterns. Plain colors are exceptionally attractive."

Clopays are amazingly durable, too. Cannot crack, pinhole or ravel on the edges. Patented creped texture also makes them hang straight, roll straight, wear longer. Attach to old rollers in a jiffy without tacks or tools. Used daily in over a million homes. See CLOPAYS at your favorite "5 and 10" or neighborhood store. Send 3c for color samples to the

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1420 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



New **FABRAY**
Out-does Oilcloth

"As much as I save on CLOPAY Shades—I am even more astonished by value in FABRAY! It looks and wears like oilcloth, yet costs ⅓ to ½ less. Better still, it will not crack or peel. The many designs are simply stunning and the colors and patterns in extremely good taste."

FABRAY is entirely new—has the same surface as oilcloth, yet can be creased or folded without cracking or peeling because its backing is solid, tough fibre instead of scrim. As easy to wash as tile. FABRAY in all standard table and shelf widths is at your favorite "5 and 10" or neighborhood store. Send 10c for 2½-yard roll of shelving—state color preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1426 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



Gladys Swarthout, bright star of the musical world, and her baritone husband, Frank Chapman, enjoy a summer outing aboard Lawrence Tibbett's yacht. Watch for a story on Gladys Swarthout in our July issue.

Bob, are portrayed by Arthur Jacobsen and Dorothy Shideler. When we last heard the show there were indications that they might be adopting the baby found on the doorstep.

Before turning to radio Art played more than five hundred rôles in stock and chautauqua. When he applied at NBC he had only thirty-three cents in his pocket. But he's been busy ever since—has been cast in more than a thousand NBC productions, so he hasn't had to worry about a meal ticket for a long while. Art isn't thirty years old but has already realized two major ambitions—to appear on the stage with a spear and to visit Oshkosh, Wisconsin. He's a good-sized chap, has brown hair and eyes. A dialect specialist, he finds straight parts the hardest to do. He loves his work—and sailing and orange cake and dancing. But he's never been in a night club.

Formerly a continuity writer, Dorothy Shideler gradually worked into dramatic parts. She is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. Is also heard in "Ma Perkins" and "The House by the Side of the Road." Dorothy is in her early twenties, five feet, five inches tall. She is the wife of a Chicago attorney and there may be a baby in her household before you read this.

Another pair of seasoned actors are found in the rôles of the senior Drakes, Bob's parents. They are Carleton Brickert, on the stage since David Belasco launched "The Girl of the Golden West," and Jud Lowry, who has spent practically all h life before the footlights.

Brickert was a famed boy soprano British choirs as a child. He worked i Sam Harris, William C. Brady and A. Woods and was the stage director f Leonore Ulric in "Kiki." He played leading rôle in George Kelly's "Crai Wife," a Pulitzer prize winner. Six fe two, he's a great outdoorsman and spen many delightful summer days in his cab cruiser.

Mrs. Lowry played the part of t mother in Booth Tarkington's "Seventee for three years and appeared with Walt Hampden in "Easter." C. L. Menser, NE production manager at Chicago, who h taught her son when both were at Kno College, introduced her to radio. She is quiet motherly woman, with soft brow eyes and graying hair and she is ve proud of the fact that she recently h become a grandmother. Incidentally sh happens to be the only grandmother v know about in radio besides Schuman Heink, though there may be others.

Don Merrifield and Grace Lockwoo play the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Hendrick and Fay Warren is Sadie Hollister, th neighborhood gossip.

So there they are—practically all th actors in "Betty and Bob." And now th you have met the real people who portra your favorites behind the microphone, yo ought to enjoy the program even more.

Television Is Coming—But When?

(Continued from page 8)

evision waves travel only in the straight e of vision, and no farther than the oretical horizon. For example, from the of the Empire State Building that hori- might be fifty or sixty miles distant. a valley it might be no more than six or en miles. That's easily understood— can hear footsteps and voices, for in- nce, at some distance and around cor- s, but you cannot see who may be roaching until they come into range l in the straight line of vision. Thus es, tall buildings, mountains, hills and es, all may interrupt the television es. They cannot flow continuously. erefore there must be, at frequent in- vals, relaying stations to catch up the rations, magnify them, and send them again.

t has been said that television experi- nts in England and in Germany have listanced those of America, but the th is that our laboratory experiments equal to or better than those abroad. r problems are greater because of the ater size of our country. But our labora- es are persistently studying them and loring the possibilities of television on ation-wide basis.

n England, the British Commission mmended establishing an experimental vision station. The Commission found the area capable of being effectively ered "would not exceed a radius of roximately twenty-five miles over mod- ely undulating country." For service ted to one half the population of Eng- , the report states, probably ten trans- ing stations at suitable locations would e to be erected—at an estimated cost of t nine hundred thousand dollars at a le location. So, doing a little simple metic, we might figure roughly that erve the entire population of England ld involve the expenditure of around ty million dollars!

ow what would this imply in con- ation of our own television problems? n we realize that the entire territory England is not much larger than that New York State, we can measure the nse of establishing such a service ughout the United States. To serve the population of our forty-eight states, of them many times the size of New , would require the establishment of thousand or more relaying stations, at cost of around ten hundred million rs!

sounds staggering! Still, in these we're becoming accustomed to seeing zeros than we can count. So a mere y billion needn't dismay us. Besides, st approximately as much to establish . So don't be discouraged about get- television.

go on with our survey, having cre- wire systems or established relay ons, we next must arrange for the tion of the picture-producing vibra-

"Life has suddenly become very pleasant, Toby"



For this little citizen a sombre world has suddenly brightened.

His mother has given him his first taste of Fletcher's Castoria — the children's laxative. And did he *love* it!



That delicious taste is *important*. It means no more of the struggles that a bad-tasting laxative causes—that all too often upset a child's nerves, his digestion, his whole delicate little system.

That's why even the *taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children!



It is also prepared just as carefully for a child's *needs*.

It contains only ingredients that are suitable for a child—no harsh, purging drugs that so many "grown-up" laxatives contain. Fletcher's Castoria will never cause griping pains. It is not habit-forming. It is completely, perfectly *safe*. It is very gentle—yet very *thorough*.



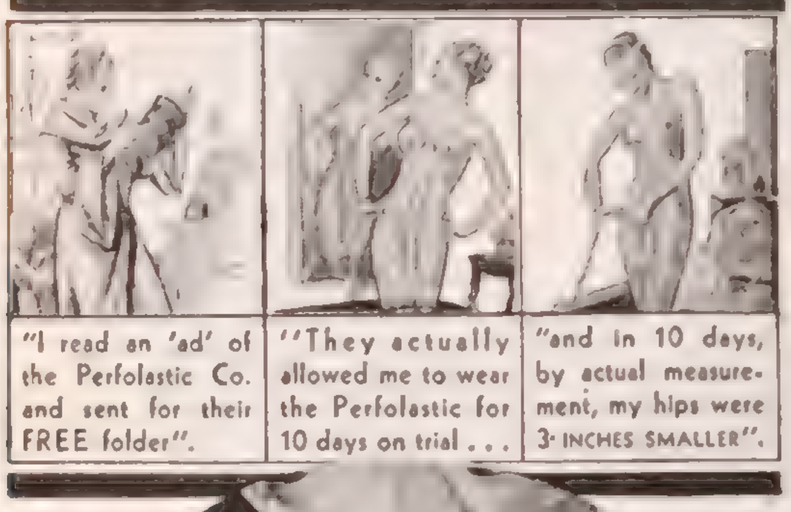
Rely on Fletcher's Castoria whenever your child needs a laxative—from babyhood to 11 years. Get a bottle today—look for the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher.* Save money—get the Family-Size bottle.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative



from babyhood to 11 years

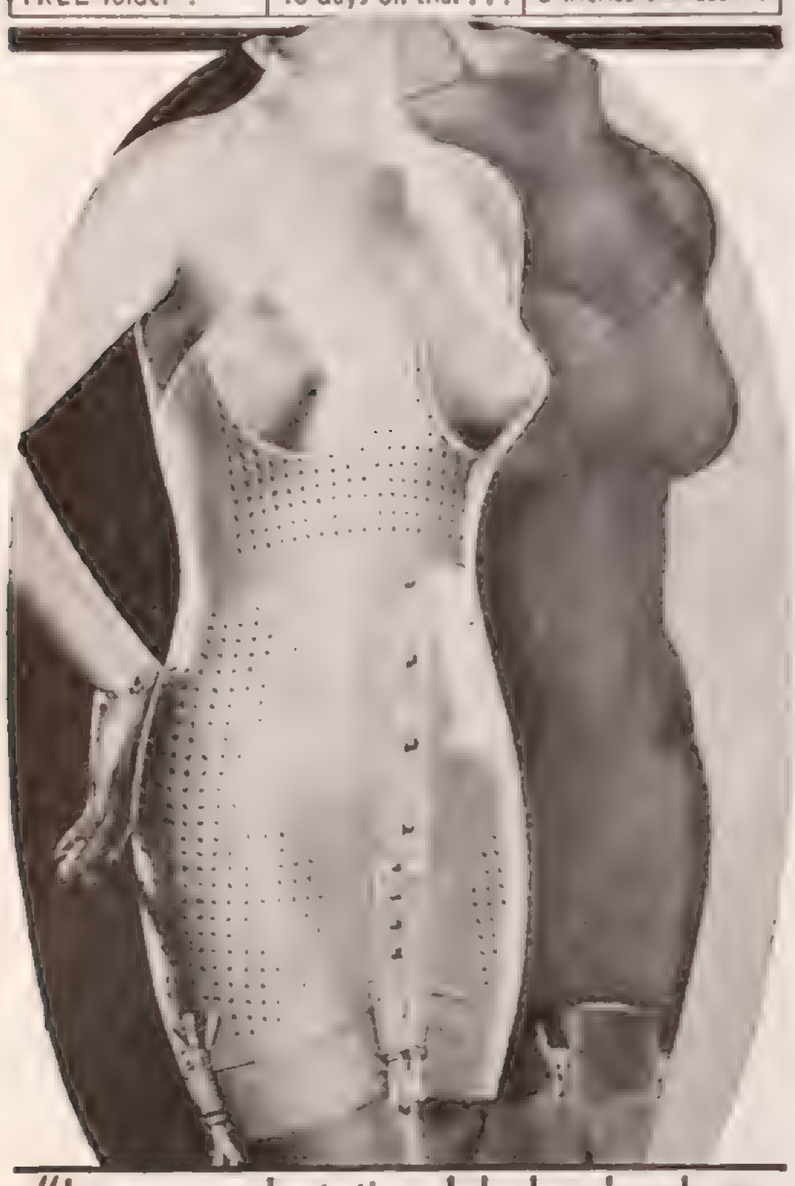
TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ...at our expense!



"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".

"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".



"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR

. . . it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement . . . stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 536 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

tions. Radio receiving sets of today can, by a twist of the dial, tune in on almost any broadcasting station anywhere. But a television receiving set must be an integral part of the sending set. That is, if your set is adjusted to WOR in New Jersey, you can't tune in to WLW in Cincinnati Must we have a different receiving set for every station? Even one such television receiving set, according to such figures as are now available, would cost in the vicinity of three or four hundred dollars.

But again don't worry. The broadcasting companies are as anxious to give us television as we are to have it. And they won't stop with half the problems solved. So even as we now have radio sets at so small a figure that there is estimated to be one for every three or four people in the whole United States, so shall we have our television sets. But not next month. Not next year.

And there's another item of expense: Purchase of material for television programs.

The cost of producing a motion picture may run from two or three hundred thousand to a million dollars. But that picture will circulate throughout the country, in innumerable picture houses, and thus earn its cost with profits. A television program, however, will go on the air for perhaps a hour or two,—and probably will not b used again. But with the necessary pur chase of script, costumes, music and set tings for it, the salaries of actors, director technicians and other workmen, the co of the television program will approximat that of the motion picture, without, pr sumably, approximating the opportunity paying for itself.

To repeat, here is a lay view of man of the varied technical, operating and com mercial problems inherent in the proce of introducing television into our homes

1. The necessity for a new system inter-connecting wires or relay station

2. Overcoming the excessive cost of cr ating this system.

3. Adjusting receiving sets to more tha one station.

4. Bringing the price of such sets withi the means of the average family.

5. Finding some way to balance the co of television programs with their earning

All these problems, however, are receiv ing the diligent consideration of expert Progress is being made toward their solu tion. But until they are solved, we mu wait a little longer before we may welcom our youngest miracle home.



Amelia Earheart turns actress, appearing three times a week with the Red Davis program. Elizabeth Wragge, on the left.

God Looks After Lovers

(*Continued from page 29*)

l that their color is vague. Books fill gh shelves to overflowing. A long table strewn with priceless treasures, the uff box Lady Hamilton gave Nelson, e tiny inkwell into which Napoleon ped his quill to write to Josephine. ere were yellow roses all about, the tals of yesterday's flowers scattered over e logs laid in the fireplace.

The Pons' apartment stands close by e East River. By every token it should as essentially New York as a pent-use or an emerald necklace in Car-r's window. But it isn't anything of e kind. Upon entering you could easily ieve yourself in a chateau in southern nce or in a great salon in Paris. For is in such places that Lily Pons has roots, and her personality is vivid ough to color her surroundings to the ent of transforming them.

f you are picturing La Pons in this m, typically the prima donna, wearing elvet teagown and pearls, you're wrong. u must see her instead wearing brown de oxfords and gray trousers, with a wn leather belt tight about her small ist to hold in her heavy deep blue ater with its pinched shoulders and dified turtle neck. With no rings upon long white fingers, with practically makeup, and her hair a dark brown tain, swinging against the pallor of face.

She isn't at all the young woman you uld have said that war-wearied little g would grow up to be. She has a ely gaiety. She has the tone of a man of the world. She has the drive energy of the successful artist. And became curious about the years in be-en—the years and the happenings which brought about this transformation.

"Perhaps," Lily Pons says, "it was the y horror of those war years which ced me to find an escape from reality dreams. In any event I did dream. l in my dreams I saw myself as an st. Working in the theater. Studying s. Rehearsing. Working. Working. Working. . . ."

f course that dream influenced her vities As dreams always do. When was twelve, the family moved to is and her mother turned the big t room of their apartment into a smaking shop. Lily was delighted, the ends of silk and velvet which shop provided served for costumes. costumes were what she must have n she brought boys and girls home n school to play theater.

used to be the director," she ex-ned. "Wearing a large hat which ped ostrich plumes, I used to teeter t on high heels rehearsing my friends plays concerned with such beautiful exciting ideas as sudden riches and ving love."

er dreams served her well. No doubt t that. For besides helping her to pe the actual horrors of the war and



WOMEN . . . rejoice! Your old haunting fear of "accidents" can now be a thing of the past!

For—in the Modess laboratories—a new type of sanitary napkin has recently been perfected. A napkin that combines three *safety* features to give

Complete protection from embarrassing "accidents"!

You can actually *see* and *feel* every one of the three new features. Get a box of the new "Certain-Safe" Modess. (You won't be risking a penny . . . see Money Back Guarantee below.) Read the printed slip inside. Look at the diagrams and compare them with the napkin itself. Even before you wear the new "Certain-Safe" Modess you'll understand how and why it brings you dependable protection against . . . (1) striking through, (2) tearing away, (3) incomplete absorption.

Wear the new Modess once, and you'll ask for it always!



SPECIAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you've been buying another brand of napkin just from habit...here's a challenge! *We'll refund your money if you try the new Modess and don't like it!* Get a box. Wear enough napkins to make a thorough test. If you aren't completely satisfied, return box and remaining napkins to Modess Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. We'll send you every penny you paid, plus postage!

MODESS—STAYS SOFT—STAYS SAFE



Office work is hard on white shoes. Dust and dirt smudge them. But



With Shinola, the dirtiest shoe can be cleaned white as new in a jiffy! And



Properly applied Shinola White does not rub off on clothes or furniture. ★



10¢
AT ALL STORES

★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.



Four famous figures in the radio world—Lou Holz, Rudy Vallée, Paul Whiteman and Abe Lyman.

then later her memories of those horrors —such things as might have ruined her ability to adjust to a happier pattern later on—they introduced her to the dramatics which eventually would be so important in her world.

Then Lily fell in love. It was a love which arrived with all the intensity of a summer storm. And passed as quickly. But when it was over Lily was changed, as anyone is changed by a deep emotional experience.

"That boy," she says, "was vitally important to me. I watched him so intensely that I came to feel everything he felt and to know every reaction he knew."

Fortunately for Lily that boy was carefree. He taught her the joy you know when you throw back your head and laugh until tears stand in your eyes. He taught her the fun it is to watch yourself with as much humor as you might experience for a character on the stage or in a book. And doing all this he brought her a long stride closer to the personality I found her the other day.

"One afternoon," she said, "we went to a picture-show together. The film showed an opium den. And the next morning my mother's living-room lost its decency as I threw cushions and bed-pillows about to resemble divans. I gathered my clan and provided all of them with penny clay pipes which I had filled with tea leaves."

She laughed. "Perhaps you feel worse if you really smoke opium, but I doubt it! Those tea leaves made us deathly ill. And I ended with my den all to myself. Even my adoring young man fled from me and the pipe!"

It was only a few years later, when Lily was twenty, that she fell seriously in love. It happened in Cannes. As she was leaving his office, her physician introduced her to a man who was arriving with his small son, whom he had brought from Holland for the sun.

Long after the doctor had introduced them, and while he waited vainly for Lily to go on and for that famous lawyer and his son to enter his office, the tw remained there on the steps talking. Th lawyer was clutching at anything he coul think of to say, so as not to let her g While she pursued similar tactics, for similar purpose.

He was over twice her age. But that made any difference it was to. mak her feel safe and secure when his ey were on her and to make him all th more indulgent of her beautiful youn gaiety. Always there was something ado ing and tender caught up in his laughte

The mornings which followed foun them sailing a canoe. To the practic business of navigating their craft the must have brought some sixth sense. C else God looks after lovers as well a fools. For there wasn't one minute whe their minds were on anything but the fa that there between the blue sea and th blue sky they were together.

Sometimes they would stop on the beac while his boy dug tunnels in the moi sand, routing small stones and bits o straw through their devious ways. An Lily thought: *"Today he will spea surely!"* And he thought: *"Nonsense fo us to tell each other what our eyes hav declared from that very first moment. Bu here goes!"*

Less than a year after that they wer married and living in Paris, near th Etoile. There they entertained many di tinguished people, statesmen, singers, ar tists, authors, diplomats. And the tal was of new books and plays, the paint ings which had just been hung in som gallery, the opera, the new trends in mu sic. Stimulating talk which keenly re minded Lily of the things she once ha planned to do.

At first she asked nothing more tha what life offered day after day. Sh was happy in her beautifully-appointe home. Occasionally she went to marke with her cook, to choose a cauliflowe like a stiff bridal bouquet, to pinch th fat fowl the marketman insisted he ha saved especially for her. In the after noons there were luncheons, musicale

lge parties. Fun at first. But not ugh to hold Lily now that she was akened to all the exciting things going in the world and intrigued by the wledge of what a human being may with his life.

It was then, restless," Lily Pons exins, "that I began to take singing les-s. I had no idea that the construcn of my throat offered me a future. was simply to have something to do." he went to Alberti de Gorostiaga, the ous Italian teacher. And as soon as heard her sing he urged that she study opera. Whereupon every old dream he alive again.

he worked with her voice every day two years. Unstintingly. She knew , you see, after watching her husband other successful people, that you can-save yourself, that you cannot allow thing to stand in your way if you are bing towards the top. And where Pons once might have believed it ng to have any interest before her e and home life, she now had ac-ed a more sophisticated point of view. onically enough, because of the very gs she learned through her second and from the life to which it led this love now had to go. For when Pons and her husband, drawn by r careers in different directions, re-ed that the magic which had attended n from their first meeting had gone, decided to call quits before it was late, before all the beauty they had wn was ruined by unpleasantness. They ted to part with a friendly clasp of ds, saying: *"Until tomorrow or some r day."*

Thank goodness," she says, "that I my work. For it saved me the deso-n I've seen other women face when came to grips with an emotional up-al, and the end of a marriage is al-s that. It focused my eyes on the re instead of on the past."

was a crowded future, certainly. It work, work, work, and then more k. It was rôles in Lakme, Lucia de mermoor, La Sonnambula and other as, which now were revived because there was a star with the range for n. There was her tour in South Amer-where she was so enthusiastically re-ed that she has been back every year. re was her début at the Metropolitan ra House in New York, in 1931. With critics cheering and tickets for the ormances at which she would sing g out weeks in advance. There was concert début in London, just a year with Their Majesties present. And f all this wasn't enough, a fabulous nph in Paris.

ow, in addition to all this, she has radio work. And this summer will her in the Hollywood studios.

the moment she lives for her work. certainly it is something to live for. er on," she says, "in about nine years, n to retire to a farm I've bought in hern France. Where I can have horses dogs, my books and my piano. Then pe I'll marry again and—" with a —"live happily forever after!"

he'll do this too, I venture to say, diffi-as it always is to say goodbye to . Surely, once again love will show he way. For God looks after lovers.



Dr. Alban Girault, the French expert, says:
"Almost unbelievable how well it works."

Dr. Girault (above) has been chief of clinic, Paris Faculty of Medicine—is a member of leading medical societies. He says:

"I was amazed at the results. Instead of acting harshly as cathartics do, it restores bowel action naturally . . . *A notable discovery.*"

Almost unheard of . . . these results in a noted U. S. hospital

IN Hospitals in this country, astonishing results are being obtained with the new Fleischmann's Yeast: 93% of constipation cases corrected in one clinic; 83% of indigestion cases relieved in another; 89% of skin cases of digestive origin in another. Typical cases from one hospital's records are:

CASE OF T.E. MAN. AGE 30.

Suffered from chronic constipation. *Used strong cathartics habitually.* Tongue coated. Showed obvious symptoms of auto-intoxication from bowel wastes.

Eating three cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily gave improvement by end of first week of the treatment. *Has two bowel movements daily without laxatives.* Felt better.

CASE OF K. M. MAN. AGE 62.

Had used strong cathartics and enemas for chronic constipation for 10 years. Discomfort from gas. Pale, weak. Was on a special diet.

Treatment with Fleischmann's new Yeast improved his digestion. *Patient was able to discontinue cathartics and enemas as a result.* Feels better. No discomfort from gas. Now has natural daily bowel evacuations.

CASE OF K. Q. WOMAN. AGE 51.

Had used strong cathartics for chronic constipation for years. Appetite poor. Frequent headaches. Very nervous. Complained of abdominal heaviness.

After eating Fleischmann's new Yeast, appetite improved. *After one week, had daily evacuations without cathartics.* Feels very well, no headaches. Nervousness relieved, no more discomfort from gas.

Completely corrected by this new discovery...

CHRONIC CASES OF CONSTIPATION

A new food supplies "Protective Substances" your stomach, bowels need. No ordinary food, even fruits and vegetables, supplies enough!

HOSPITALS are now correcting even stubborn cases of constipation—simply by adding *one food* to the diet!

For some time it has been known that "protective substances" were needed in the diet for the stomach and bowels to work properly. When these "protective substances" are undersupplied—people become constipated.

Ordinary foods—even fruits and green vegetables—do not supply enough of these substances.

Richest Known Source

But *one food* now supplies them in abundance . . . is *their richest source!*

This food is the new Fleischmann's Yeast. This new fresh yeast starts an increased flow of your stomach juices—tones and strengthens nerves and muscles all through your intestines.

Then digestion improves. Bowels work better. The skin clears. Energy increases.

Begin to eat the new Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly!* Don't stop when you begin to feel better, but go on eating it! Follow the simple rules below.

Eat three or more cakes of this new Fleischmann's Yeast each day. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in a little water . . . or in milk or fruit juices—or spread on a cracker.

Eat it one-half hour before each meal. This gives it a chance to start your digestive juices flowing before other food enters your stomach.

If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually. As this new yeast strengthens your bowels, you can stop using laxatives entirely.

You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, soda fountains and restaurants—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label.



THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a food—not a medicine. It can give complete bowel regularity . . . help you to *keep* free from constipation and the many ailments it causes.

Constipation may be serious. To be sure, see a doctor.

NRA CODE

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"Drink to me only with thine eyes" . . sang the poet*



MAYBELLINE eye beauty aids will make YOUR eyes lovely enough to sing about—

Poets and artists have always paid high tribute to the most important feature of woman's beauty—her eyes. The fascination of long, dark, curling lashes, softly shaded eyelids, and well-groomed brows have made even the plainest woman appear charming and most attractive.

Blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now darken your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, lustrous fringe, with Maybelline Mascara, and presto—the artist in you will bring out the poet in HIM!



BLACK OR BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY
VIOLET AND GREEN

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

*Ben Jonson

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Four Tragedies in Vivienne Segal's Lif

(Continued from page 35)

"can you play the part, my little girl?"

The fifteen-year-old girl trembled. Tears misted her eyes. "I don't know," she stammered unexpectedly.

But her mother spoke up for her. "She'll do it," she said firmly.

The show was to open in New York in four days. Now Vivienne *had* to play the part—the leading rôle!—for herself and for her mother who had faith in her. Her whole future depended on it.

Five days later Broadway awoke to chatter excitedly of the new star which last night had risen in the theatrical firmament—and the name of Vivienne Segal, hitherto unknown, unheard of, was on the tip of every tongue.

And on the same day Vivienne's angry father found them in their suite in a New York hotel.

"She's only a child! You're ruining her!" he stormed at Mrs. Segal. And justly, too, many a father would have agreed! They had deceived him. Where was their sanity? They must come home at once. He could support his daughter. Could give her everything she wanted . . .

But could he give her everything she wanted—when all that she wanted was a stage career? Vivienne's heart ached, but, after last night's triumph, she could not give up! And her mother loyally stood by her.

And, refusing even to see the show, Dr. Segal returned to his Philadelphia mansion, alone.

Vivienne thought of the song she had sung in the show—"Auf Wiedersehen!" How prophetic—that sweet, sad ballad! The career she so desperately desired had now come between her mother and her father. Had broken up their home!

Within a year "Sonny" Segal saw her parents in the divorce court. And, sadly aware that she alone was responsible for this tragedy, she refused to allow her father to settle any money on her mother. She would *have* to succeed now—have to make good, for her mother's sake. Although only sixteen years old, she would be the sole support of her loyal mother and herself.

And she did make good. Show after show found this mellow-voiced young girl its greatest asset. "Oh, Lady, Lady!", "The Ziegfeld Follies," "Yankee Princess" and "The Three Musketeers" were successive stepping-stones for the girl with the big brown eyes. All Broadway was at her feet.

When the latest of the shows closed, Vivienne accepted an attractive vaudeville engagement, one of many offered her. Celebrating that evening with some friends, she climbed the rickety tenement staircase of a Tenth Avenue fortune teller. It was fun to listen to her portentous predictions. Vivienne laughed when the old crone told her that she would marry a man whose initials began with *"R. A."* Love was far from her mind. Besides, she knew no one with those initials—except her sister's husband!

Five months later Vivienne's composer friend, Harry Carroll, called on her in her dressing-room in Baltimore. He had so one with him.

"May I present Robert Ames?" he as

And in that moment Vivienne Segal k that she was in love! It did not r recollection of the Tenth Avenue prophe to prompt that conviction. Her heart her.

And Robert Ames, handsome and tale young actor, was aware of a similar n sage from his quickly beating heart. was in Baltimore trying out "Icebou and it was his intention to leave that ni for New York.

"Instead," Vivienne told me, "he tore his ticket. He accompanied my act Cleveland. Later Bob did that often. would travel eight hours, just to be w me ten minutes . . . Then, one day, decided to be married. The next day crossed the river to Newark. The wedd ceremony was performed by the Mayor Newark, with my sister as bridesmaid a friend of Bob's as best man. Imm ately afterward Bob returned to rehear

"I left the show to become Mrs. Rob Ames. Mother moved in with us, a y later, when I realized that we were go to have an heir. One month before baby came, my father died. The sh was dreadful . . . I always had loved Dad dearly. Coming back from the fun in Philadelphia, I was taken ill. When baby was born, it was dead.

"So was life, for me . . . My c and my father were only memories. I to do something to keep from going m Bob knew this, too. He opened a st company in Washington, so that I might leading lady. But just before our t left, a Ziegfeld special pulled into the Gr Central Terminal. Flo offered me ei hundred dollars a week to sing three so in his new show. I accepted. If I were turning to the theater, it might as well on Broadway.

"Bob went on to Washington. For months he managed his stock company. wrote often—long letters. Yet they w only black lines on sheets of paper. Fin his show closed and he returned. We b had changed. Perhaps it was the ba death that caused it—perhaps it was just Whatever it was, we parted . . . When t happened, the greatest love of my life gone."

But at this time a new advent beckoned. She went out to Hollywood make the first technicolor musicals. "S of the West," "Golden Dawn," "Bride the Regiment," and Sigmund Romber first picture, "Viennese Nights," found on the top rung of the cinema ladder fame.

And then the bright bubble of succ broke. Musicals ran their course and w finished. The foundation of her fa crumbled. She was alone in her Mal home.

She left Hollywood and came to N York. On Broadway she met her form husband, Robert Ames. Financial losses several shows had broken his health a spirit. Vivienne took him to his ho

here they had a long long talk together. Together they discussed a new career r her. They talked hopefully of being arried again. For hours they sat and reamed bright dreams, each bolstering up ie other's courage. Then Robert called a ib and took Vivienne back to her apartent. He complained of feeling ill, so ey said nothing to Mrs. Segal of their ans, and he went back to his hotel. Some ours later he phoned and asked Vivienne she would come over and play backmmon with him.

He kissed her when she arrived, bringg him a new photograph of herself. Then told her of his strange premonition: *ivienne—I feel as if I were going to* ."

The ominous words, so strangely spoken, rrified her, but she would not show it t it upset him more. She smiled. It ldn't be possible! Gradually she cheered n up again. At midnight, after they had cided to be remarried the next day, she de him a cup of hot soup, and said good t.

"As I kissed him, his lips seemed cold," told me. "But I didn't say anything. went home and tried to sleep. Early in morning I awoke, feeling that someng was wrong with Bob. I went to him once—but he was dead—dead on the day t would have seen us together again . . ."

She tried to smile as she told me this—t there were tears in the sad brown eyes. e told me how she had worked to rebuild broken life. But she could not play ain such parts as she had played at een. And, realizing it, she had the cour- to refuse tempting offers from manrs who wished to star her in such rôles. Instead, she waited for two years for some ght opportunity which would assure her comeback.

Then the stock market crash took away all her security. From faithful friends she borrowed enough money to cover her loses in Wall Street. Then came the final bitter realization that she could not recover. Against the advice of friends and lawyers, who urged her to file a petition in bankruptcy, she borrowed on her life insurance to pay back, dollar for dollar, every cent that she had borrowed.

All that cruel winter slush and cold bit into her soaked shoes, as she refused to spend on taxis money which she felt that her mother might need—her mother, who had given up three cars and a home that was one of the Quaker City's show places, whose jewel case, once the treasury of exquisite emeralds and rubies, now held only pawn tickets!

They had moved to a small apartment, where they lived frugally, with no servant. And one day Mrs. Segal, elated, told Vivienne that she had got a job. "It isn't much," she explained. "I'm to manage a house with ninety-six apartments. All I have to do is to supervise the interior decorating, buy the furniture, take care of rentals and watch over the maids and the linen rooms."

Not much, indeed! In addition to caring for their own tiny apartment, cooking and cleaning and sewing, and bolstering up Vivienne's fast fading courage! But it was part of her chosen life with her adored daughter and she did not hesitate.

Then a friend who owned a dress shop asked Vivienne to buy some new clothes.

Is there Romance in Your Arms?



June nights and romance! Those breathless little meetings . . . with you in his arms . . . as he whispers those sweet nothings which only you and the moon can hear . . .

● So close, so intimate . . . surely, at such times, there is nothing so appealing to a man as the delicate, unspoiled charm of a woman's arms. Don't ever dare risk offending! When nights are warm . . . take care!

Even if your skin is sensitive there's a safe way for you to prevent underarm odor—and perspiration stains. A way to keep yourself as lovely and unspoiled as moonlight.

That way is Nonspi. One application keeps you free from underarm perspiration from two to five days. And Nonspi is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use Nonspi without irritation. It doesn't sting or burn.

Nonspi now comes in a new bottle with a siphon-principle top. More convenient and economical to apply. And completely sanitary. You just shake it on gently. Apply it correctly and you eliminate the danger of staining or soiling your gown.

This summer . . . use Nonspi. It's 35c and 50c a bottle at all drug and department stores. Get yours today.

NONSPI

APPROVED BY PHYSICIANS



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The Nonspi Company MM-65

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Send me a Special Trial Size Bottle of the new Nonspi. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). [illegible] Canada. This offer good only until June [illegible]

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BRIGHT EYE IDEAS



by Jane Heath

So—YOU know some one who's planning a trip to the altar! Let's do a little missionary work for her—right away! Imagine what a fiery blush, or turning deathly pale, does to the most-carefully-made-up face! A bride simply must depend mostly upon her eyes alone for beauty. They'll be sparkling anyway—but no matter how busy she is, see that she takes the time to slip her lashes into *Kurlash* (just as you do!) so that they may curve back into the most enchanting frames that deepen and enhance her eyes. Kurlash costs only $1 at almost any store, so perhaps you'd better take her one.



Something Blue

Then—blue eyeshadow—because it's so lovely beneath white filmy veiling. *Shadette*, the eyeshadow in compact form, comes in a heavenly cerulean blue (as well as in violet, brown or green), $1. Pass it among the attendants, too, for a lovely ensemble effect.



Something New

A wedding is a dramatic event—so use blue mascara, also. Lashtint Compact may be carried right into the vestry, for it carries a little sponge to insure even application. Take it along in black, too, to touch the very tips of the bridesmaids' lashes after the blue. (It's a final, theatrical note of beauty.) Also in chestnut brown, at $1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department G-6. The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copr. The Kurlash Co. Inc. 1935

"If you can't dress well, you can't get jobs," she argued. "Pay me when you can."

And, taking a last, desperate chance, Vivienne did it. And, perhaps due to the brave new outfit, she did get a job—one which took her back to Hollywood.

Each week she paid out from her salary all that she could on the clothes she had bought. But one day some other pressing bills had to be met immediately. She wrote to her friend, asking for a little more time to pay back the last of her indebtedness for the outfit. But her letter brought no reply. Amazingly, the modiste friend attached Vivienne's salary. She even sent to the newspapers that pitiful, confidential letter from Vivienne.

In the darkness of this new despair another picture contract was offered to Vivienne. Eagerly she looked forward to it, but when she read the script she saw that the part assigned to her was poorly conceived and badly written. It would not advance her either in prestige or popularity. It would not help her comeback in pictures. But she had to go through with it.

"I was ill at the time," she said, "and the first shot of me was a close-up. The lighting was terrible, and the cameraman refused to change it. I should have walked off the set—but I couldn't afford to. I owed people money. So I stayed in—and let the rôle ruin my chance for a future in pictures."

But she paid back what she owed to the gown shop. Then, borrowing two thousand dollars from a faithful friend, she staked it all on a new venture—backing a show. And now Fate, so long frowning and unfriendly, relented. The show was a great success. But to Vivienne it brought no financial security. She paid back the borrowed money. Wiped out all remaining debts. And the night the successful tour finished Vivienne hadn't a dollar left i the bank.

Friends offered to back another show fo her, but she refused their offers. Musical she felt, were now passé. When her m asked her what she was going to do, sh smiled.

"No matter what happens, I still ha you, Mother! And doesn't my horo say that I always will have a little money? she answered bravely. "Something wi turn up!"

And that same night, into the frighteni shadows of defeat, came a new and hear ening light.

Radio, a field of which she never ha thought, was looking for a new voi voice with personality, a voice with qualit

Abe Lyman, an old friend, suggeste Vivienne Segal as one whose voice ha tone, pitch, quality—and personality—all th desired attributes. And the rest of the sto sings itself to you, over the air.

In comparatively few years "Sonny Segal had carved out two careers. Broad way had given place to Hollywood. No Hollywood stepped aside for a wider aud ence.

And for the third time Vivienne ha made good. Her mother's faith in her ha been amply justified, her unselfish loyalt generously rewarded. But, to Mrs. Sega the greatest reward is not financial eas and security. It is in seeing her daughte once more, as on the stage and before th camera, one of the top flight performers Vivienne Segal—still the star!

It seems strange, to those who do no know her, that Vivienne Segal, who i proving such a success in radio even a she did on stage and screen, should seem withdrawn, elusive, sad . . . But her friend know what grim ghosts of tragedy shadow this bright success.



Metropolitan Opera Singer Richard Bonelli and Maestro Andre Kostelanetz.



Janice Jarrett recently made her radio début on Sigmund Romberg's program, as a romantic beauty of New Orleans.

Secrets of a Showboat Sailor

(*Continued from page 37*)

ilson her job back as the singing Mary lu.

n the meantime, what do you think s happening to Rosaline Greene? She ll started out as one of the original yers, remember. The Showboat's suc- s had lifted Charles Winninger to star- , rocketed Lanny Ross to a place ng the three biggest male hits on the made Annette Hanshaw a star in her right . . . and what was the talking of Mary Lou getting out of it? Pre- s little, if you asked Rosaline.

Rosaline's headache was the fact that was a radio actress; one of the best, d you, but still just an actress. An ess, in the radio pastures, costs about ime-a-dozen compared to singers. So le sugary Mary Lou was being taken he hearts of America's listening audi- . while a half-dozen assorted sopranos e coming and going and drawing im- ant money, Rosaline was being paid in small change. It didn't seem fair er—or to me either, for that matter— the part of Mary Lou which had k to the show right from the begin- should have to see the in-again-out- n Mary Lou's pocketing the heavy gh.

happen to know she kicked the hard- when Radio Stars Magazine sent the ing Mary Lou to Hollywood to in- iew Lanny when he was making a re. Muriel Wilson got that trip Rosaline stayed in New York. She l it, particularly when she had to l up in front of a Manhattan studio ence and coo love words to Lanny pretend she was right there in Holly- d beside him. The gang watching

Learn about bargains from her

SHE GOT THIS FREE — When she buys her favorite gum she receives free — a pretty mouth . . . a clean, healthy, refreshed mouth. For the special firm consistency of Dentyne exercises the mouth in a healthy, natural way. This helps keep the mouth and teeth clean. It prevents the cheek and chin muscles from going flabby. Many doctors and dentists recommend this health habit.

WHEN SHE BOUGHT THIS — All of this mouth aid she received with Dentyne — the gum she likes best. She adores its flavor — it is so full-bodied and spicy, and she loves its chewiness. All of her friends say the same thing — Dentyne is certainly their favorite chewing gum. Why not adopt Dentyne for your favorite gum? Identify it by the handy, flat purse shape — an exclusive feature with Dentyne for many years.



DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

the broadcast laughed, of course, and I'll never forget Rosaline creeping out of the studio that night as if she'd been socked with a yard-arm.

On the air, Mary Lou is sweet as cider, isn't she? Take her off the air and you've got two parts of as torrid a little feud as ever scorched the paint on a girl's upper lip. Remember that when you tune in next Thursday night.

And while you're about it, notice that Tiny and Maria and the others aren't calling Frank McIntyre Captain John Henry any more. Nossir, he's Captain Henry just like Charles Winninger used to be Captain Henry. There's a story for you that hasn't seen the light of day till now.

Why Charles Winninger quit the Showboat has been argued and discussed ever since that afternoon last winter when the shocked producers of the Showboat picked up an evening paper and read the numbing news that their *Number One* star was leaving their river packet.

I know of several reasons. One thing, he didn't like his salary, which was one thousand dollars a week. He had been signed at that figure and promised more, so they tell me. He never got more. The Showboat moved from a zero entertainment to the top drawer of radio fare. You couldn't tell it by looking at his pay check, however.

Another reason, he liked to stick in his own wisecracks. Being a seasoned Broadway actor, long accustomed to pleasing the public, he felt his experience provided lines better fitted for him to say in certain situations than those provided by the boy wonders who write the script. The boy wonders disagreed and the big bosses backed them up. The third reason is that he drank cocktails at cocktail time on Thursday instead of waiting until after the broadcast which, on at least one occasion, brought him a semi-public dressing down from the man who was spending the twenty-seven thousand dollars necessary to pay for each hour of Showboat fun.

Paying that kind of money, the boss-man didn't want to take chances with a Captain Henry who drank cocktails at the cocktail hour, though I'm here to tell you that Charles Winninger was a better Captain Henry with a cocktail than he was without it. I know Winninger never got over that call-down. When he got a chance to go into a Broadway play, he jumped at it and quit the Showboat cold.

I'll never forget the ruckus that stirred up among the writers and producers. The listening public couldn't be told that Charlie had quit, nosirree! Captain Henry was a real guy on a real boat and he just couldn't disappear without explanation. There were more studio huddles that week than you'll see in a whole football season. They decided the captain either had to die or go away. I remember hearing them talk it over. The boy wonders who wrote the script allowed that it wouldn't do for him to die on account of too many millions of Americans might feel so bad about it that they'd tune off the Showboat and turn to some more cheerful entertainment. On the other hand, some argued a good dramatic death might jerk a few profitable tears out of the chair-warmers.

Remember the night Maria missed the Captain and went below to find him alone in his cabin? He told her he didn't feel so good, told her to run along and let an old man sit and suffer. The show upstairs had to go on. Remember how she made him lie down on his bunk and promise to get some rest and sleep? Captain Henry was mighty close to death that night, but the program ended with him still gently snoring.

That was the week the boy wonders couldn't make up their minds whether to kill him off or simply send him ashore. Eventually, they turned up a childhood sweetheart, got him married, and then bundled him away to a fictitious farm. You listeners can't appreciate this fully but it was both beautiful and astonishing the way they left the running of the whole Showboat to a strange Captain John Henry, old Captain Henry's long-lost brother, who up to that moment hadn't even been mentioned. In a few brief weeks, Tiny and Maria and the others who had to talk to Captain John Henry began to bend under the strain of using such a long name, I guess, because they just completely dropped the John. Since then, it has been Captain Henry all over again.

And the wonderful part is that the Showboat puffs right ahead from Thursday to Thursday, without a complaint from any one of its millions of loyal listeners.

Even an orchestra or an orchestra leader can cause you to work up an appetite for aspirin occasionally. Don Voorhees was the original band master, and a jim dandy, too. He plays plenty of shows and gets along fine, but I guess that is because people don't try to tell him how to run his band.

On the Showboat, he was told. It was a producer, one of the fellows who does the same job for a radio show that a motion picture director does for a movie. This producer is always a radio expert, and he can prove it to you any time, day or night.

Well, this expert tried to select Don's music for him and even direct his band. And Don didn't let him get away with it. So it came to a show-down . . . there was something about musicians' union rules and the boss-man trying to pull a fast one mixed up in it . . . and Don walked out with his band.

Gus Haenschen moved in then with the understanding that he was just a music master, the expert was boss. And the expert was boss for a whole couple of months until the big bosses got tired of him. They got rid of him cute as could be, too. That expert was a temperamental sort of bird with a Hugh S. Johnson opinion of himself. The big bosses left him out of some important conferences, switched the show around on him without asking his opinion. Just as they had calculated, the expert exploded. He waved his arms and his hair and resigned in a loud, threatening voice. Before he could change his mind, the big bosses accepted it and went out and hired an expert they liked better.

Finding a baritone with this river ship wasn't easy, either, as you might imagine. Jules Bledsoe, the Negro, was the first; fitted right into the picture, too. Wasn't this a cotton boat, wheeling its way dow the Mississippi? Folks down south didn want a black baritone singing with a those pretty white girls about. Bledso left the cast.

Later, they dismissed the Hall Johnso Singers . . . : no better chorus exists . and I'll always believe it was on acco of the color of their skins.

After Bledsoe left, Nelson Eddy can aboard, only to be replaced by Wilbu Evans. Neither satisfied. Then Conra Thibault knocked on the captain's doo and was allowed to show what he co do. What he did was impressive enoug to get him a salary of one hundred a fifty dollars a week. He was hired a glad to be hired. He's still hired a getting three hundred and fifty. A singing on a fistfull of other shows, too

Right now, he is the only fly in th ointment for Lanny Ross. Now, get thi straight. Lanny Ross is a prince and great guy, but he doesn't like another mal singer cutting into his pull.

It wouldn't surprise me to see him leav the Showboat during the hot month ahead. Certainly, he's done more tha any other single person to make the pro gram what it is; certainly he's got a goo rest coming to him.

But then, if he did clear out, wha would happen to the show? I don't se how the new Captain Henry could hol it together. We all admire Frank McIn tyre for the job he's doing, but he neve will be the equal of the old Captain Henr who swelled up and turned red in th face and yelled: *"It's only the beginnin's folks. Onleeeee the beeeee-ginnn-in's."*

Annette Hanshaw is gone, playing tru ant on the Camel Caravan for twice th fun and thrice the money. Mary Lou rôles are getting scantier and scantier Some Thursdays, she has barely a vers and chorus to sing. Too many signs in dicate that the boy wonders who writ the show are moving her toward an exit

No Captain Henry, no Annette, n Lanny, what is there left? Well, Tiny Ruffner doesn't quit easily. He's still got Maria and the John Henry who has become Captain Henry and Conrad. Tiny has seen close to five million dollars spent on these programs since we both started to work on the old tub. And more millions are available if he needs them.

So there'll be a Showboat for a while longer, I don't doubt. Maybe there will always be a Showboat. New talent comes along and some of it is good enough to wear a star's crown. Some of it is smart or zippy or ingratiating enough to make the public like it so well that it forgets the old favorites. That's progress, I guess.

Personally, I'll never forget the old crew. Maybe they did scrap with each other, maybe they weren't dependable and letter perfect, but Nells bells! Who is? I'll never forget that they buried their hates and heartaches once each week long enough to live up to Captain Charles Henry Winninger's promise of "the greatest show on the river."

* * *

See Program Section for Thursday at 9:00 p. m. EST for station list.

Scrambled Stars Contest

(Continued from page 32)

ndred five-dollar bills, and five hun-ed one-dollar bills. And a two-hundred-d-fifty-dollar check! Surely any of these worth trying for! And besides, a con-st that tests your wits and memories is ways stimulating and exciting.

You readers of RADIO STARS MAGA-NE are familiar by now with the faces your favorite radio artists. Thanks to is entertaining magazine, the voices that rill and delight you no longer are mere sembodied sounds flung upon the wait-g air.

For example, you turn the dial of your dio and a woman is singing. You cognize the voice. It is Kate Smith. d at once you see a picture of her in ur mind's eye. Why, you know the ce of Kate Smith as well as if she were e girl next door! You know, too, the ces of Lois Bennett and the Pickens ters and Phil Baker and Rosemary and iscilla Lane and Jack Benny—and other pular radio artists too numerous to men-n. Over and over again their pictures ve appeared in RADIO STARS MAGAZINE. So, for you, what a snap to unscramble ese scrambled pictures on the opposite ge, to assemble them as they should be, d write the proper names beneath! hat a snap to write, in thirty words or s, a letter naming your favorite radio r and telling why he or she is your vorite. What a chance to win that big ney prize, or one of the smaller ones, even—or a grand and gorgeous new RCA-Victor radio!

Here you go! Quick, Johnny, open the card table! Or, Sister, please clear off the dining-table. Now for the pictures. . . . And you want scissors, and a paste-pot, perhaps, and some paper and a pen. You'll need the latter, because when the scrambled pictures are properly assembled you must write beneath each one the name of the star as you identify it. And then, when that is done, you must dust off your best and brightest and cleverest words—not more than thirty of them. Maybe even fewer—to give the name of your favorite star and the reasons for your choice.

Of course you can't finish this job at one sitting, for this contest extends over four months. Four scrambled pictures of radio stars will appear in each of four magazines—four in June, four in July, four in August and four in September. So you must wait till the September issue of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE is published, which will be on August first, to get your complete set of pictures.

And then you must put the sixteen unscrambled pictures all in one package or envelope, together with your thirty-word letter, and send them to us, addressed to Scrambled Stars Contest, RADIO STARS MAGAZINE, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. The contest will close at midnight of September first, 1935.

And the prizes will go to those [illegible] who have correctly unscrambled the greatest number of scrambled stars and have named correctly the greatest number of the unscrambled pictures, in addition to describing in thirty words or less the reason for your choice of a radio favorite.

In other words, if you would win one of these prizes, put together correctly the greatest number of the sixteen scrambled pictures. Then name correctly the greatest number of the reassembled pictures. And send them to us in one envelope or package before midnight of September first, 1935, together with the most original and sensible letter in thirty words or less, telling the name of your favorite star and the reasons therefor.

RADIO STARS MAGAZINE'S fairy godmother will be waiting to hand out the prizes as soon as the editors of the magazine, who will be the judges for this contest, shall whisper to her the names of the winning contestants. And if there should be a tie between two contestants, each one will receive the prize for which their entries are equally worthy.

So get going, everybody! Here is a contest for every one of you! Read carefully those fourteen rules governing the contest. Have the fun of being one of the contestants, and the satisfaction of sending in what may prove to be one of the best entries, and the thrill, in that case, of winning one of these fine prizes.



NOTE **FREE** OFFER BELOW

NEW

HIRES ROOT ADE

DELICIOUS AND DIFFERENT

YOU can make this new-type beverage in a minute. Everybody likes it. Into a quart of ice water put a teaspoonful of Hires Root Beer Extract. Add two or three tablespoonsful of sugar and add the juice of half a lemon. Stir and serve. Very economical—costs less than ½¢ a glass.

An "ade" that's very refreshing. A rare, appealing flavor. And most economical. Wholesome, too — the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods accepts it and the Good Housekeeping Bureau approves it.

To get acquainted with Hires Root Ade, mail the coupon now.

To avoid oil flavored imitations insist on

Hires R-J ROOT BEER

FOR REAL-JUICES

FREE

. . . a generous trial bottle of Hires Extract—enough to make 3 quarts of Hires Root Ade—to all who mail the coupon, enclosing 3c to cover postage and packing.

The Charles E. Hires Co., Dept. M, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me *free* bottle of Hires Extract. I enclose 3c for postage and packing. M-6

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Canadians should mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

Pied Piper, 1935 Style

(Continued from page 56)

when you used to bite your nails? And he'll chuckle, "What a silly thing to do! You don't do it now. *Nosirree!* You're too grown-up for that."

And Johnny, listening in, glows with all of his five-year-old pride. It may be a slow method but it works.

A pathetic case was that of little Ruth. She had a broken arm which wasn't set right, and was so painful to move that she let it hang limply by her side. Her doctor was afraid that her muscles would contract and she would lose the use of her arm altogether. But all his coaxing and that of her parents couldn't persuade the poor child to exercise it.

It was a serious situation. In desperation the doctor wrote to Uncle Don. And Uncle Don captured the girls imagination by making a game of her problem. "Come on," he would say, "let's see if you can't move your arm. I know it hurts, that's what makes it all the more wonderful if you do it. *Aha*—I knew you'd make it! That was fine. Let's try it again. Say, Ruth, will you take a dare? I want to see if you'll be able to put your arm all the way around your neck until your hand can pat your cheek. Are you game?"

What child wouldn't respond to such a challenge? It wasn't more than a few weeks later than Uncle Don received a note written by Ruth herself, announcing the fact that she had taken him up on his dare and had done it! Today her arm is strong and normal again.

Uncle Don never reads Mother Goose rhymes or those Bunny Rabbit stories to his children. "Too juvenile," he says. "Modern children are too sophisticated for that."

He never uses baby talk, either. He believes in talking with children, and not *down to* them. "You'd be surprised," he told me, "how quickly a child detects a gushy, babyish tone of voice and distrusts immediately the one who is using it.

That's why he conducts his Uncle Do Club very seriously. There are three rap of the gavel to open the meeting; there' a Ways and Means Committee; there ar certain rituals, daily reports, and all o the ceremony of a grown-up, importan club. The little members love all this an are deeply attached to their club.

Several times during the year Uncle Do arranges free boat parties, excursion trip and movie parties for children. He ha made thousands of unfortunate childre happy. But nothing gave him such a warn glow of satisfaction as did this incident

He once spoke on the air to a little boy who wouldn't talk to his baby brothe because the mother had died when the baby was born. So sympathetic and under-standing was he in dealing with tha touching problem that several days late he received this letter from an adult:

"When I heard you talk to that little boy who disliked his baby brother, it struck home. When my son was born my wife died in childbirth, and I hated him for it. I refused to bring him up and left him with relatives for eighteen years. Then, when I heard you speak, I realized how terribly stupid and cruel I had been and I went to my son and asked him to forgive me. Now we are planning a new life together and I am trying to make up for the wrong I have done. Thank you for opening my eyes."

And now a word about Don himself. He's a big—not fat—fellow, in his late forties with a fascinating twinkle in his eyes and a three-cornered, Irish smile. The tragedy in his life is that he has no children of his own. But all of his love and understanding he pours out on his million and a half nieces and nephews.



A studio glimpse of Marie, Little French Princess, otherwise known as Ruth Yorke, broadcasting with James Meighan.

Radio Stars' Cooking School

(*Continued from page 50*)

ne surround the mantel while oppo- it and reflected in its mirror is a l e portrait of the lady of the house her- s gowned in vivid red. On the hearth, w never the weather permits, a fire is a ays burning. It is in front of this lace that I want to introduce Gladys rthout and her husband, Frank pman.

ight here let me tell you that no pen re of Miss Swarthout is complete hout describing her also as Mrs. Chap- . And certainly no story about their rtaining would be truthful without ng at the outset that Mr. Chapman ws a great deal more about culinary d ils than does his lovely wife! Oh, yes, h popular and attractive son of a famous er (Mr. Chapman, senior, ornitholo- and writer, has been curator of birds e American Museum of Natural His- for many years) this well known ser in his own right, takes the greatest e in relieving his wife of many of the ils of managing a well-run establish- t. When it comes to arranging parties, e cially, it is Mr. Chapman who plans th refreshments and who, on occasion, ac- tu y makes some of the unusual dishes h have added fresh laurels to the mans' fame as host and hostess.

e of the Chapman specialties, I was to is East Indian Curry of Lamb. How th nen go for that, when the large steam- in bowl is placed on the table! When yo know that this exotic-sounding dish co ins only such ingredients as can be d on the shelves of any corner groc- er store, you, too, will want to make it so day for your favored guests. And yo l be able to, for Mr. Chapman gave me he recipe in great detail! It's the kind treat that will add to your reputa- tio as a smart hostess when you serve it ur baffled but enraptured friends.

simpler, but no less delicious Chap- a Swarthout invention is a cheese com- ion that is served in a little brown surrounded by crackers. Each guest, spreads the cheese on the crackers personal consumption. The inroads on the contents of that cheese jar disgraceful! You also can see from icture of Gladys, caught in the act of ding a cheese-cracker for her hus- that she is pretty proud of this spe- they evolved. Maybe I'm not proud, that I was able to get the recipe. th this cheese a most unusual salad rved—generally in a delightfully in- l wooden bowl. This salad consists very conceivable green: lettuce, ro- e, chicory, escarolle, watercress and e and even includes the tender in- eaves of raw spinach! These spinach s, I was told, must be very young, utely fresh, and they have to be d *and* washed. Combined with other s or even served by itself, spinach s a delicious and healthful salad.

sserts are not a feature on the Swarth- menu for they prefer fresh fruit or e at the end of a meal. However, entertaining, in a desire to please guests, the Chapmans occasionally serve a rich Nut Torte as a party sweet. I was able to procure this recipe for you from their Norwegian cook. But that worthy culinary expert backed down completely when it came to giving me a recipe for a Swedish Hot Bread, described in glowing terms by Mr. Chapman as a combination of roll and biscuit, retaining the best features of each. It seems that the cook had got the recipe originally from the King of Norway's chef, no less! Neither wild horses, nor your scribe, could drag the directions for making them from her. Alas, in this instance, I must confess my efforts met with dire failure!

However she did tell me how to make a fish dish that first had been served to the Chapmans in a New York restaurant known as Passy's. It seems that some time ago Miss Swarthout began to frequent Passy's and the chef there soon discovered that his famous patron was very fond of sea food. So, he invented a unique recipe which he now serves twice a week, which he calls, "Filet of Sole Swarthout." Being a kindly and generous person he presented a copy of his recipe to the fair lady in whose honor it had been named. Now the Chapmans can serve this same dish in their home. And since I was able to get the recipe, you, too, can sample it.

There you are, four marvelous recipes, each and every one of them for foods that Gladys Swarthout, opera star, radio star, future movie star and star hostess, serves in her own home. You and I may not have many of Miss Swarthout's gifts, but her recipes in attractive leaflet form are a gift that is yours for the asking! So just take a minute's time right now to fill out and mail the coupon at the end of this article. It will bring to you (*absolutely free!*) recipes for Filet of Sole Swarthout, Rocquefort au Vin, Indian Curry of Lamb and Royal Almond Nut Torte.

Not one of these unusual dishes is too difficult or elaborate for every-day family consumption. Yet it is as party foods that they will receive their full measure of praise and appreciation!

The coupon? Here it is. The pencil? There, you've found it. The recipes? They'll soon be on their way. And the results? An enviable reputation for you as a hostess with unusual ideas, thanks to Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman.

RADIO STARS' Cooking School
RADIO STARS Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the free recipes for GLADYS SWARTHOUT'S favorite foods.

Name. . . . . .
(Street and number)

Address. . . . . .
(Post office)

. . . . . .
(City) (State)

* * *

Gladys Swarthout can be heard each Tuesday evening at 10 p.m. E.S.T. For station list see Program section.



—the blush of good health may start on the tennis court—but I know that if I'm to keep in 'championship' form I must watch my diet, too. That's why Shredded Wheat and milk are in first place on my breakfast menu."

* * *

Shredded Wheat teamed with rich milk and juicy fruits or berries is a high scoring diet combination. Gives you a perfect balance of Nature's vital health elements—in their most delicious and digestible form.



SHREDDED WHEAT



Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneeda Seal.

"Uneeda Bakers"
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"No more 'tired,' 'let-down feeling' for me."



"I reasoned that my red blood corpuscle strength was low and I simply took a course of S.S.S. Tonic and built it back."

IT is all so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you . . . and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

Remember, S.S.S. is not just a so-called "tonic." It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying red corpuscles in the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved . . . food is better utilized . . . and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone . . . if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today. © S.S.S. Co.

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again



There's a Man Behind This Voice

(*Continued from page 49*)

hospital. He brought him oranges and ice cream. For months he came daily, watching Harry's strength return.

One day the old man arrived at the hospital heavy-hearted. A card had come to the store addressed to Harry. It was from the University, and as he read it, tears came into the old man's eyes. As he looked at the pile of books beside Harry's bed he knew that he could not tell the boy that the college had cancelled his registration.

Six weeks later Harry learned the truth. The University professors "regretted that Mr. Von Zell had been in the hospital," but . . . how could they allow him to continue, when he had missed nearly half the course?

"It was hard to take, but I could see their point. My University days were over. But I didn't go home. I never told my family. They didn't even know I had been in the hospital. I went back to my job at the store. During off hours I hung around an old gymnasium to make extra money. I sparred with fighters and rubbed them down after they had knocked me around. One day, because some boxer hadn't shown up, they gave me a chance to fight in a preliminary bout. I had sparred with the man in the other corner and knew his tricks. But neither of us was much good—I guess that's why I won.

"I decided to become a boxer. I'd make my training pay. I practiced hard. By the time I had won three fights, fought one to a draw and lost one, I felt that this was the career for me. I knew I was the coming lightweight champion. I knew it—until I went to a party one night and met a girl who knocked the idea right out of me!"

Harry was speaking of "Mickey", now his wife. Neither of them will ever forget that party. Harry had not been a boxer long enough to carry scars or have cauliflower ears. He didn't look like a fighter and, what's more, the tall, blonde athlete was romantic! He couldn't understand why Mickey laughed when, three hours after he met her, he told her that he loved her. He couldn't understand why she said that if he wanted to prove it he must give up boxing. But Harry gave it up that night—with the result that three months later his whirlwind courtship swept Mickey off her feet, and she married him.

Mickey loved this boy who had given up the glitter of a Hollywood prize ring for her, to become a clerk in a railroad office. She adored his sense of humor and his deep, clear baritone voice. But she realized that his salary was small. As Harry sang soft, sentimental ballads to her, she thought of his future. She had seen many lives wrecked and homes ruined where pennies had to be too closely counted. Shrewdly she encouraged him to use his fine voice. She told him earnestly that if he could sing before a microphone as he sang to her, his songs would lift them far above shabbiness and poverty. She urged him to sing to l often and sat silent, happy, as better to resulted.

She talked often now of radio. S reminded Harry that life could of more than mere existence. But affab blue-eyed Harry laughed at her notio Then one day, he answered the teleph to be told that his audition over stati KFI was scheduled for eight o'clock t next evening. Now, he thought, this rea was funny, and he continued laughing t Mickey told him what she had done.

Paul Whiteman was coming to Holl wood to make a picture. She had re of it in the paper. She also had re that auditions were being given for som one to announce his West Coast broa casts. She had entered her husban name.

"Isn't it nice that they really will gi you an audition?" she exulted, her ey shining.

"Yes," he answered skeptically.

Mickey dressed hours ahead of tin "I'm going with you to your auditior she said. "I want to hear how your voi records."

So Harry and Mickey went to his a dition. At the studio, Mickey's assuran faltered. Her husband faced a line half a dozen judges and over three hu dred auditioners. What chance would l have? Two weeks later no one was mo surprised than Mickey when her hu band's name came hurtling across th ether waves as the winner. No one ex cept, perhaps, her husband!

Harry knew the moment he tried that radio was where he belonged. Ar he stuck to it. His even-tempered di position and geniality soon made th green recruit popular around the studi The genuine quality of his deep voic endeared him both to fans and sponsor Within six months Harry Von Zell wa manager of Station KMTR, a West Coas Columbia outlet. In addition, he still wa announcing Paul Whiteman's Old Gol program. After eighteen more month he had nearly finished paying for a ne home, he owned a new car, and Mickey had just presented him with a bouncin baby boy.

But in his eager headlong rise to suc cess, Harry had forgotten the sufferin of his youth, forgotten the cause of th disaster that had finished his college day He had tried to do too many things a once—that was his initial fault. The second was over-ambition. Each took thei toll.

Harry had climbed as high as he could in Hollywood's air world. Now h wanted a wider horizon.

In his association with Paul White man's troupe, Harry formed a firm friend ship with one of the Rhythm Boys. The young singer was Bing Crosby, and i was through him that the King of Jaz offered Von Zell his first opportunity t travel. They were leaving for Seattle and Whiteman invited Harry to come with them.

But what about Mickey? Since their marriage they never had been separated or longer than a few hours. Harry's mother now lived with them, and there was the baby. How could he leave them? That night he drove with his wife along the moonlit palisades overlooking the Pacific. He told her of his chance to go with Whiteman. He spoke tenderly, for although he was driven by ambition, always he included her in his dreams.

"We shall be able to do so much more," she cried ardently.

Mickey tried to be enthusiastic but beneath her forced laughter was the knowledge that now life was taking Harry away from her. "But perhaps if he leaves now," she thought, "he'll come back soon and be more satisfied."

The Seattle engagement did take Harry from her, but only geographically. Others of the outfit would go to parties and cafés, but when the program was over Harry went home to his hotel and wrote long letters to his Mickey. But now he was even more ambitious.

A publicity man had extravagantly promised Harry that he could get him a better job if he would come to New York. His enthusiasm was contagious. Harry determined to go. Having made up his mind, he rushed to the phone and called his wife. Trembling with emotion, he told her of his plans. Cheerfully he said goodbye to his mother. And three hours later Bing Crosby wished his friend luck as he watched him board the night express and start racing on the third and greatest hazard of his life, toward New York.

"Make good or go back to the bushes," Bing said, and Harry vowed he would make good. He had no clothes except the suit he wore and a few things in a cardstone bag. He had no money except the two weeks' salary he had just collected, out of which he had paid his hotel bill. But he was never happier in his life. Here began his race for success—not for himself alone but for Mickey and his mother, and for his child.

Harry opened this hitherto closed chapter of his life to me today. "Because I made this trip I never saw my mother alive again," he said, anguish written on his face. "If I ever thought I had known suffering when I was a kid, I was soon to be able to look back on my frozen-toes-and-lost red-mitten days as heaven."

He arrived in New York at daybreak and, all with his fast-disappearing capital registered at an expensive hotel. By the time he had shaved and changed his shirt, it was time to begin his conquest of Manhattan. Joyously he went to his friend's

COMING

in our July issue

"MY SON"

the absorbing story of

Al Jolson

by his mother-in-law



Make your darling a Safer Baby

WITH THESE NEW SKIN PROTECTORS

"Isn't your heart set on giving your adorable baby every possible safety and comfort? Of course it is.

"And, now, there is a new, a safer method of caring for your precious sweetheart's tender skin—a method that's recommended by most hospitals and by thousands and thousands of doctors. The Mennen Guardsmen are the symbols of this new method—because it provides baby with *two safeguards.*

"First is Mennen Antiseptic Oil. More than half of all the hospitals, important in maternity work, now give their babies a complete body-rub at least once a day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil. These hospitals have proved that it gives baby a lovelier, smoother, healthier skin—and, above all, that it keeps baby *safer*—bathed in protection—guarded against many infections. Doctors recommend that the daily oil-rubs be continued during at least baby's diaper age. Will you do this for your darling?

"And then, when you gradually discontinue the daily oil-rubs, dust baby's body with the new *antiseptic* baby powder—Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. It's everything a fine baby powder should be—prevents chafing—makes the skin satin smooth, lovelier than ever—and, in addition, it's *antiseptic.* It continues the protection which the antiseptic oil gives against germs.

"Now—let me send you free trial sizes of these Mennen Guardsmen. For your baby's greater safety—send me the coupon below."



Constant research under the personal direction of W. G. Mennen steadily adds to your baby's safety

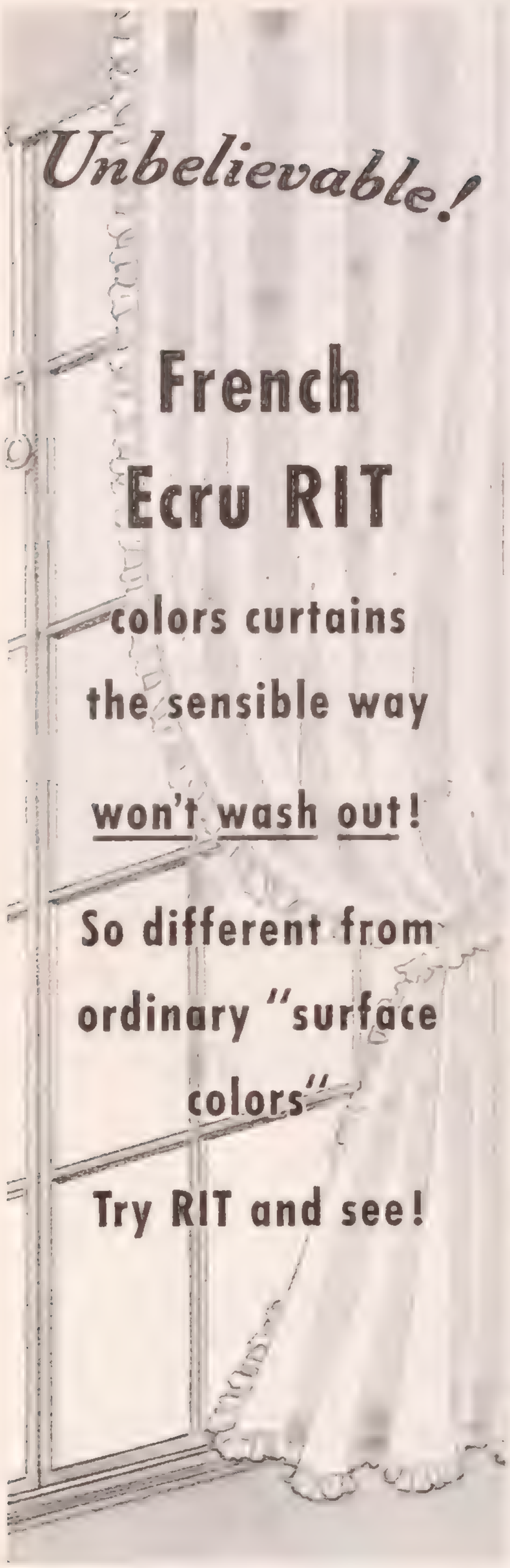
W. G. Mennen



The MENNEN guardsmen *free*

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. M-6
345 Central Ave., Newark, N. J.
Send me free trial sizes of Mennen Antiseptic Oil and Mennen Antiseptic Borated Powder. Also Baby Chart—about the modern care of baby's skin.

Print Plainly



• If you've used ordinary tints and dyes that have to be applied each time you wash your curtains—you won't *believe* that French Ecru Rit lasts through many washings—looks bright for months.

The secret is a patented ingredient in Rit that makes the color *soak in deeper.* When you take your curtains down for housecleaning—TRY Rit and be amazed at the difference.

FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING

For *all* tinting and dyeing, Rit is easier, quicker and more economical because more lasting. Even dark colors can be applied without the old-time prolonged boiling that weakens fabrics. Sold everywhere.

FRENCH ECRU



NOT A SOAP!

RIT

FOR CURTAINS

Rit is a convenient *scored* wafer; easier to measure; won't sift out of the package

office, impatient to begin work immediately. He hadn't slept a wink, hadn't eaten breakfast. All he wanted was to begin broadcasting.

But it was not so simple. His friend, it seemed, had no power to offer him a job! Besides, there was an announcer named Ted Husing already under contract for the Old Gold program. Of course the publicity man was glad to see Harry in New York, but he had not expected in Seattle that he would be so impetuous. He was certain that Harry would find work. As a final gesture of good fellowship, he gave Von Zell a letter to an employment manager.

Harry felt numb; his eyes welled with bitter disappointment as he took the letter and went out. In several offices he told his story to secretaries. They looked at him disdainfully. How could he expect work when he applied for jobs without even wearing an overcoat, in midwinter? But he finally was ushered into the presence of the man he had come to see.

He told his story again. The man laughed. Von Zell's friend had offered him a job? Then why hadn't he given him one?

But Harry had not come thirty-five hundred miles to be turned down so casually. He pleaded for just one opportunity to step before the microphone. Any program that would pay him even a small salary would be all right. He would be willing to take the smallest job they had.

The man who listened to him promised help. He would see that, at some vague, indefinite date, this earnest young man who had managed a radio station in Los Angeles should get a New York audition. He would let him know later when it could be arranged.

But Harry Von Zell needed *work,* and now—not future auditions. He needed money. He had a wife, a baby, and his mother to support. Payments must be made on his home. These things flashed through his whirling brain. Once more he began to talk.

Fast and furiously he spoke, and the man at last listened attentively. When he finished, Harry was given three programs to announce that same afternoon as an audition.

But when his work was finished he could not see the employment manager again. Could not get through the network of secretaries, could not even discover whether the man had heard him. He was told to return the next morning.

He went back to his hotel; there until checkout time he slept, exhausted. He paid one day's rent and then carried his bag to a railroad station check room. For four days he walked from office to office trying to find one man who would listen, one man who could get him back into radio. For four nights he trudged the hard pavements beneath Broadway's glittering lights, only to end each one sleeping, spent and lonely, on a park bench.

Rain finally forced him to seek shelter. He rented a tiny room on Tenth Avenue. Each day he sought desperately for a job, and each day was exactly like the day before. Sometimes, during what seemed an endless night, he would awaken, half-mad with worry, and get up and walk again, listening to night revelers, while, cold and hungry, he cried only for a chance to live.

He wrote to Mickey. He told her things were pretty tough but that he expected a job almost any day. Then he'd send for her. In reply she sent him a small package. It contained a clean shirt, a few pieces of home-made fudge and one of the baby's tiny socks. He knew that she was worried—knew that she wanted him to come home. He wanted to go, more than anything on earth. But he had no money left.

A few days later he received another letter from his wife. It was edged in black. Before he opened it he knew the terrible news it must contain, and he was right. His mother was dead. She was dead and buried, and he was three thousand miles away. Tortured, the lonely, unhappy boy broke down and cried.

The landlady heard his sobs. He poured his broken-hearted story into her sympathetic ears. She urged him to borrow money and return to Hollywood immediately. In the morning he awakened full, determined to go home. Then came the bitter realization of what returning on borrowed money would mean. His mother was beyond help now; if he could not bring success to Mickey and his son, certainly he could not bring them debts, a failure. He was a fighter—he'd always fought. He'd do it now!

He decided to go back to the studio and ask for a chance to be even an office boy. But Fate, who had dealt Harry Von Zell so many hard knocks, now offered him success. Some one told him there was an announcer's job open at Columbia . . .

He arrived without promises, without letters. He knew no one. He possessed only that desperate determination. And he won the job without an audition, because the man to whom he applied had heard him announcing on the Coast. But he might never have got to see that man if he hadn't brushed aside two secretaries and walked into his office without knocking!

He worked at a small salary for over a year. Then Bing Crosby came to Columbia. Bing now was an important singer, and he made certain that his old pal should announce his first radio program. This was the chance for which Harry had prayed. If he clicked, he could bring Mickey and the baby to New York.

He stepped nervously before the microphone. And he clicked! In six months he had saved enough to send for Mickey and the baby.

That his son didn't even remember him after his long absence did not daunt Harry now. He would win the baby's love all over again. Mickey remembered him—that was enough. And she still loved him.

He still is ambitious, this popular Hoosier announcer. But he never again will make the mistake of being overambitious. He never again will try to do too many things at one time. Happiness, he knows, is here and now. It might be nice to live in a penthouse; it might be nice to own a radio station . . .

But right now it's pretty swell just being Harry Von Zell, and announcing his share of the big major programs.

Keep Young and Beautiful

(*Continued from Page 6*)

no moves easily, and who dances with fortless ease. She is the one on whom eyes are centered, even though she ay have no beauty of face or figure." "Today," the wise maestro continued, woman cannot rely on beauty of the ce alone. There are too many beauti- l women, too many varieties of beauty ndards, for loveliness alone to set a oman apart. Years ago, perhaps, a etty face was enough. Today most faces e pretty. American women are trained bring out the loveliest that is in them. t . . . it is terrible, no? . . . so few omen understand the importance of a aceful bearing." He gestured helplessly. "Perhaps," he added after a moment's flection, feeling for the words that do t come to him easily in English, "it not so much that they do not realize e importance of graceful carriage as it that they do not know how to go about quiring it. And besides," he nodded un- rstandingly, "it is so different with the omen here than with the women in my untry. Always they are in such a hurry re. They do not have the time and e leisure that our women have. Our omen take very small steps when they alk. Imagine taking very small steps a New York subway!" We both ughed at the picture thought conjured .

"I can tell a woman from my country, a French woman, by her walk," con- nued the ballroom connoisseur, "and I n tell an American woman by her smart- ss and prettiness. The French are not chic as the women of this country. owhere else in the world are the women smart-looking as they are in this coun- y. The working girls you see on the reet in other countries, they are poor d shabby and you feel sorry for them. ere everybody you see looks smart."

Cugat not only marvels at the univer- l prettiness and smartness of the Amer- an woman, but at her eagerness and ility to learn new things. "She is so xious to learn," he said, "and she could rn to be as graceful as the women of y country if she had someone to teach r, and she had the time to remember."

"What can I tell the women," I coun- red by way of reply, "that will be of actical help to them? What formula n I give them for graceful carriage and aceful walking?" You see, my readers, knew that it would be all very well for e to tell you what you needed to ac- ire in the way of grace, but I also ew that it was my business to tell you w.

These are the two things that Xavier ressed in "walking technique." First, ke smaller steps, and second, keep your et closer together. Your body will then tomatically assume a more graceful lking position. Now keep your feet rallel and toe straight ahead. American omen are inclined to toe out or toe in, stead of keeping to "the straight ead." (Here's my own personal tip



Growing fast...

AND GAINING WEIGHT, TOO

Since he began drinking milk this way

YES, indeed—he'll soon be as tall as you are, Dad. And maybe *taller*. He's growing fast, and he's *filling out* while he grows. For his diet is *right*. Growing children need a quart of milk a day; and since his mother began giving him Cocomalt mixed with milk, that youngster of yours is gaining in double-quick time! For Cocomalt not only makes children adore milk but, when made as directed, Cocomalt almost DOUBLES the food-energy value of milk!

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Cocomalt supplies *extra* carbohydrates which provide food-energy needed for pep and endurance. It supplies *extra* specially valuable proteins that help replace used or wasted muscle tissue—for building solid flesh and muscle. It supplies *extra* food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

Cocomalt has a delicious chocolate flavor that children love. It's a wonderful treat for guests, too. It is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb. and 1-lb. air-tight cans. Also in the economical 5-lb. hospital size. In powder form only, easy to mix with milk—delicious HOT or COLD.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. MA6 Hoboken, N. J.

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Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk



Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Prepared by an exclusive process under scientific control. Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. (Irradiated ergosterol.)



Here is something that will make your job of keeping sweet just twice as easy. It's a new kind of deodorant. No need to spread it on or rub it in with the fingers. No need to dig into a jar. No waiting for it to dry, and you can use it right after shaving.

This new deodorant is the size and shape of a lipstick—applied as easily as a lipstick. A few touches to the armpits and you are protected against odor for the day.

Its name? Perstik. And because it is the size and shape of a lipstick, it is easy to keep in your purse for use during the day or evening. If you have ever—even for a single moment—suspected the presence of under-arm odor when away from your boudoir, you will appreciate having a Perstik with you in your purse at all times.



Department stores and druggists throughout the world feature Perstik. 50c. Or send 10c for trial size to "Perstik, 467C, Fifth Avenue, New York City."

Perstik
THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

. . . you can judge how much you do either by the frequency with which you have to have new heel tips put on.) Don't come down, *clump,* flat on your feet, but walk more on the toes and the ball of the foot, as you do when you're dancing.

Incidentally, a grand exercise to strengthen the arches and ankles is to practice the see-saw book exercise. You stand with the ball of your foot right at the edge of the book (the thicker the book the better), and your heel on the floor. Then you come up on your toes, now down on your heels, up and down, for at least sixteen counts.

Of course, posture is always important if you would walk gracefully. You must stand proudly erect, head high, chin up, shoulders back, stomach in; don't be lazy about it, but don't be stiff about it.

Xavier warned me especially: "Please, Miss Biddle, tell your readers to beware of stiffness. Women should not have a military bearing. They must be soft, gentle, yielding, even with their dignity and pride." And not wishing to seem impertinent, Miss Biddle wishes to interpose here that those words, *"soft, gentle, yielding,"* have a world of *"being-attractive-to-men"* psychology in them.

Xavier emphasized that grace must become a part of women, that it must be natural to them. Otherwise, as he phrased it, *"All that they have gained in poise will be lost in artificiality."*

Learn to dance! I'll chime in, too, but from the entirely practical standpoint. Surely many of you must have Y.W.C.A.'s available where you can take dancing lessons. If a dancing school is available, and you can afford it, take a course of lessons —in Spanish, ballet, ballroom or tap dancing. Any kind of dancing! Dance by yourself occasionally to the music of the radio, when no one else is around. Make up a class of a few of your friends, and get someone to teach you. It will be loads of fun, and you'll get worlds of benefit. I don't expect you to learn to be expert Rhumba dancers, but I do expect you to acquire a certain amount of grace, freedom, and poise.

Dancing is excellent for relaxation. So are any exercises that free your body from its bones, so to speak.

Did you ever notice that your hands express much of your emotion? When you get angry, they get all tense and knotted; when you're in a hurry and feel all on edge, they're apt to react in the same manner. They express you at the table, too, as you sit with your partner between dances. Mr. Cugat notices that only too often. Women are inclined to be very awkward in their hand and arm gestures, and the woman who is exceptional enough to be graceful in her gestures does not have to be beautiful to gain admiring attention.

Practice relaxing exercises with your hands. Roll your hands around in circles from the wrists, as though you were turning around the hands of a large clock. Now shake your hands; let them hang limp and shake them, as though you were flinging them free of water, and were about to hang them out on the line. Make fists of your hands, and then extend your fingers out straight as far as you can, and as hard as you can. This will relieve the hands of all tenseness.

Since it is almost June, hands shoul "come into their own." Bands of gol and platinum should be making their ap pearance. On the fourth finger of th left hand! So it seems most appropriat this month that we should offer a beaut letter on "The June Bride." So if yo come under the heading of brides o would-be brides—and don't we all—bette clip out the coupon and send it in. "Ove somebody else's shoulder, he may fall i love with *you.*"

Which brings us to Margo . . . Marg the little Rhumba dancer, who made a overnight sensation in her screen débu "Crime Without Passion." And Marg said enthusiastically: "Tell the wome to learn how to dance . . . and tell ther to dance, if they would be graceful."

Margo dropped in on our chat bac stage at the Paramount Theatre in Ne York City, where both she and Cuga were making personal appearances, an so we had a three-cornered conversatio for a while. I was delighted with Marg Unfortunately a photograph does her a injustice. Her coloring and vitality ar so much a part of her charm that photograph doesn't seem to catch the re Margo at all. She is rarely still. He eager feet and supple body seem alway ready to carry her into a dance rhythm But when she sits still, she sits still. Sh doesn't fidget, or fuss with her hair. Sh is perfectly poised, the poise that come from perfect relaxation.

Margo is a great believer in the danc for developing natural grace. While may be a good thing to practice walkin around the room with a number of book on one's head in order to achieve pois and posture, it does tend to make one sel conscious about the business of walkin You think when you are walking, "Wel now, I must remember so and so abou my posture." On the other hand, whe you dance you forget pose and sel consciousness. You *forget yourself* in th rhythm of the dance, and that, in th final analysis is the secret of gracefulnes

Cugat smiled understandingly the whi Margo talked about dancing and grac For that, after all, is closest to his hea as it is to Margo's. Cugat and Marg are naturally enthusiastic exponents o their native Spanish dances. And the insist that Americans make too muc hard work of them—that they are reall simple dances that are much easier t learn than we Americans, with all ou insistence on complicated techniques, woul seem to find them. In the Rhumba an the Tango, more rhythm is expresse with the body than with the feet. Danc ing becomes poetry of movement rathe than technique of steps.

Mary Biddle

149 Madison Ave., New York City, N.Y.

Kindly send me your beauty letter on "The June Bride."

Name.....

Address.....
Street

.....
City State



A wee bit of old Scotch—and guaranteed not to hurt you, says Barry McKinley, popular radio star, who will go to the dogs any day!

(Here are the answers to the Kilocycle Quiz questions.)

(*Continued from page 11*)

1. Nelson Eddy.
2. Joe Lynn.
3. Usually the crackling of cellophane.
4. Music at the Haydns.
5. Crosley Radio Corporation.
6. "Lilac Time" on the air Monday nights.
7. American and his name is Bunn.
8. Lawrence Tibbett.
9. Grace Moore.
10. 21,455,799, two times as many as those having telephones.
11. 61 on July 14th, 1935.
12. No.
13. Yes, Mrs. Bessie M. Downey is an exceptional harpist.
14. Yes. Her name is Irene Wicker.
15. Bernie Cummins and his brother Walter Cummins and Fred Waring and brother Tom.
16. Irene Beasley.
17. Harold.



The Wrong Color Can Make You Look 5 to 10 Years Older!

By *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing you want to "try on", it's your face powder shades. You may not realize it, but it's a known fact among artists and make-up experts that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older than you really are.

Many a woman's age is unjustly placed at 5 to 10 years more than it actually is simply on account of the color of face powder she uses. There is no greater error than to choose your face powder color on the basis of "type" or coloring. Matching isn't what you want at all, but flattery—enhancing of your natural gifts.

Seek to Flatter — Not to Match!

Many a brunette who uses a brunette or dark rachel powder wants another shade altogether. The same with blondes. Many a blonde who uses a light rachel or a beige really requires a darker tint. You must remember that the color of your hair doesn't govern the color of your skin. A brunette may have a very light skin, while a blonde may have quite a dark one, and vice versa.

The only sensible and practical way to choose your face powder shade is to "try on" all the five basic shades which colorists agree are sufficient to take care of all tones of skin. And this is the opportunity I give you, *at no cost to you!*

My Service to the Women of America

In order to help you solve the all important question of which shade of face powder for *you*, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder absolutely free of cost. When you try on all five shades, as you must, you will discover whether you have been right or wrong in your shade of face powder and whether you have been benefiting or suffering as a result.

Many times it's the woman who is most sure of her shade of face powder that is most astonished with the results of this test. Many times it is the shade that a woman would never suspect that proves to be most youthifying and flattering.

Mail the coupon or a postcard today and learn for yourself whether you are doing yourself justice or injustice in the shade of face powder you are using.

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FREE

You can paste this on a penny postcard

Lady Esther, 2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, *Couldn't Even Lie Down!*



The Suffering I Had to Bear In Secret"

WHAT a toll Piles take—in pain, in physical and mental incapacitation, in drain on vitality! The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles, ending, as it may, in serious trouble.

Real treatment for Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo not only relieves the pain, soreness and itching, but it tends to correct the condition as well. Pazo works because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissue. Third, it is *absorbing*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in collapsible tube with special Pile Pipe; now also, for the first time, in suppository form, 14 to the box. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo suppositories better than anything they have ever used.

Try It FREE!

Pazo is sold by all drug stores, but a liberal trial tube is free for the asking. Simply mail the coupon or a post card.

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Dept. 19-M, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of PAZO Ointment.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

PROGRAMS DAY BY DAY

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

It's that time again when we go on Daylight time, therefore we did not break down the programs into time divisions as we have been doing. All programs are based on Eastern Daylight time but we did not forget those of you in other districts and for your convenience we print the chart below.

Also there is a special surprise for the kiddies this month. We have at the end of the regular programs, a section for Children's programs entirely. You're sure to find at least one of your favorites listed there.

SUNDAYS
(May 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th)

10:00 EST (½)—Southernaires Quartet.
WJZ and an NBC blue network

10:00 EST (½)—Church of the Air.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WDNC, WHP, WFEA, WCAO, WSMK, WCOA, WKBN, WKRC, WAAB, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WLBZ, WICC, WBT, WBIG, WDBJ, WMAS, WORC, WHK, WBNS, WMBR, WIBX, WBBM, KTRH, KLRA, KWKH, WIBW, WACO, KGKO, WTOC, WNOX, KOMA, WHAS, WOC, KTSA, WCCO, WALA, KFAB, WLAC, WMBD, KSCJ, KFH, WDSU, WREC, KLZ, KSL, WDOD, WEAN.

10:00 EST (½)—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.
WEAF and an NBC red network.

10:45 EST (¼)—Between the Bookends.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WKBN, WHP, WDNC, WJSV, WCAO, WICC, WSMK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WORC, WMBR, WFBL, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WLBZ, WBT, WBIG, WIBX, WFEA, CKAC, WDBJ, WMAS, WSJS, WBNS, WCOA, WACO, WDOD, WIBW, WOC, KTSA, KGKO, WTOC, KMBC, WGST, WBRC, KFAB, WLAC, WNAX, KSCJ, KFH, WALA, KTRH, WCCO, KLRA, WDSU, WMBD, KWKH, WREC, KLZ, WHAC.

11:00 EST (5 min.)—News Service.
WEAF, WJZ and NBC red and blue networks.

11:30 EST (¾)—Major Bowes' Capitol Family. Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Nicholas Cosentino, tenor; Helen Alexander, soprano; The Sizzlers Trio; symphony orchestra. Waldo Mayo, conductor.
WEAF and an NBC red network.

11:30 EST (1)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. (From Utah.)
WOKO, CKLW, WIBX, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WLBZ, WICC, WORC, WMBR, WNAC, WFEA, WHK, WCOA, WMAS, WABC, WBT, WBNS, WSMK, WBIG, WDBJ, WHEC, WWVA, WSJS, WCAO, WJAS, WFBL, WALA, WBRC, WADC, WGST, WDSU, KFAB, WNAX, KWKH, WMT, WFBM, KLRA, WREC, WKBN, KRLD, KTRH, WCCO, WLAC, KFH, WMBD, KSCJ, KLZ, KSL, KERN, WNOX, WDNC, WHAS, KOMA, WIBW, WOC, KTSA, KOH, KVI, WACO, KGB, KGKO, WTOC, WHP, WDOD, KOL, KFPY, KVOR, WGR.

12:00 Noon EST (½)—Tastyeast Opportunity Matinee. Johnny Johnson and his orchestra; guest artists.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WJR, WLW

12:15 EST (¼)—The Garden of Tomorrow. (Tennessee Corp.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WDRC, WEAN, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WCAU, WGR, WOKO, WFBL, WHEC, WKRC, WNAC, WSPD.

12:15 EST (¼)—"What Home Means to Me." (General Electric Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WCSH, WTIC, WGY, WTAM, WSAI, WEEI, WJAR, WWJ, WFBR, WRC, WBEN, WCAE, KPRC, KVOO, WOAI, KYW, WMAQ, WOW, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

12:30 P.M. EST (1)—Radio City Music Hall. Symphony orchestra; Glee Club; Soloists.
WJZ and an NBC blue network.

1:00 EST (½)—Church of the Air.
WABC, WAAB, WDRC, WBNS, WDNC, WSMK, WCOA, WKBN, WEAN, CKLW, WQAM, WPG, WSJS, WOKO, WSPD, WFBM, WMBR, WIBX, WDBO, WLBZ, WDBJ, WORC, WCAO, WKRC, WJAS, WDAE, WBT, WHEC, WWVA, WLAC, WDSU, KWKH, WACO, KOMA, WHAS, WIBW, WOC, KTSA, WSBT, WDOD, KTRH, KLRA, WCCO, KSCJ, KFH, WALA, WREC, KLZ, KSL, KOH, KFPY, KOIN, KVI, KOL, KGB, KGKO, WHP, WNOX, WIBX, WGR, KERN, WBIG.

1:30 EST (½)—The National Youth Conference—Dr. Daniel A. Poling. Music and Glee Club.
WJZ and an NBC blue network

2:00 EST (½)—Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man. (Boyle Floor Wax.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WOKO, WMAS, WNAC, WKBW, WMBG, WBNS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WDBJ, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WHEC, WBBM, WOWO, WSPD, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KOMA, WIBW, WGST, KRLD, KFAB, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KLZ, KSL, KMJ, KFBK, KWG, KHJ, KOIN, KERN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI.

2:30 EST (1)—Lux Radio Theatre. (Lever Bros.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, CFCF, WBZA, WRVA, WPTF, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WTAR, WLW, KSO, KWK, WREN, WENR, KOIL, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WTMJ, WDAY, KFYR, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

2:30 EST (½)—Garden Program. Marie Chamlee, tenor; orchestra direction, Karl Shulte.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Eastern Daylight Saving Time		Central Daylight and Eastern Standard Time		Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time		Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time		Pacific Standard Time	
1 A. M.	1 P. M.	12 Mdt.	12 Noon	11 P. M.	11 A. M.	10 P. M.	10 A. M.	9 P. M.	9 A. M.
2 A. M.	2 P. M.	1 A. M.	1 P. M.	12 Mdt.	12 Noon	11 P. M.	11 A. M.	10 P. M.	10 A. M.
3 A. M.	3 P. M.	2 A. M.	2 P. M.	1 A. M.	1 P. M.	12 Mdt.	12 Noon	11 P. M.	11 A. M.
4 A. M.	4 P. M.	3 A. M.	3 P. M.	2 A. M.	2 P. M.	1 A. M.	1 P. M.	12 Mdt.	12 Noon
5 A. M.	5 P. M.	4 A. M.	4 P. M.	3 A. M.	3 P. M.	2 A. M.	2 P. M.	1 A. M.	1 P. M.
6 A. M.	6 P. M.	5 A. M.	5 P. M.	4 A. M.	4 P. M.	3 A. M.	3 P. M.	2 A. M.	2 P. M.
7 A. M.	7 P. M.	6 A. M.	6 P. M.	5 A. M.	5 P. M.	4 A. M.	4 P. M.	3 A. M.	3 P. M.
8 A. M.	8 P. M.	7 A. M.	7 P. M.	6 A. M.	6 P. M.	5 A. M.	5 P. M.	4 A. M.	4 P. M.
9 A. M.	9 P. M.	8 A. M.	8 P. M.	7 A. M.	7 P. M.	6 A. M.	6 P. M.	5 A. M.	5 P. M.
10 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	9 P. M.	8 A. M.	8 P. M.	7 A. M.	7 P. M.	6 A. M.	6 P. M.
11 A. M.	11 P. M.	10 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	9 P. M.	8 A. M.	8 P. M.	7 A. M.	7 P. M.
12 Noon	12 Mdt.	11 A. M.	11 P. M.	10 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	9 P. M.	8 A. M.	8 P. M.

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IF you take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is sadly deficient in the typical every-day diet. In many foods it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to the diet in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination again becomes regular and complete.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

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Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat.

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Confessions of a Crooner's 'Wife'

(*Continued from page 17*)

talked cosily before the fire, while a sleet storm lashed at the casement windows. Then, as I chatted on about Hal's last program, that had brought in a new high of fan-mail, he came to the point abruptly.

"I've come to talk to you about Hal, Molly. He'll listen to you, won't he?"

I was frightened. A little warning bell sounded in my brain as I looked at him. I'd seen so little of Hal for the past fortnight. Fortnight? For a month or more! We weren't being asked out together as much lately.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Aren't his broadcasts increasingly popular? I know he missed a rehearsal last week—but something came up . . ."

Arthur Balcom smiled faintly. "I wasn't thinking of that. Hal is the biggest draw on the air. He's put the *Milk o' Roses* products—well, I won't bore you with figures. But you know what he's worth to us."

I did. The thought of his weekly salary check still made me dizzy.

"Then what?"

He handed me a clipping reluctantly. It was from a sprightly gossip column. I didn't want to read it.

"This is what neither he nor we can afford, Molly. I daresay it doesn't mean anything—but it isn't going to do him any good."

I read:

"What Gold Coast matron and her beautiful stepdaughter are both that way over what Prince Charming of the networks? (And he a recent benedict!) Mother has put him on the map socially—but it's daughter he's seen with, not too discreetly. Ho-hum!"

I crumpled the vicious innuendo in my palm before I dropped it into the burning embers. I think I managed a smile. "Tabloid gossip!" I said scornfully. "It doesn't mean a thing, Arthur. Scandal is the life-blood of every tab column."

"It's the death-blow to a radio star," he said drily. "This refers to Mrs. Hank Levitt, and the Levitt girl, Venice, of course."

I knew that, better than he. And I



A gala gathering of the casts of two popular radio shows—Uncle E[z]'s National Barn Dance group. At the left, Pat Barrett (Uncle Ezra) with [a]ll Barn Dance. Others pictured are Carleton Guy, Nora Cuneen, Cliff Sou[n]d[er], Linda Parker, Spareribs, the Hoosier Hot Shots and the Cumberland R[i]dge

knew, too, that I had been deliberately blinding myself to a lot of things. To endless phone calls, with Hal uttering only the most discreet monosyllables. To omissions on his part. To a sudden readiness to accept invitations without me, when only a month ago he had been so insistent on my appearing in public with him.

And it had been a long time since he had boasted about the Levitts. I even had given up teasing him about his conquest of the rich older woman who had rushed him.

It spelled just one thing. Venice Levitt! I thought of her insolent, red-haired beauty, her amber-irised eyes. I remembered them dancing together at the Charity Ball. I remembered her snubbing me. . . .

"It's only gossip," I said again, defiantly. But I knew that it wasn't.

"Then warn him, Molly!" Arthur Balcom said gently. "They're both gold-digging hounds. Venice Levitt feels on saturday. Her stepmother's just as avid for it. Between them, they'll ruin Hal. And he's worth saving."

I put out my hands to the blaze, and he took them in his, drew me to my feet.

"Believe this or not, I'm not thinking about the money we've got tied up in the Hal Robey hour. Molly, hard-headed business man that I am." There was



...ainers, and the members of the ...Master of Ceremonies on the ...Uncle Ezra cast, and Lulu Belle, ...irs of the Barn Dance troupe.

What's the matter with Me and Men?



"HERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at — and I love a good time!"

Poor girl! How surprised and chagrined she would be if she knew why she is left at home alone.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how attractive she may otherwise be.

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more than pity in his direct blue gaze. "I'm thinking about you. . . ."

"About me?" I echoed numbly.

"I do that, rather a lot," he told me under his breath. "You aren't very happy, are you, Molly? And I have to be the one to give you added pain. . . ."

A great deal passed between us in one silent moment. But I had to make him understand, even though it meant cutting myself off from something that was safe and strong and dear in a reeling world.

"It makes me happy to have you for a friend, Arthur," I told him. "You are that, aren't you?"

"Always!" He understood. A spasm of pain made his face quiver. He lifted my cold hands to his lips, then let them go.

A minute later he was gone. I was alone. The fire was dying down to embers, its fading glow a symbol of my perishing hopes.

We had it out that night, Hal and I. There wasn't anything else to do. He was furious with me for listening to Arthur Balcom—furious with Arthur for daring to meddle in his private affairs.

And being furious—and afraid—he took the offensive. So Balcom wasn't satisfied with the landslide popularity of the Hal Robey hour! Did he think Hal Robey couldn't find another sponsor? He'd show him what he stood to lose, by flinging his nice-Nelly censoriousness in his face! Show him an offer from a rival concern. And then Balcom would be singing another tune. . . .

So this was what his sudden ascent to stardom had done to Hal! I found myself wanting to laugh hysterically, despite the lump in my throat, the leaden ache in my heart.

"Forget the Hal Robey hour for a minute, Hal!" I said. "Remember something else—if you can. You're my husband to me—not just the greatest crooner of them all! I'm your wife—the girl you loved and married a year ago. You haven't even denied this—this affair with Venice Levitt. Aren't you going to?"

He looked at me, and a slow, crimson tide mounted to the roots of his fair hair. It made him seem defenseless and young again—it made him the boy I'd loved from the first moment I'd set eyes on him, so infinitely long ago. But his silence, his shame, and my own heartbreak kept me from bridging that awful gulf.

"I can't lie to you, Molly—ever." He spoke at last, huskily. "You wouldn't want it, would you?"

I turned away. I only wanted him to stop. Or to lie. Love is like that!

"You didn't seem to think much of me as a husband back east, Molly. Not after the baby died. I wanted to make up a lot of things to you then, remember? I wanted to begin all over again. . . ."

I remembered. But I couldn't speak.

"But you didn't want that. You wanted to punish me. And since we've been out here, nothing has been right between us. And Venice—" he drew a deep breath, "I've hurt you, Molly, and Venice is going to be hurt, too. I was pretty crazy about her for a while. She can do that to men—to almost any man. And she gave me what a man wants. She made me feel I was tops—she wasn't afraid to show me how much she cared. . . ."

"You love her?" I asked tonelessly.

He shook his head. "No. She can still do things to me, with that tricky smile of hers, the scent of her hair, the touch of her mouth. But it isn't love. It's something pretty cheap, even if she is Venice Levitt! I've got to get clear, Molly!"

"And—Mrs. Levitt?" I asked.

He crimsoned again. "You know there wasn't anything in that. But they've had a bang-up row. Flora's leaving for Palm Beach tomorrow. I've got to bring things to some sort of graceful conclusion. Venice will forget me in a week, if I don't damage her infernal pride too much."

Her pride! What of mine? But all I said was:

"You have been honest, Hal. That counts for something, I suppose. I'll do my part. You've paid for my loyalty, if you want it. . . ." I looked at my black velvet frock, touched the cold, glittering diamond bracelet on my wrist. (It was his anniversary present.) But I recoiled from his arms, his sweet, weak mouth that would have sought my cheek. "I won't fail you, Hal," I promised bleakly. "I did once, I know. I'll stand by and play the devoted wife. I'll do everything I can to spike any scandal—but—that's all." I ran upstairs, evading his pleading hands. And only then did I give way to the tearless, agonizing sobs that racked me until the windows greyed.

Hal didn't stop seeing Venice Levitt. But he was more discreet about it—if any man could link discretion with a romantic interlude with Venice! I knew he was trying to break with her, and I did my best to keep gossip from linking their names together. I even entertained her in my own home. But, even knowing what I did, I was unprepared for the shocking finale that Venice herself engineered.

The Levitts had a glorified shooting-lodge up in the north woods, a hundred miles from Lake City. It was the sort of pseudo-rustic place old Hank Levitt would have built—and never used. Showy, remote, miles from civilization. In November Venice usually opened it up for a shooting party. But from then on it lay stark and dead, buried in wind-swept conifer and spruce. Inaccessible, snowed in by the unsullied Wisconsin winter, no one would dream of its being a trysting place for the most enterprising lovers. And yet. . . .

One Saturday afternoon in March Hal phoned me to have Ito, our Japanese house-man, pack a bag for him. He wanted outdoor things, heavy boots, his snowshoes. Tom Maxon, the program supervisor at the studio, was getting up an impromptu stag-party for the week-end in the country, he explained. He'd be back by Monday noon, in time for a rehearsal.

He had been looking thin and worn and I was glad he was going to get a brief reprieve from the strain of his broadcasts, his nightly Sky Club appearances. Ito didn't pack for him. I did. And when he dashed in to pick up his bag and hurry off I put my arms around him and kissed him. My poor, tired, beleaguered Hal! Had I been all a wife should be to him, these last painful months?

Two hours later the phone rang again



Henrietta Schumann, brilliant young Russian-born pianist, is heard frequently as one of the principals in "Roxy's Gang."

The call was for him, but I took it. And all the life seemed to ebb out of me as I braced myself against the library table. It was Tom Maxon, wanting to consult Hal about some minor change in the next week's program.

I don't believe I gave myself or Hal away. I just said he was out of town over Sunday, and would ring Maxon the first thing Monday morning. But I knew, with awful, heart-rending certainty, just where he was—at the Levitt lodge, with Venice.

I didn't touch my solitary dinner. I tried to read, but the printed words had no meaning. Between them and my vision rose pictures of Hal and Venice, in their snow-bound, lonely tryst. And a sense of catastrophe greater than my outraged bitterness possessed me.

Miserable, I lay sleepless half the night. So this then was the end. I'd lost him to a ruthless, unscrupulous girl who, without compunction, would destroy him and his brilliant, hard-earned future. I knew Venice Levitt, and I knew my Hal! But I didn't know how soon my nightmare premonition of disaster was going to be justified.

It was after midnight, and I had fallen at last into an uneasy doze when the phone by my bed shrilled with the definite, distracting ring of a long-distance call.

It was Hal. A shaken Hal, whose





"I wonder!"

MIDOL

"I wonder if it would end all regular pain for me, and end it for all time?"

To the woman who is asking herself that question, the makers of Midol make an emphatic answer: It will *not*.

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Understand, this extraordinary medicine *may* bring you complete relief. It has done this for many. And some of these women had always had the severest pain. But others report only an easier time. Even so, isn't the measure of relief you are sure to receive well worth while? Midol means great comfort in any case — compared with unchecked suffering at this time of the month!

Any sufferer who experiences no relief from Midol should consult a physician.

"Yes, but won't it form some habit?" Only the habit of avoiding suffering which is needless! There is no "habit forming" drug in Midol. It is not a narcotic.

So, don't let the speed with which this remarkable medicine takes hold cause you any apprehension. Don't keep it for "emergencies" or wait for the pain to reach its height before you take it. Let it keep you comfortable throughout the period. Learn to rely on it completely. Just follow the simple directions found inside the box.

And speaking of boxes, you'll appreciate the slim aluminum case in which you get Midol. It's so thin and light — and dainty — you can give it a permanent place in your purse and always be prepared. It is a tremendous relief, mental and physical, to be able to approach this time without any misgivings, and to pass serenely through it.

Your druggist has these tablets. You'll probably see them on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol. Fifty cents is the most you'll pay — for comfort that is worth almost anything.

When it has given you back those days once given over to suffering, will you do this? If you know someone who still suffers, tell her of your discovery — that Midol does bring definite and decided relief from "regular" pain.

voice came over the wire reedy with terror. He was too frightened to be coherent, but I got the truth out of him at last, and fell back on the pillows, clutching the instrument to my breast.

"Molly—are you still there? For God's sake don't let me down!" he begged.

I said: "All right, Hal. I'll come. Can you get hold of a doctor, or shall I? What about trains?"

Then I remembered that Venice Levitt was air-minded: that there was a private landing field at the lodge. There was no time for pity or recriminations. I hung up, and literally flung on my clothes

I don't know how I managed to dress myself, pack an overnight bag, put in the necessary phone calls. The first was to the nearest flying field. The second was to Arthur Balcom. Strange that I should think of him, when Hal's salvation or destruction lay in his hands. But I knew I could trust him—and I was right.

Half an hour later we took off from the Lake Shore flying field, into the snow-laden, bitter night.

It was a bad night for flying. Our pilot told us so grimly, but Arthur's generous bonus triumphed over his reluctance because of the low ceiling, the swirl of snow and sleet that so easily might mean a crash-up.

I didn't think of the danger. I was just thinking of Hal, alone in a remote lodge with a girl who might be dying—thinking of the hideous scandal that would blazon his name shamefully on every front page, unless I got there in time.

For Hal had driven Venice to her father's unoccupied camp for a farewell tryst. He had hoped to have a final showdown, make the neurotic, love-sick girl realize that he was through. Through, no matter what she did or threatened! (That's what he'd choked out over the humming wires, and I believed him. It was the sort of mad thing he *would* do!) And Venice, in a harrowing scene, had tried to call what she thought was his bluff. She'd picked up a gun. And in the struggle, it had gone off.

"If she dies, Molly, even you can't save him," Arthur said to me, above the roar of the motors. "And if she doesn't—is he worth this much to you?"

I shivered in my sable coat. "He's my husband, Arthur. He knew he could trust me, in spite of everything. How could I fail him?"

We didn't say much more. There wasn't any more to be said.

We got through the blinding storm, taxied to a safe landing, ten minutes before the only available doctor, thirty miles away, ploughed his way through the mounting drifts in his flivver. And by that small margin I did save Hal!

He met us at the lodge door, white, shaken. But I didn't listen to his shamed, pleading explanations. There was too much to do.

Venice lay, covered with a fur robe, in one of the icy bedrooms where Hal had carried her after the accident. She was sullen and hysterical by turns as I tried to make her more comfortable, supplementing Hal's clumsy first aid. I didn't know how badly she was hurt, but the bullet had missed her heart, ploughed upward through her lovely, creamy shoulder. She had lost a lot of blood, but she wasn't unconscious.

When I'd done what I could, I flew downstairs to set the stage. Hal, his head sunk in his hands, watched me. I thought of everything, even to soiling extra dishes and silver, to spilling the contents of my overnight bag on the bed in Hal's room. The room adjoining Venice's!

When the doctor came he would find, not a lover's tryst, but a distracted house-party of four! Then I went back to Venice. Everything depended on her now.

"Quite the girl scout!" she said at last, opening her sultry, lovely eyes. "Well—you've done your good deed for the night, I'd say." Then, curiously: "Why did you come, Molly? Just to save Hal's radio career from an early death?" She laughed, not pleasantly. "At that, I suppose it's worth it to you."

I shook my head. "I didn't think of that, when he called," I said wearily, holding Arthur's brandy flask to her pale, derisive lips. "It was just—he needed me. I couldn't fail him." I heard the doctor's car chugging up. I said: "Listen, Venice. His future is important—not to me, to him. He's fought his way up—made his name in radio. You've got his life, as a radio star, in your two hands. If the real truth of tonight ever comes out . . ." I choked. I couldn't go on.

"You won't be wearing those!" With a cynical forefinger she touched a string of pearls Hal had given me.

"I probably won't anyway." I drew a deep breath. "You must mean a lot to Hal, for him to risk all this. If you do—if he wants a quiet divorce later on, I'll not fight it or try to keep him. And you must care for him, I suppose. But don't destroy him, Venice!"

She knew what I meant. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. She flicked them away angrily. "Do you think you've got a corner on all the sportsmanship in the world?" she jeered unconvincingly. "Go down to Hal. He's yours, you know. And what he's probably told you is true. That's why I made this damn' fool grandstand play. . . ."

She closed her eyes. "We all drove out together for a cozy week-end in the country. And I would play with an unloaded gun. That's the story, isn't it? Now bring old Doc Hansen up here. My shoulder hurts —"

I went downstairs very slowly. Hal pale, piteous, guilty-eyed, tried to comfort me when I did break down, after the doctor had reassured us and had gone promising to send out a nurse in the morning.

But it was Arthur Balcom who made hot coffee, who tucked cushions behind me as I lay back in a big chair, sobbing my heart out. I clung to his kind hand knowing that without him I never would have got through the ghastly night. I couldn't look at Hal as he begged for forgiveness and told me again and again that he had come there with Venice only to break with her for good and all. I looked at Arthur . . . A man like Arthur Balcom never would betray two women as Hal had done. . . .

But when Hal knelt beside me and laid his head in my lap, I knew that what he was or wasn't didn't matter.

"You've saved me, Molly," he said

huskily. "Any other woman in the world would have given me to the wolves! I've been a rotten husband—but I need you so badly. It isn't all over, is it, darling?"

Arthur Balcom, tired, kind, inscrutable, stood facing me across the leaping fire he had built in the big fireplace. But I had no answer for the eloquent question in his eyes. Except one.

I ran my hand through Hal's touseled blond hair. My voice shook with tears.

"I love to be needed, Hal. I'll forget everything about tonight but that. And I'll always be there, darling."

I knew that was inevitable, for both of us. For we had been husband and wife; we had had a child; we had loved and hurt each other—and would again. But—

All that was three years ago. People don't change much, fundamentally. I know Hal hasn't.

There have been other women, other indiscretions that I've shut my eyes to. But Hal always has come back to me. Is it because, underneath, he really cares? Or am I just his protection, his defense?

I don't know. Perhaps it's better that I don't. I love him, and I'm his wife. And even though I share him day and night with the world of avid, romantic, listening women who tune in on his broadcasts, I still have a little part of him that belongs to me alone. And maybe that's all any crooner's wife can say!

THE END



"Hello, Grand Hotel," a charming voice may be heard saying each Sunday evening at six-thirty p.m., EST—a voice that is heard by more peope than that of any other telephone operator. It is the voice of the young and charming Betty Winkler.

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To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 36 Atlanta, Ga.



Unwritten Laws of Radio Row

(Continued from page 17)

was weary from doing five shows a day at Loew's State Theatre in New York. But she had to go to the doings.

The young lady was the hit of the night. It was a strange and lovely sight to see as she kissed the man she never spoke to, and sang song after song. She explained she had got out of a sick bed to honor "the swell feller who plays those swell tunes on our swell program with such a swell band," and what a fine man he was to work with and so sweet and lovely to a little girl who was what she was today because of his swell assistance.

The bogus Svengali didn't seemed baffled by this counterfeit praise. He expected it. It's an unwritten law that people who work on the same programs always show up on opening nights and do a free show for the orchestra on their program.

When Radio Stars Magazine gave me this assignment, I telephoned the young singer and recalled the incident. After I had promised I would not mention her name, she said:

"I still don't talk to him—he's no good! But what else could I do that night? I had to go. You know I had to go."

Another unwritten law of Radio Row is that you have to learn how to take it.

The Broadway boys call it "the velvet knock." At openings and dinners the radio stars abuse one another from the dais and the spotlight-freckled floor. They single out a performer in the audience and smilingly insult him. And the clay pigeons for the sharpshooting insults sit back and grin while their social and professional life is attacked, pretending to be having as much fun as any one. Not once have I heard a radio personality object to being insulted in public by an alleged funny man whom he privately despised. But as soon as it is over, the insultee begins to grumble and complain under his breath. If the self-designated wit had said the same things in private, a brawl would have followed.

But why do they take it?

Just another unwritten law in radio's invisible constitution.

Another mysterious axiom of the ether business is that singers and orchestra leaders must show a violent contempt for song-pluggers.

It is conceded by warblers and musicians that they could not make a living if they did not have songs to sing and play. They need the words and music of Tin Pan Alley on Kilocycle Causeway. But they must ritz the contact men—they are called song pluggers—of the music publishing firms. I have seen heads of million-dollar music firms snubbed by fifty-dollar-a-week chanters. The pluggers accept the humiliation and seem to flourish on it.

Why?

Just one of those unwritten laws.

Singers and musicians refuse to make appointments with the pluggers. They hold mass auditions for songs at odd hours of the day. They get cuts on songs they sing. They dine with the pluggers, but never reach for the check. They make errand boys out of the publishers' representatives, and treat them as servants while they get rich singing their songs.

Successes in radio always must have a manager, a large office, a press agent and a meek platoon of secretaries. Usually the star's bookings are handled by the network's artist bureau. The chain's publicity department blows the bugles, contacts the papers and schemes up angles. They could use a hat as an office. Few stars do any business themselves.

But again we come back to the unwritten law. They just have to have these things. Why? Oh, it's the thing. Everyone has them. Why? Well, that's how it is. They're living by a set of rules more rigid than the penal code!

The sponsors say that New York does not represent the United States; it is just another city as far as they are concerned. But the stars don't agree with them. They crave a good notice in a New York tabloid's radio column.

It has become tradition that you must play every benefit a certain New York critic has anything to do with—and he is connected with many a benefit.

A year or so ago radio actors traveled out into one of Manhattan's suburbs, rode on a ferry-boat across an ice-ridden bay to play a benefit for this Boswell. One of the country's leading kilocycle comedians made a trip from Philadelphia, and returned the same night to please this journalistic master of ceremonies.

All these actors who played that benefit in a blizzard said radio criticism, especially in New York, meant nothing. But they all risked their lives, broke up their schedule, travelled many miles to do tricks for nothing for a man they hardly knew. It is one of radio's unwritten laws to despise but never to offend a newspaperman who has a radio column.

I ran the New York World Telegram's radio page for two years. I know personally or have interviewed every leading funny fellow before the American microphone. Every one spends his spare time searching for fresh gags, employing comedy writers or thinking up new angles for laughter. But most of them—Fred Allen is the only exception—will tell you they deliberately use old gags because that is what you and I want as we sit on the other side of the loud speaker.

There you are.

You can't explain them. You can't find them on any record. But they are the unwritten laws of radio.

The End

Join the Listeners' League!

See particulars on Page 10 of this issue.

Will Conrad Marry Mary?

(*Continued from page 31*)

ebellions, Mary never made a decision f her own. Her parents were in the abit of patting her on the head, so to peak, and saying: "There, there, dear ild, we'll take care of all life's burdens r you."

On the other hand, Conrad has a rug-ed, sturdy Yankee independence which tracted Mary tremendously. When Con-ad had been in trouble, when he had been cked out of college for some youthful ror, he had paid the piper. He never ent back to his family to ask for help. e did everything on his own. Always made his own decisions. He had ruggled and fought for success. When cessary, he even had dug ditches, and wasn't ashamed to admit it.

By some miracle of fate they had met st at that moment in each of their lives hen they most needed each other. Since e death of his wife Conrad had been oody and sulky, withdrawing more and ore into his own thoughts. Often it emed almost as if he had forgotten what meant to play, to find joy and happiness the little things in life. He knew plenty people, but none of them mattered. He d shared so much with Madeleine that, w that he was bereft of her, he had thing left to share with anyone.

Mary also was facing the most difficult riod of her life. At the age of seven-en, in one of her very few rebellions ainst her parents' wishes, she had mar-d red-headed, attractive Courtland, the llege football hero. Neither of them ally was ready for the responsibilities marriage. Mary was spoiled and babied her doting parents, and Courtland was ll going to college.

Two adoring mothers, Mary's and ourtland's, who had their fingers in ery pie, added to the complications of e marriage. They meant well, but ey couldn't get used to the idea that was time for Mary and Courtland to d their own lives. They told them at kind of a home to live in, how much spend for rent, and even what kind of rniture to choose. When Mary gave dinner party, her mother would come er with her maid and say: "Oh, my ar, I know you children couldn't man-e this by yourself. There's so much rk to do." Then Courtland's mother uld come over with her maid and she, , would offer to help.

Even when Mary and Courtland had a n and daughter of their own, their par-ts wouldn't leave them to their own vices. They told them just exactly how bring up their children, and even lec-ed them on such matters as whether children should wear socks or ckings.

Against all this Mary finally rebelled. l her life she had hated having other ople run her, and now she was begin-g to realize that she would have to do nething about it. She begged Courtland make something of their lives. But

10 SONGS 10¢



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Sing these popular songs in the BIG June issue: Lazy Bones • Strange Faces • Day Dreams • Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing • Minnie the Moocher • If I Only Had a 5c Piece • I Still Get a Thrill • We Just Couldn't Say Good-Bye • Beale Street Blues • Whistling in the Dark, and many others.

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in the BIG JUNE

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Courtland couldn't see it. And so the breach widened between them, till they realized that their marriage was only an empty husk.

Finally they got a divorce and Mary came North. It was at just about his time that Mary met Conrad. Having broken away from the yoke of her family, having severed the bond of a hopeless marriage, she needed companionship and sane, impersonal advice.

With Mary, Conrad recaptured once more his zest for life. How could he mope when they went to the roof of the Biltmore and danced together, while Mary's powder blue organdy whirled around her in a gay cascade? How could he mope when they went to plays together and Conrad found himself loving the magic enchantment of the stage as he never had loved it before in his life?

Mary made him take up horseback riding, at which she excelled. She made him go back to his golf and tennis, which he had been neglecting. They went driving together in Conrad's car, with the wind rumpling Mary's hair. They walked through the park together and counted it a miracle that they both could find such happiness in simple things, in the way the wind rippled through the leaves, in the way Conrad's little Scottie barked at their heels, in the way the children ran gayly through the park.

But if Mary taught Conrad how to play, he gave her a gift equally precious. He found her timid, afraid of life, afraid she wouldn't make good, and he gave her the great gift of his faith in her.

"You have a lovely voice," he told her sincerely. "Don't be ashamed of it because it's untrained. Your voice is naturally placed, which is one of the finest things in the world." And he taught her the little things about singing that he himself had learned, till her tones poured out like molten gold.

One day she came to him in great glee. *So-and-So* had heard her sing and had promised her the moon with a couple of planets thrown in. Her eyes shone as she told Conrad about it. He hated to disillusion her, but from experience he knew how little those promises meant. He remembered how they had stalled him for a year at the broadcasting studios before they finally gave him a chance.

"Mary, Mary, what am I going to do with you?" he sighed. "When will you learn that promises never yet buttered any parsnips? *So-and-So* is very glib, I know, but he doesn't mean half he says."

Though it was a continual heartache to Conrad to find Mary so naïve and trusting, where it was necessary to be hard and skeptical, there were other things about her that he found enchanting.

Then one day he and Mary were at a dinner given by Margot, a girl whom she had known back home. Margot had married into a very wealthy family, and it had gone to her head a little. "My deah," she said to Mary, "how do you do?" And then she sighed and waved her hand expansively and said, "My deah, I wonder where I should put this vahse, over in the bahsket or——"

But Mary had had enough. With a gentle ripple of laughter she said, "Margot, is that a Continental accent or what is it? For heaven's sake, drop it while I'm around. You can use it to impress people who don't know you, but we liv next door to each other for seven year

Margot came back to earth. She did look hurt, only amused. "Mary," s sighed, "will you never change?" A Conrad beamed.

It all sounds as if Conrad Thiba and Mary Courtland were just made f each other, doesn't it? Winchell sa it's love. The columnists say it's love.

Then why is it that when you ask th two people whether they have any pla for marriage, they become evasive?

"Am I in love with Conrad Thibault Mary throws your question back to y "He's the grandest friend I ever had, b what is love?"

And Conrad said to me, "Our knowi each other began with friendship, a between you and me, that's the way think it'll end. No, I don't mean that will end, but I do mean that it nev will develop into anything more th friendship."

Yet I know that it isn't the old hoo If you were young and beautiful and h been bitterly disillusioned by one ma riage, wouldn't you hesitate before y married again? If in addition to that, y were a mother with two children of yo own, would you take a chance on marr ing a man who was wrapped up in h career? Would you be willing to tru him to decide how to bring those tw children up? That is Mary's proble

As for Conrad's—if you were your handsome, a radio idol, would you willing suddenly to burden yourself hieing to the altar with a divorcee wi has two children by a previous marriag Or would you say as Conrad does: "O knowing each other began with frien ship and I have a hunch it will end wi friendship"?

And there's something more. F a long time Conrad has been in love wi a memory, the memory of the woma who starved and slaved for him, wh risked her whole life's happiness whe he had nothing to offer her save his lov If Mary ever marries Conrad she wi have to live up to a perfect memor Every fault she has, every mistake sh makes will be magnified because Conra unconsciously will compare her with th woman he idolized and idealized. It one thing to supplant a woman who ha failed at marriage, leaving the memor of her flaws. But it's another thing t try to live up to an ideal and perfe love. Would you be willing to try it?

Whether these two marry each othe or not, there are breakers ahead. Peopl can't remain just friends, when there i a tremendous attraction between them Unless they decide to marry in spite o obstacles some day, I suppose, there wi be a little notice in the gossip columns saying that Mary Courtland and Conra Thibault are no longer seeing each other Some day, I suppose, these two will b eating out their hearts for each other Some day their friendship will end, whe they find that they can't go on being jus friends while this tremendous emotio between them draws them ever closer.

Conrad Thibault is on the air Thursda at 9:00 p. m. EST, and Sunday at 8:3 p. m. EST. See Program Section fo station lists.

THE END

* * *

Kenny Sargent—Lesson in Love

(*Continued from page 39*)

wife smiled privately. He did not realize it, of course, but for a whole year Dot had been telling him that he was good enough to crash the recording business. Enough pep talk, and eventually he grew to believe so himself. And crashed it.

At that rate things were going along well until the Steele outfit struck its down grade. For a long time the Sargents spent their early morning hours on a 'bus that drove endless cold miles to make the next one-night stand. Dot didn't whimper, but she had a hunch that it would be a good idea for Kenny to get out of the orchestra while there still was an orchestra to get out of—instead of waiting until it cracked up in some small town in Texas.

Of course it took nerve to give up a regular job, but Kenny had come to respect those hunches of Dot's, because they usually were right. So back they treked to Nashville and Kenny became one of the unemployed. It was pretty tough going. And home, instead of being in an expensive hotel, was a one-room apartment in the wrong section of town. But it was a happy, comfortable home at that. The girl was a wonder the way she could keep up a fellow's courage! Keep him believing he had *stuff!*

When at last a cheap night club wanted to sign him to a two-years' contract, Kenny was overcome with joy. Not so, Dot. She had another hunch. That it might be better for him not to affiliate with anything but the best. He'd lose prestige if he did. And besides, if he tied himself up very far in advance, he might lose other and better opportunities. They could stick it a while longer. Something would happen soon.

That time, because the need to work and earn was nearly driving him crazy, Kenny almost went against his wife's judgment. It was fortunate that he didn't. For, six months later, he became a member of Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra. He became serenader de luxe to fashionable New York in the Colonnades of Essex House, featured tenor soloist on the Camel Caravan broadcasts. And recipient, by the way, of more fan notes than almost any three of radio's male singers put together. Sargent was successful.

Kenny really is an exceptional young man. He was taught, in the Southern manner, that women are angels and are treated as such—and he is a boy who never has outgrown that habit. And that sincere attitude of lofty admiration for the fair sex is the thing, I believe, that has made Kenny Sargent go over. It's something you perceive in his manner. And you hear it in his voice.

And a lot of his success is due to Dot who, as long as she is his missus, will still be hoeing a tough row, despite the luxury that success finally has brought. Guide a singer to stardom and your job has just started. On a twenty-four-hour stretch you'll find yourself watching his colds and

(*Continued on page 93*)

WITH A FEW STIRS
Perfect Mayonnaise!



EAGLE BRAND MAGIC MAYONNAISE

⅔ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice
¼ cup salad oil or melted butter
1 egg yolk
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Makes 1¼ cups.

• It used to take a half hour's beating and praying to make such mayonnaise! Now, even a man can stir it together. And is it [illegible]!

• But notice—this recipe calls for *sweetened condensed milk*. Don't confuse it with other forms of milk. To get the right kind, just remember to ask for EAGLE BRAND.

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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

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Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 80)

SUNDAYS (Continued)

WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, KYW

3:00 EST (2)—New York Philharmonic Symphony Society.

WABC, WKRC, WLBZ, WADC, WDNC, WHP, WMBG, WKBW, WCAO, WJSV, WAAB, WEAN, WFBL, WPG, WSMK, WFEA, WCOA, WWVA, WKBN, WHEC, WMBR, WBNS, WIBX, WHK, WDBO, WICC, WBIG, WDBJ, WSJS, WOKO, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WDAE, WBT, CKAC, WMAS, WORC, WFBM, KFAB, WREC, KWKH, WDSU, WQAM, KRLD, KTRH, WIBW, WTOC, KOMA, WHAS, KGKO, WDOD, WNOX, KTSA, WSBT, WOC, KLRA, WBBM, WDRC, KMBC, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WCCO, KSCJ, WLAC, WMT, KFH, WALA, KLZ, KOH, KVOR, KSL, KHJ, KOIN, KVI, KOL, KGB, KERN, KFPY.

3:00 EST (½)—Sally of the Talkies. Dramatic Sketches. (Luxor, Ltd.)

WEAF, WCSH, WRC, WTAM, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WGY, WWJ, WCAE, WEEI, WFBR, WBEN, WSAI, WMC, WAVE, KYW, KSD, WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, WJDX, WSMB, WHO, WSM, WSB

3:30 EST (½)—Penthouse Serenade. Charles Gaylord's sophisticated music; Don Mario, soloist; Dorothy Hamilton, beauty advisor; guest stars.

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, CFCF, WRC, WBEN, WTAM, WLW, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WGY, WCAE, WWJ WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, KYW, WHO, KSD, KOA, KYDL, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KPO, KHQ

4:00 EST (½)—Jolly Coburn and his Sparton Triolians; Harold Van Emburgh, tenor. (Sparks Withington Co.)

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WFIL, WCKY, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WKBF, WENR.

4:30 EST (¼)—Harry Reser and his orchestra; Ray Heatherton and Peg La Centra, vocalists. (Wrigley Pharmaceutical Co.)

WEAF, CFCF, CRCT, WRC, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WWJ, KYW, WMAQ

4:45 EST (⅓)—Dramatic sketch with Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly.

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WWJ, KYW, WMAQ, WDAF

5:00 EST (½)—Sentinels Serenade. Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink; Edward Davies, baritone; Koestner's orchestra. (Hoover.)

WEAF, WTAG, WCSH, WFBR, WWJ, WEEI, WJAR, WRC, WSAI, CRCT, CFCF, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WTIC, WMAQ, WOW, KYW, WDAF, WHO, WKBF, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAVE, WSMB, KDYL, KOA, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

5:00 EST (½)—Roses and Drums. Civil War dramas. (Union Central Life.)

WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WBAL, WBZ, WSYR, KDKA, WLW, WENR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WMT.

5:30 EST (½)—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit, Jack Shilkret's Orchestra. (General Baking Co.)

WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WHK, WIBX, WSPD, WBNS, WWVA, WADC, WCAO, WGR, CKLW, WJSV, WHEC, WORC, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WICC WMAS, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WDSU, KOMA, KFH, KTUL, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS.

5:30 EST (½)—Tony Wons. "House by the Side of the Road." (S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc.)

WEAF, WEEI, WCSH, WCAE, WTAG, WIOD, WPTF, WJAX, WSAI, WFBR, WTAR, WTIC, WJAR, WTAM, CRCT, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WWJ, CFCF, WWNC, WMAQ, WSM, WHO, KSD, WOW, WDAF, KYW, KSTP, WEBC, KFYR, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WTMJ, WDAY, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KTAR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, WLW, WRVA.

6:30 EST (½)—Grand Hotel. Anne Seymour and Don Ameche. (Campana Co.)

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WENR, KSO, WCKY, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WMT.

6:30 EST (¼)—Smilin' Ed McConnell. Songs. (Acme Paints.)

WABC, WKBW, WDRC, WMBG, WHEC, WBT, WIBX, WNAC, WBNS, WKRC, CKLW, WWVA, WCAU, WJAS, WJSV, WBBM, WHAS, KMOX, WOWO, KFH, WDSU, KRLD, WCCO, WLAC, KLZ, KSL, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KVI, WEAN, WISN, WHEC.

6:45 EST (⅓)—Voice of Experience. (Wasey Products.)

WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WFBL, WSPD, WHEC, WADC, WAAB, WBT, WEAN, WHK, WJAS, WKBW, WKRC, WWVA, CKLW, KMOX, WFBM, WBBM, WCCO, WHAS

7:00 EST (½)—Jack Benny. Don Bestor's Orchestra; Frank Parker, tenor; Mary Livingstone. (General Foods.)

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WGAR, WCKY, CFCF, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTAR, WSOC, WKBF, WENR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, KFYR, WDAY, KSTP, WAVE, WSM, WSB, WKY, WSMB, KVOO, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WMC, WMT, WFIL, WAPI.

7:30 EST (½)—Joe Penner. Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra with Harriet Hilliard. (Fleischmann.)

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WWNC, WLW, WLS, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAR.

7:30 EST (¼)—Fireside Recitals. Sigurd Nilssen, basso; Hardesty Johnsen, tenor; Graham McNamee, commentator. (American Radiator Co.)

WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WWJ, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, WOW, WTIC.

8:30 EST (½)—Gulf Headliners. Will Rogers; Frank Tours' orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.)

WABC, WJSV, WWVA, WCOA, WPG, WSMK, WDNC, WSJS, WNBF, WICC, WHP, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WKBN, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WHEC, WJAS, WKRC, WMAS, WNAC, WORC, WSPD, WDAE, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WFEA, WHK, WLBZ, WQAM, CKLW, KLRA, KRLD, KTRH, WALA, WSBT, KWKH, WNOX, WFBM, KTSA, WTOC, WACO, WBRC, WDOD, WDSU, WGST, WHAS, WLAC, WMBR, WREC, WOKO, WDBJ, WSFA.

7:45 EST (¼)—Wendell Hall, the Red Headed Music Maker. (Fitch.)

WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, CFCF, WTIC, WHO, WMAQ, KSD, KYW, WOW, WKBF.

8:00 EST (1)—Major Bowes Amateur Hour. (Standard Brands, Inc.)

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WTAM, WBEN WCAE, WIOD, WFLA, WWJ, WLW, CFCF, WWNC, WIS, CRCT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WPTF, WJAR, WCSH, WRVA, WJAX, WSB, WMAQ, WSM, WTMJ, KFYR, WOAI, WOW, WMC, WJDX, KSD, WHO, WDAF, KYW, KPRC, WKY, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KVOO, WFAA, WSMB, WAVE, KTAR, KDYL, KOA, KFI, KGW, KPO, KOMO, KHQ.

8:00 EST (½)—Club Romance. Conrad Thibault, baritone; Lois Bennett, soprano; Don Voorhees' orchestra. (Lehn & Fink.)

WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WBT, WADC, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WCCO, KTRH, WGST, WREC, KOMA, KWKH, KFAB, KRLD, WDSU, KTSA, KTUL, KLRA, WBRC, KSL, KLZ, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

9:00 EST (½)—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Rachel Carlay, blues singer; Pierre Le Kreeun, tenor; Jerome Mann, impersonator; Andy Sannella's Orchestra; Men About Town trio. (R. L. Watkins Co.)

WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, WTAM, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WTAG, WWJ, WSAI, CFCF, KYW, KFYR, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WDAF, KOA, KDYL, KHQ, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO.

9:00 EST (½)—Silken Strings Program. Charles Previn and his orchestra. Olga Albani, soprano; guest artist. (Real Silk Hosiery.)

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTAR, WIS, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WENR, KSO, WSM, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTHS, WFAA, WMC, WSB, WJDX, KPRC, KTBS, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMT.

9:00 EST (1)—Detroit Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Victor Kolar. Guest concert artists. (Ford Motor Co.)

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WQAM, WDBO, WMBR, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WFBL, WJSV, WICC, WBNS, WHP, WDAE, CKAC, WCOA, WDBJ, WTOC, WIBX, WSJS, WKBN, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WLBZ, WSMK, WBT, WDNC, WBIG,

(Continued on page 94)

(*Continued from page 91*)

appetite and sleep because they affect his voice; being official cheerer-upper when he's blue; crawling out to fix those six a.m. breakfasts when the Casa Loma is doing early recording; doing without a real home because you never know when it's going to be London, Hollywood, Palm Beach or a time-table; and for that reason doing without the family you'd like to have.

Now and then you try to wedge in some companionship. He's only working six nights a week from nine till three; and because you happen to love your husband you sit up those six nights, amusing yourself the best way you can and waiting for him to come home; knowing all the time that when he does get home he'll be too fagged to talk, and that all the next day he'll be away rehearsing and making records and doing all the things radio stars seem to have to do to stay radio stars.

And then there's the little item of competition. Those same six nights from nine till three, the prettiest, wealthiest society girls in Manhattan are dancing to Casa Loma music because a fascinating young man named Kenny Sargent sings love songs to them; and scores of other girls are mobbing him at the stage door of the Radio Playhouse after broadcasts; and others are penning their ardor from points all over the compass.

But the Sargents' marriage is, nevertheless, a totally untroubled one. They're deeply in love. I'll agree that, from the feminine-fan point, it's too bad he's already taken! But, liking to hear him sing, you can't begrudge him the marital happiness that *makes* his romantic ballads. And even when he says he never could fall in love again because he never could find anybody else like Dot, you can't bring yourself to begrudge him that. Because you admire him for being so loyal.

So marry your future radio star, if you can take it. If you can stand the work and the infrequent companionship and the constant competition.

If you can take it all and love it, it will be because you are in love!

THE END

I Am Blind

(*Continued from page 54*)

wanted to hear it again! Never! Never!

Mother despairingly tried every other possible means to get me interested in life again. She arranged for me to go to the theatre with a friend. As the drama unfolded, my companion described some of the action on the stage. For the first time in months I actually forgot my troubles, and was really enjoying myself, when I felt someone pat my friend's shoulder, heard a voice like ice: *"Kindly don't talk. You disturb those around you."*

My friend was going to explain but I squeezed her hand in warning. I crouched in my seat silently weeping. From then on you couldn't get me to a theatre.

But what pleasures *were* there open for me?

I was just learning Braille, but I discovered there is only *one* newspaper for

(*Continued on page 95*)

SAVAGE LIPSTICK



A transparent, pasteless, simply ravishing color that savagely clings to lovely lips . . .

SAVAGELY lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night. Yes, Savage does exactly that . . . for it colors the lips a *wicked* red, without coating them with paste. Apply it like ordinary lipstick and rub it in. Like magic, the cosmetic vanishes, *leaving only the color*, which instantly becomes an actual part of the lips. With Savage, your lips can be pastelessly, *savagely* red all day . . . *or all night!* Four wonderful shades from which to choose. Their fresh loveliness simply cannot be described. You must SEE them, and *use* them to know how *savage* they really are.

TANGERINE . . FLAME . . NATURAL . . BLUSH



20c

at all 10 cent stores

"SHOOT, COWBOY!"

A COMPLETE NOVEL OF THE WEST

By Marian O'Hearn

Young baron of the raw range, his will was as hard as his bullets! He trampled on love as he did the prospectors who worked his creek for gold . . . but he figured without the "she-cougar." A powerful, complete novel of the Real West . . .

Other novelettes and stories by topnotch western writers such as William Freeman Hough, Mabel Greenfield, Eric Howard, Carl Frederick Happel.

in the JUNE issue of

WESTERN ROMANCES

on sale May 10

At a dance or dinner
With FO I'm a winner



F-O polish does not crack or peel . . . is made in five lovely shades . . . retains its original charming color until removed . . .

At all 10c stores . . . Cuticle Remover . . . Creme Polish . . . Polish Remover Oily Polish Remover . . .

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N. Y.



IF YOU HAVE
GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE....
then write today for my
FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair.
ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 3 LOWELL, MASS.

WATCH OUT FOR THOSE NEW WHITE SHOES!
IRENE MARCHANT



On my White Kids, I *dissolve* the dirt off by using ColorShine Special White Kid Cleaner (10c). It contains no sharp abrasive. It preserves the original kid finish, polishes beautifully, (*or leave dull if you prefer*) and "won't rub off". For other white shoes, I use the special ColorShine White Cloth and Buckskin Cleaner (10c). Get both at the 10c store and many other stores. For valuable information write Irene Marchant, c/o The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.



No. 11
Special Cleaner for
WHITE KID SHOES

No. 12
Special Cleaner for
Cloth, Buckskin Shoes

Each One Does its Own Job BETTER

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 92)

SUNDAYS (Continued)

WFEA, WHEC, WMAS, CFRB, WORC WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WOC, KFAB, WBBM, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, WNOX, WKBH, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WOWO, WALA, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KTSA, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WIBW, KTUL, WACO, KFH, KGKO, WNAX, KVOR, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KOH, KRNT.

9:30 EST (¼)—Walter Winchell tells secrets. (Jergen's Lotion.)
WJZ, WBZ, WMAL, WJR, WLW, WBZA, WBAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WENR, KSO, KWK, WREN KOIL, WMT.

9:30 EST (½)—American Musical Revue. Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen Concert Orchestra. (Bayer.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WPTF, WCSH, WFBR, WWNC, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WSB, WIOD, WFLA, WRVA, WJAX, CFCF, CRCT, WIS, WMAQ, WHO, KSD, KYW, WAPI, WSM, WOW, WMC, WOAI, WJDX, WFAA, WSMB, WKY, KPRC, WDAF, WTMJ, KSTP, KDYL, KOA, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KPO.

10:00 EST (½)—Wayne King. (Lady Esther.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, WBNS, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WFBM, KMOX, WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, WDSU, WCCO, KRLD, WIBW, KFAB, KSL, KLZ, KERN, KMJ, KOIN, KHJ

10:00 EST (1)—The Gibson Family. Original musical comedy starring Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault, Jack and Loretta Clemens with Don Voorhees and his orchestra. (Proctor and Gamble Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WCSH, KYW, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, KOA, KPO, KDYL, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ

10:15 EST (¼)—Vera Brodsky and Harold Triggs, piano duo; with Ghost Stories told by Louis K. Anspacher. (Phillips-Jones Corp.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WFIL, WCKY, WENR, KSO, WMT, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

11:00 EST (¼)—Wendell Hall sings again for Fitch.
WOAI, KTHS, WDAF, WKY, KPRC, WBAP, KTBS, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

11:15 EST (¼)—Walter Winchell. The Jergens Program.
WSM, WMC, WSB, WOAI, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WAVE, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR.

11:30 EST (½)—Jack Benny and Don Bestor's Orchestra; Frank Parker, tenor, and Mary Livingstone.
KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KOA, KTAR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD.

12:00 EST (½)—The Silken Strings Program—Olga Albani, soprano; Charles Previn and his orchestra.
KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

MONDAYS

(May 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas gives the day's news. (Sun Oil.)
WJZ, WGAR, WLW, CRCT, WRVA, WBAL, WBZ, KDKA, WHAM, WJR, WSYR, WBZA, WJAX, WFLA, WMAL, CFCF, WIOD.

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WSYR, WBZA, KDKA, WCKY, WENR, CRCT, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WRVA, WPTF, WIOD, WFLA.
(See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge. (Wrigley's.)
WABC, WADC, WBT, WCAO, WGR, WCAU, WWVA, WDAE, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, CKLW, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WQAM, WSPD, WTOC.
(See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Stories of the Black Chamber. (Forhans Co., Inc.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, KYW, WEEI, WRC.

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." (Kolynos.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WHK, CFRB, WGR, WJAS, WJSV, WKRC, WNAC, CKLW, WBBM.

7:30 EST—Easy Aces—Jane and Goodman Ace. (American Home Products.)
WEAF, WTAG, WCSH, KYW, WRC, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, WOW, WGY, WTAM, KSD.

7:30 EST (¼)—"Red" Davis. (Beech Nut.)
WJZ, WBAL, WBZA, WSYR, WLW, WTAR, WSOC, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WFLA, WMAL, WBZ, WHAM, KDKA, WPTF, WIS, WIOD, WSB, WENR, KSO, KWK, WEBC, WMC, WSMB, KTBS, WREN, KOIL, WIBA, WFAA, WKBF, WOAI, KPRC, WSM, WJDX, WKY, WAVE, WMT.

7:30 EST (¼)—Silver Dust Presents "The O'Neills," Dramatic Sketch with Kate McComb, Jack Rubin, Jane West, Aee McAlister and Jimmy Tansey. (Gold Dust Corp.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WGR, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WHP, WHEC, WMAS, WWVA, WORC.

7:45 EST (¼)—Dangerous Paradise with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (Woodbury's.)
WJZ, WLW, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WENR, WKY, KTBS, KWK, KSO, KOIL, WREN, WSM, WSB, WSMB, WFAA, WMT.

7:45 EST (¼)—"Uncle Ezra's Radio Station E-Z-R-A." (Dr. Miles Laboratories.)
WEAF, WJAR, WTAG, WEEI, WBEN, WCAE, WRC, WCSH, WGY, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, KYW, WDAF, WOW, WHIO.

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter, commentator on the news. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.)
WABC, WCAO, KMBC, WNAC, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WKRC, WJSV, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WBT, WGR, WBBM, WHAS, KMOX, KRLD, KOMA, WCCO.

8:00 EST (½)—Jan Garber's orchestra with Dorothy Page. (Northwestern Yeast Company.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WHAM, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WJR, WLS, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KWK, WKBF, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WMT.

8:00 EST (½)—Richard Himber's orchestra with Joey Nash, vocalist. (Studebaker Motor Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, KSD, WHO, WOW, WMAQ, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WDAF, KYW, WBAP.

8:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill. (Wasey Products.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, CKLW, WEAN, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WGR, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WSPD, KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, WFBM, WHAS.

8:30 EST (½)—Firestone Concert; Gladys Swarthout, Richard Crooks and Nelson Eddie alternating artists; Wm. Daly's orchestra. (Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WRVA, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WCAE, CRCT, CFCF, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSOC, WTAR, WKBF, WMAQ, WHO, KPRC, KSD, WEBC, WTMJ, WIBA, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, KVOO, WKY, KTBS, WOAI, KYW, WDAF, WDAY, KSTP, WOW, WHIO.

8:30 EST (½)—Carefree Carnival—Meredith Willson's Orchestra; Senator Fishface, comedian; Rita Lane, soprano; Marshall Maverick's hill-billy group; Ned Tollinger, master of ceremonies.
WJZ, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, WLS, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WMT, WFIL.

8:30 EST (½)—Kate Smith's Revue with Jack Miller's Orchestra and Three Ambassadors. (Hudson Motor Car Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WBIG, WICC, WNBF, WQAM, WCOA, WDBJ, WHEC, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WBT, WMAS, WBNS, WLBZ, WMBR, WDAE, WFEA, WLAC, WDSU, WMBG, KTUL, WIBX, WORC, WFBM, KMBC, KRLD, WCCO, WBBM, WOWO, WHAS, KTRH, WNOX, KMOX, WBRC, KGKO, WOC, WGST, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WALA, WSFA, KOMA, KTSA, WSBT, WIBW, KFH, KRNT.

9:00 EST (½)—Lucrezia Bori with Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra. (Chesterfield.)
WABC, WCAO, WADC, WBIG, WNBF, WCOA, WBT, WBNS, WCAU, WDAE, WDBJ, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WNAC, WOKO, WORC, WSPD, CKLW, WFEA, WHEC, WHK, WICC, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WIBW, WLBZ, WMAS, WMBG, WPG, WQAM, WHP, WDNC, WIBX, WSJS, WTOC, WMBR, KFH, WNOX, WSFA, WOC, KFAB, WALA, KTUL, KWKH, KGKO, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, KSCJ, KTRH, KTSA, WACO, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WKBH, WLAC, WMBD, WNAX, WOWO, WREC, KLZ, KSL, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KOH, KOIN, KVI, KOL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG, KGMB, KRNT.

(Continued on page 96)

(*Continued from page 93*)

the blind, and that appears but once a week. The supply of books printed in Braille was very small, and confined mostly to classics. I tried having someone read to me, but it made me feel so dependent, so helpless.

One day, with black thoughts running through my mind, I started to finger the dials of my radio. Before I realized it, a deep voice was filling the room:

"Don't feel sorry for yourself," it was saying.

"Oh, sure!" I thought bitterly.

Suddenly I was caught by his next few words: "I had studied the piano as a boy. Later I chose surgery for a career and spent years and years of study for it. Then an automobile accident crushed my hands and fingers, making them forever unfit for either surgery or the piano. . . ."

I sat upright and listened thoughtfully.

"We are a race of spoiled children," he continued. "When we really meet adversity we become panicky. We stampede. We cry for help. Make a mental inventory of just what assets remain, and find out what you can do about them. Above all, don't be a quitter!"

On and on went the strong, vibrant voice. I felt that this man was talking straight to me. Giving me the scolding I needed. My friends and family—everybody—was so sorry for me, they didn't realize that all their coddling and pampering and sympathy was bad for me. This man was talking to me like a rational human being—scolding me for the cry-baby I had become! And I liked it!

I heard the announcer say: "*That was 'The Voice of Experience.' He'll be with you again next Wednesday. . . .*"

I made a mental memorandum of the time. I could hardly wait for Wednesday so that I could hear him again. I'd never had time to listen to him before.

I started to laugh. I had been living in a state of dread of one dreary day after another. Now, for the first time since I had become blind, I was actually looking forward to something!

The radio was still on. Came a broadcast from the Advertising Club luncheon. I found myself listening to the speakers: Alfred E. Smith, Hugh S. Johnson, Gene Tunney . . . I heard the clattering and clicking of the silverware and the bustle of the waiters. My imagination was working at full speed, and I listened to the speeches, transferred from my little den to a seat at a long, white speakers' table in the exclusive clubhouse on Fifth Avenue.

Then there was some music, and to my surprise I really enjoyed it. Later, Lowell Thomas gave a complete, up-to-the-minute résumé of the day's news. Why, that disposed of one of my biggest problems right then and there. *Here* was my newspaper from now on!

I had a fascinating time that day discovering my radio. I was listening to it for the first time. Yes, I say "for the first time," in spite of the fact that we've had a radio in the house for years. Before this, though, it was incidental and taken for granted. But now it was part of my life!

That night, before I went to bed, I thought over all the "dates" I had made during the day. There was my date with

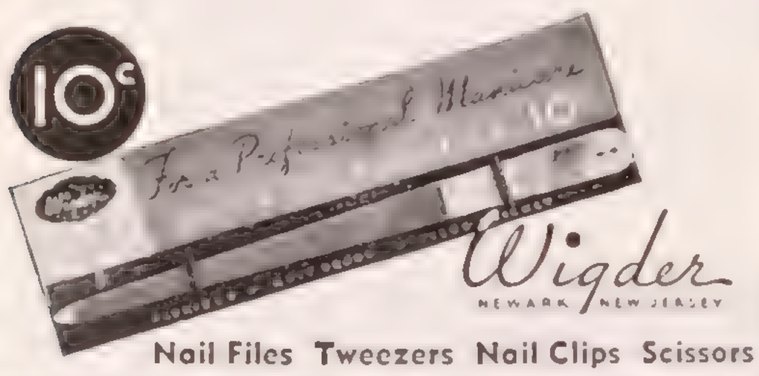
(*Continued on page 97*)







Why spoil an otherwise flawless appearance by nails that show neglect. Brittle nails and delicate "Moons" respond rapidly to regular care. Wigder Manicure Aids—well balanced, keen-edged, scientifically designed instruments, turn an arduous task into a simple, pleasant duty. Wigder Nail Files have the new Improved Cleaner Point. Get a set of Wigder Manicure Aids today—your local 5 and 10¢ store has them.



Nail Files Tweezers Nail Clips Scissors



BLACKHEADS!

NEVER SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS. IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION!

Dissolve Blackheads scientifically with amazing **KLEERPLEX WASH. This wonderful NEW DISCOVERY contains 5 scientific ingredients.** Also reduces Large Pores, stops embarrassing Greasiness, Shine". Clears Muddy, Sallow, Tanned Skin. Has marvelous medicated pore purifying powers. Gets at the cause **QUICKLY! SAFELY! RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES** your skin. Gives you that clean-cut attractive look. **SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT.** No chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed pure **natural product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users—Men and Women.** Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary products. Your skin deserves the best. Get your 2 most supply of Kleerplex Wash **TODAY.** Just send $1.—(plus .10 postage) direct to **KLEERPLEX** (Dept. MR12) 1 W. 34th St., N. Y. C., or pay postman (plus C. O. D. charge). Outside U. S. $1.25 and **no C. O. D.s. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** (Copyright 1934 Kleerplex.)



Blondes
why be blind?

DON'T shut your eyes to the fact that blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

Yet now it's easy to keep blonde hair always lovely. For there is a wonderful shampoo, called Blondex, especially made for blonde hair only, that will bring out all its rich, golden beauty. Helps keep light hair from darkening. Brings back the true golden sparkle to dull, dark, faded and streaked blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Leaves hair soft, fluffy, silky without using any special rinses. Used by millions of blondes.

To get a generous trial package of Blondex just send your name and address with 10¢ to cover cost of mailing to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 06, 27 West 20th St., New York City. Or you can buy Blondex at any good drug or department store.

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 94)

MONDAYS (Continued)

9:00 EST (½)—A & P Gypsies Orchestra, direction Harry Horlick. Frank Parker, tenor.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCAE, WCSH, WWJ, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, KSD, WOW, KYW, WDAF, WHO, WMAQ, WSAI, WKBF.

9:00 EST (½)—Sinclair Greater Minstrels; old time minstrel show.
WJZ, WGAR, WWNC, WSYR, WRVA, WJR, WMAL, WTAR, WLW, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WSB, WSOC, WPTF, WLS, KWK, WREN, KSO, KVOO, KSTP, WEBC, KTHS, WDAY, KPRC, KTBS, KOIL, KFYR, WTMJ, WFAA, WMC, WSMB, WJDX, WOAI, WKY, KOA, WMT, WIBA.

9:30 EST (½)—Music at the Haydn's—musical show with Otto Harbach. Al Goodman's band and guests. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WCAE, WTAM, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WFLA, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WSOC, WBEN, WWJ, WLW, WPTF, WIS, WIOD, WSB, WJDX, WMAQ, WOW, KSTP, WEBC, KYW, WDAY, KFYR, WMC, WSMB, WKY, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WDAF, KSD, WAVE, WIBA, WHO, WTMJ, WSM, KVOO, WFAA, KOA, KTAR, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KFSD, KHQ.

9:30 EST (½)—Block & Sully, with George Givot, comedy; Gertrude Niesen; Lud Gluskin's orchestra. (Ex-Lax Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WPG, WORC, WCAU, WBNS, WBT, WFBL, WJSV, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WICC, WBBM, WOWO, KRLD, WGST, WBRC, WGST, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KFAB, WREC, WCCO, WDSU, KLZ, KSL, KRNT.

9:30 EST (½)—Princess Pat Players. Dramatic sketch.
WJZ, WBAL, WSYR, WJR, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR
8:30 CST—WENR, WCKY, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

10:00 EST (½)—Wayne King's orchestra. (Lady Esther.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WCAU, WEAN, WSPD, WBNS, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KFAB, WCCO, WIBW, WDSU, KRLD, WFBM, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, KFBK, KDB, KWG.

10:00 EST (½)—Contented Program. Lullaby Lady; male quartet; Morgan L. Eastman orchestra. (Carnation Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WSAI, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTAR, CRCT, CFCF, WCSH, WCAE, WFBR, WRC, WTIC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KYW, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WFAA, KOA, KDYL, KFYR, WEBC, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM, WMC, WSB, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:30 EST (½)—Lilac Time with the Night Singer; Baron Sven von Hallberg's Orchestra. (Pinaud.)
WABC, WCAO, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WFBM, WHAS, WJAS, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, KRLD, KLZ, KSL, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, WGR, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KGW, WDSU, WREC, WGST.

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WENR, WSB, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMC, WKY, WBAP, WOAI, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM, WSMB, KTHS, KPRC, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KHQ, KOMO.

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge. (Chew Wrigley's.)
10:00 CST—KFAB, KLRA, WALA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, WGST, WLAC, KTRH, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDSU, WFBM, WHAS, WREC, WSFA, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KFBK, KDB, KOL, KWG, KOIN, KVI.

11:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill humanizes the news. (Wasey Products.)
KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KLZ, KSL.

11:15 EST (¼)—Red Davis.
KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD.

11:15 EST—Jesse Crawford, organist.
WEAF and associated NBC stations.

11:30 EST (½)—Voice of Firestone Concerts.
KOA, KTAR, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KFSD, KFI, KGW, KPO, KHQ, KOMO.
(See also 8:30 P.M. EST.)

11:30 EST (½)—Kate Smith's Revue. (Hudson Motor Car Co.)
KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

TUESDAYS

(May 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas. News.
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WJR, WBAL, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WSYR (CRCT on 6:55), WMAL, WHAM.

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt & Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11.00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill."
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Carlsbad Presents Morton Downey; Ray Sinatras orchestra. Guy Bates Post, narrator.
WJZ, WHAM, WBZ, WBZA, WMAL, KDKA, WJR, WKBF, KSO, WENR, KOIL, WREN, WMT.

7:30 EST (¼)—Easy Aces.
For station see Monday same time.

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter. News.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

8:00 EST (½)—Call for Philip Morris. Also for Philip Duey, baritone; with Leo Reisman's orchestra.
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WCSH, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSOC, WTAR, WCAE, KYW, WHO, WEEI, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, WTIC, WGY, WWJ, WIBA, WDAF, WKBF, WMAQ, KSTP, WOAI, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WAVE, WTMJ, KSD, WOW, WSB, WEBC.
(See also 11:30 P.M. EST.)

8:00 EST (½)—"Lavender & Old Lace." with Frank Munn, tenor; Bernice Claire, soprano, and Gustave Haenschen's orch. (Bayer's Aspirin.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WKRC, WEAN, WJSV, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WHK, WFBL, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WSPD, WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX.

8:00 EST (½)—Eno Crime Clues. Mystery drama. (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WBZ, WBZA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, WLS, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMT, WFIL.

8:30 EST (¼)—Edgar A. Guest, verse; vocal trio; Josef Koestner's orch. (Household Finance Corp.)
WJZ, WBZ, WHAM, WBZA, WCKY, WMAL, WGAR, WBAL, KDKA, WSYR WREN, WENR, KOIL, KWCR, KSO, KWK.

8:30 EST (½)—"Melodiana," with Abe Lyman's orch., Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor. (Phillips Dental Magnesia.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WADC, WJAS, WSPD, WJSV, WGR, WHK, WDRC, WEAN, WHEC, WKRC, CKLW, WCAU, WFBL, CFRB, WBBM, WHAS, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, KMOX, WCCO.

8:30 EST (½)—Lady Esther Serenade and Wayne King's dance music.
WEAF, WCAE, WBEN, WRC, WSAI, WGY, WCSH, WTAM, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WWJ, WTMJ, KSD, WOW, KYW, WHO, WIBA, WJDX, WDAY, WAVE, KTBS, KFYR, WKY, WDAF, WSM, WKBF, WSMB, KPRC, WBAP, WMC, KVOO, KSTP, WMAQ, WOAI, WSB.

9:00 EST (½)—Bing Crosby with the Mills Bros., and Georgie Stoll's orchestra. (Woodbury.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WKRC, WDRC, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WADC, WCAO, WKBW, WHK, WCAU, WEAN, WSPD, WBT, CKLW, KTRH, KTSA, WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KLRA, KMOX, KRLD, WREC, WCCO, WDSU, KTUL, WGST, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KOIN, KFBK, KWG, KVI, KRNT.

9:00 EST (½)—Ben Bernie and his Blue Ribbon orchestra. (Pabst.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WSAI, WTAM, WTIC, WEEI, WCSH, WBEN, WWJ, WFBR, WRC, WCAE, WMAQ, WOW, WTMJ, KYW, WEBC, KSD, KVOO, WSB, WBAP, KPRC, KSTP, WDAY, KFYR, WMC, KTBS, WOAI.
(See also 12:00 Midnight EST.)

9:30 EST (½)—Linit "Hour of Charm" Featuring Phil Spitalny and His Girl Vocal and Orchestral Ensemble. (Corn Products Refining Co.—Linit.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WMAS, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KFAB, WBBM, WCCO, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI

9:30 EST (½)—Ed Wynn, comedy, Eddie Duchin's band; Graham McNamee. (Texas Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WEEI, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WLW, WTAR, WTAM, WRVA, WIS, WTIC, WCSH,

(Continued on page 98)

(*Continued from page 95*)

The Voice of Experience" next Wednesy, and then the Newspaper Woman's ub luncheon next Monday afternoon. nen I was so anxious to find out what d made Molly Goldberg so excited and rried tonight. And, oh, yes, I had left ncy of "Just Plain Bill" when she was a most perplexing fix. I simply had learn if she got out of it tomorrow.

Why, there was so much going on! And t this morning the day had threatened be as dull and long as all the others.

It was the beginning of a new life for . I forgot myself long enough to suffer l cry and laugh with the whole lovable rbour brood of "One Man's Family." "saw" the exciting tennis matches in ich Fred Perry won the championship. heard Alexander Woollcott—just when was afraid I might never be treated to stimulating articles any more.

Every Tuesday night I sit back in a soft ir and thrill to the glorious Palmolive erettas. The night I heard "The Bonian Girl," it was as vivid and colorful actually seeing it on the stage. And didn't need anyone to explain it to me.

Friday night I listened to "The Pause that Refreshes" program, enjoying the vocalists and instrumentalists. And Dick Powell—he's always been my movie favorite. But now I've got him, too. I follow him in "Hollywood Hotel" just as faithfully as when I used to wait for his latest picture to reach the Strand.

This past Fall, I voted for the first time. I would never have been able to vote intelligently if the campaign hadn't been conducted in such a large measure over the air. I talked and argued with friends, and got a genuine thrill of pride when I was complimented on my knowledge of the campaign issues.

So I won my fight to live and think like a normal girl again. I am regaining all of my old friends, and I've added some new ones, too. I can talk and laugh with them, and have shown such a zest for living once more that, thank heavens, my friends don't pity me any longer.

No, for I don't need pity. I've discovered something I was too blind to notice when I could see!

THE END

Radio Bows to Huey Long

(*Continued from page 15*)

se gambling houses and everything."

At the time of his wedding, Huey Long 's a loud-mouthed New Orleans hard —and he was that because he was or, because his brothers and sisters were or. He was bitter because he couldn't d a better job, because his lack of good thes and good manners kept him out places where he might have done someng with himself. He was sore because could do nothing with the reservoirs energy boiling within him.

Marriage condensed all his bitterness o a drive for power. He borrowed four dred and fifty dollars, sent his wife k to Shreveport to live with her parts, and started studying law at Tulane iversity in New Orleans. Nine months r he was admitted to the bar. Nine nths to go through a course that takes normal student three years.

At college he ran for every office—and ry time he ran he was defeated. As a e, his classmates elected him doorper. He took it seriously and conred that one of his early triumphs.

With his lawyer's diploma, he had at something to work with and he ted. Out into the world he went with big voice and his colossal nerve. He k every case that came along with or hout a fee. He spoke at every oppority. He discovered quickly that it was er to fool the man on the street than man on the campus. At last he got an e. He was elected Railroad Commisner.

nd this young squirt whom nobody w or cared to know—propelled by an rwhelming desire to be rich, to have er—would come to New York, regis at a hotel Saturday morning and sumn the owner of a railroad to his room. a conference on a Saturday afternoon n offices were closed when railroad owners liked to be riding their horses or sailing their yachts.

"Tell him Huey Long wants to see him," he would bawl into the telephone. "And if he doesn't come hopping, I'll throw his railroad out of Louisiana."

The railroad owner came. Power was sweet to this man who never had had any —balm for the bitterness of his spirit.

The legislature tried to fire him but the people liked him and he stayed.

Using the radio and his sound trucks he blasted and broadcasted his way to the governorship of the State. The Governor's Mansion was a beautiful old building. But Huey didn't like it. "Too many rats," he said. "Too many clocks." He couldn't sleep. One evening, he called up the State penitentiary and ordered the warden to send him a hundred trusties. Acting on his orders, they took the old building apart in the greatest rat hunt since the Pied Piper. But the building was ruined!

What was the legislature to do? They foamed but they gave him the money for a new mansion with "White House features." Even in those days he was ogling the biggest job in the country. It didn't matter to him how he went ahead—getting ahead was the main thing.

Then he pulled down the State Capitol and got an appropriation of five million dollars to put up a new modern skyscraper in its place.

Say this in his favor—he has kept some of his promises. He said he'd pull the State out of the mud and he did it by building twelve bridges and laying eighty-five hundred miles of good highway. He said he would decrease the number of people in the State unable to read and write and he did, by about ten per cent., in ten years.

Out of all these labors, Huey, 'tis said,

(*Continued on page 99*)

NEW KIND OF
dry rouge
STAYS ON ALL DAY



. . . or all night!

Savage Rouge, as your sense of touch will tell you, is a great deal finer in texture and softer than ordinary rouge. Its particles being so infinitely fine, adhere closely to the skin. In fact, Savage Rouge, for this reason, clings so insistently, it seems to become a part of the skin itself . . . refusing to yield, even to the savage caresses its tempting smoothness and pulse-quickening color so easily invite. Try it. You'll see the difference instantly! Four lovely shades.

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH

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You need not have a single gray hair. To prove it, we'll send you the famous FREE Test Outfit that we have sent to 3,000,000 women. You can try it on a small lock snipped from your hair. Gray disappears and color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. No "artificial" look. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Clear, water-white liquid does it. Entirely SAFE. Hair stays soft—waves or curls easily. Mary T. Goldman's is obtainable at drug and department stores everywhere.

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SO TIRED, SO BLUE

Till This ALL-VEGETABLE *Laxative Solved Her Constipation*

SHE was so tired—depressed—always having colds and headaches. And she had tried so many things she almost despaired of getting relief. Then she discovered the real answer. A laxative that gave thorough, natural cleansing, not mere *partial* bowel action.

Can there be such a difference in laxatives? Stop and *think* for a minute. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contains only natural plant and vegetable laxatives, properly balanced. No phenol derivatives. Ask any doctor the difference. You'll be surprised at the wonderful feeling that follows the use of NR. You're so refreshed—toned up—so pleasantly alive. You'll want to give NR's a fair trial immediately. They are so kind to your system—so quickly effective for relieving headaches, colds, biliousness, chronic fatigue or bad skin. They're non-habit forming—another proof that nature's way is best. The economical 25 dose box, only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR.** *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 148HY St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT GET A 25¢ BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

CORNS

CALLOUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES



QUICK, SURE RELIEF

Pain stops the instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing pads end the cause—shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters and make new or tight shoes easy on the feet. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box, and in a few days your corns or callouses will lift right off! Try them! Sold everywhere.

NOW 2 KINDS

STANDARD WHITE	New DE LUXE *flesh*
now . . . . 25¢	*color* . . . 35¢

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 96)

TUESDAYS (Continued)

WBEN, WWJ, WPTF, WSOC, WFBR, WRC, WCAE, WWNC, WAVE, WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, KYW, WMC, WSM, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WSB, WSMB, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WJDX, KVOO, KTHS, WOAI, KPRC, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KTAR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, WHIO.

10:00 EST (½)—Camel Caravan. Annette Hanshaw, Walter O'Keefe, Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra. (Camel Cigarettes-Reynolds Tobacco Co.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WDRC, WDNC, WIBX, WEAN, WJSV, WDBO, WLBZ, WBNS, WHP, WDBJ, WMAS, WKBN, WADC, WCAO, WKBW, WCAU, WFBL, WMBR, WDAE, WICC, WFEA, WHEC, WSJS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WQAM, WPG, WBT, WBIG, WMBG, WTOC, WORC, KGKO, WHAS, WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KTRH, KOMA, KTSA, WIBW, WACO, KRLD, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, WMBD, KSCJ, KTUL, KFH, WNAX, WALA, KWKH, KVOR, KSL, KLZ, KERN, KMJ, KOIN, KOH, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KRNT.

10:00 EST (1)—Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; John Barclay and others. Al Goodman's orchestra.
WEAF, WEEI, WRC, WBEN, WTIC, WLW, WWNC, WIOD, CRCT, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WCAE, WRVA, WIS, WFLA, CFCF, WCSH, WFBR, WWJ, WTAM, WPTF, WJAX, WSOC, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, KVOO, WAPI, KFYR, WDAF, WMC, WKBF, WAVE, KTBS, KPRC, WBAP, KSTP, WOW, WTMJ, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, WOAI, WSB, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KTAR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHO, KFSD.

10:30 EST (¼)—Captain Dobbsies' Ship of Joy. (Stewart-Warner Corp.)
WABC, WBT, WCAO, WGR, CKLW, WBNS, WCAU, WDRC, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKRC, WMBG, WNAC, WOKO **9:30 CST**—KFAB, KLRA, KMOX, KRLD, WFBM, WCCO, KTSA, KTUL, WBBM, WBRC, WDSU, WGST, WHAS, WLAC, WOC, WMBR, WNAX, WREC. **8:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **7:30 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI, KTRH, WFBL, KRNT, WQAM.

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt & Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:30 EST (½)—Leo Reisman's orch. with Phil Duey. (Phillip Morris.)
KOA, KTAR, KGHL, KGIR, KDYL, KFSD, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ. (See also 8:00 P.M. EST.)

12:00 Midnight EST (½)—Buoyant Ben Bernie and his orch. (Pabst.)
KOA, KPO, KFI, KOMO, KHQ, KGW.

WEDNESDAYS

(May 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Mondays.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill."
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—"Red Davis."
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Silver Dust Presents "The O'Neills," with Kate McComb, Jack Rubin, Jane West and Aee McAlister, and Jimmy Tansey. (Gold Dust Corp.)
For stations see Tuesday same time.

7:30 EST (¼)—Easy Aces.
For stations see Monday same time.

7:45 EST (¼)—"Uncle Ezra's Radio Station "E-Z-R-A."
For stations see Monday same time.

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter. (Philco Radio Corporation.)
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Dramatic sketch starring Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (John H. Woodbury, Inc.)
For stations see Monday same time.

8:00 EST (½)—One Man's Family.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, KYW, WFBR, WDAF, WTMJ, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, KSD, WOW, WHO, WCKY, CFCF, WWNC, WMAQ, WIBA, WEBC, WKY, WDAY, KFYR, WPTF, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, KVOO, KTBS, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTAR, KFI, CRCT, WIS, WRVA, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WSB, KPRC, WJAX, KSTP, WFAA, WCSH, WKBF, WHIO.

8:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

8:30 EST (½)—Broadway Varieties. Everett Marshall, baritone and master of ceremonies; Victor Arden's orche... Guest stars. (Bi-So-Dol.)
WABC, WCAO, CKLW, WJSV, W... WOKO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, W... WNAC, WGR, WCAU, WBT, W... WHK, WJAS, WBBM, WFBM, WO... KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KERN, K... WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, W... KLZ, KSL, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, K... KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, K... KVI.

8:30 EST (¾)—Lady Esther Serer... Wayne King and his orchestra.
For list of stations see Tuesday s... time.

9:00 EST (½)—Lily Pons with Andre ... telanetz's orchestra. (Chesterfield.)
(For stations see Monday same ti...

9:00 EST (1)—Town Hall Tonight. ... Allen, comedian and Portland H... Songsmith Quartet; Lennie Hayton's ... chestra and others. (Bristol-Myers ...
WEAF, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, W... WJAX, WRVA, WLW, WCAE, W... WGY, WWJ, WIOD, WPTF, W... WFBR, WBEN, WIS, WTIC, W... WMAQ, WOW, WSB, KYW, WHO, ... (WFAA off 9:45), KSD, WTMJ, ... KVOO, WEBC, WDAF, WSMB, K... WOAI, KTBS, WMC, WKY.
(See also 12:00 midnight EST.)

9:00 EST (½)—Warden E. Lawes in 2... Years in Sing Sing. Dramatic skete... Thomas Belviso, orchestra dire... (William R. Warner Co.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WJR, W... WCKY, WBZ, WSYR, WHAM, K... WGAR, WKBF, KSO, KWK, W... KOIL, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, K... KOMO, KHQ, WLS, WMT.

9:30 EST (½)—Burns and Allen, co... dians, Bobby Dolan's orchestra. (Gen... Cigar Co.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WJSV, W... WDAE, WNAC, CKLW, WORC, W... WDRC, WEAN, WKBW, W... WBIG, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, W... WSPD, WBT, KMBC, KFAB, K... WFBM, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, K... KRLD, KTRH, KTSA, WDSU, KLZ, ... KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, K... KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KOL, KWG, ... KRNT, WHEC.

10:00 EST (½)—Pleasure Island with ... Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. ... cardo Cortez, narrator. (Plough, Inc...
WEAF, WTIC, WGY, WRVA, W... WTAM, WPTF, WJAX, WTAG, W... WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WWNC, W... WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, W... WIS, WFLA, WMAQ, WTMJ, K... WHO, WAPI, KSD, WOW, W... WKBF, WSM, WMC, WSB, W... WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTHS, W... KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WIBA, K... (WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, off 10:15).

10:00 EST (½)—Jack Pearl as Peter Pfei... in the Family Hotel with Patti Cha... and Freddie Rich's Orchestra. (Fri... aire Corp.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WK... WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, W... WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, W... WNBF, WSMK, WMBR, WQAM, W... WDAE, WICC, WBT, WBNS, W... WHEC, WMAS, WIBX, WNAX, WB... WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KM... WOC, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KR... KTRH, WNOX, KGKO, KTUL, WI... KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WA... WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, KT... WTOC, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, K... KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KOIN, KF... KGB, KFRC, KOL, KDB, KFPY, K... KVI, KHP, WMBG, WSJS, WORC, W... KGMB.

10:30 EST (½)—Coty Presents Ray No... and his orchestra.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJ... WCSH, WRC, WFBR, WGY, WB... WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, K... WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WSM, W... WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WA... KOA, KDYL, WHIO, WKY, KTHS, KT... KPRC, WOAI, KPO, KFI, KGW, KO... KHQ.

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt & Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See a... 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See a... 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill. (Wa... Products.)
(For stations see Monday same tim...

11:15 EST (¼)—Red Davis.
(For stations see Monday same tim...

11:30 EST (¼)—"Voice of Experienc... (Wasey Products.)
KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KO... KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFI... KWG, KVI.

12:00 Midnight EST (1)—Town Hall T... night with Fred Allen and cast.
KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOM... KHQ.

THURSDAYS

(May 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.

(Continued on page 100)

(*Continued from page 97*)

s pocketed a fortune. He is alleged to ve received money from the banks, from ntractors, from all the business men, and little, who profited by his enterses. Twenty-five of his relatives hold jobs—and each of them has a hundred nds securely placed. He denies all this ut how else can we account for his e spending and his palatial residence New Orleans? We can't. No one can. t even the Government which pinned vn and sent to jail so wily an operator Al Capone. Not yet, at any rate.

Recently, three hundred clothing models ked Huey as their ideal man—"because his nice curly hair!" He's a hero to a of people, but no one loves him. Some e him. Some admire him. But few give the honest friendship which makes worth living. The country is divided ong those who fear him, those who er at him and those who follow him ause of what they hope to get out of f ever he is successful.

No man has more enemies. He never vels without at least two bodyguards. ig-uglies with brass-knucks and autotics. In Louisiana, he locks himself up a hotel and no one, unless he or she is ched for 100 per cent., can get near h. When he goes to the State Capitol, rds ride in his bullet-proof limousine l in cars before and behind. At Baton uge, he always has a detachment of the itia handy.

He has quit drinking hard liquor bese when he gets drunk, he goes wild. talks too much, gets into fights. He o is very careful about his social contts, especially the female ones and more ecially the gaudy blondes. Like Wincll, he is more afraid of being framed n of being shot at. Uneasy lies the d that wears a crown—even if it is oy that of a kingfish!

Two members of his State legislature, h of them over sixty, challenged Huey ng to duels. He refused to fight. "Don't a body but old men want to fight me?" wailed. A few days later a New Orns reporter punched him in the jaw. ey's guards seized the reporter and le they held him Huey socked the rter. Brave guy, Huey! In a Long nd bath club, someone blacked the ator's beautiful right eye. He reported a "gang of men" had jumped on him. members of the club and practically whole country laughed because the ng" turned out to be one, small, skinny n, shorter and lighter than Huey.

o physical courage, maybe—but he has of the other kind. Examine him, se. His awkward body, his homely z, his ditch English. No one has been re sneered at, more investigated, more rred by mud and epithet. Yet he has e right along. Today he is higher than ever was and the political wiseacres saying that Senator Long is the one at to Mr. Roosevelt's re-election. It k courage for him to keep going.

ight now he is digging in for the bigt offensive of his career—the drive to White House. He is building a powerf radio station at Louisiana State Univsity—his university, his station. The badcasts from that station will reach a but the remotest corners of the land. Erenched behind the microphone, Huey will Big-Bertha the nation with his speeches. He will be his own announcer. He will kill the first five minutes of his talk to tell you frankly: "I am not going to say anything, I am just going to talk along for a while so why don't you call up five friends and tell them to listen in on Huey Long."

Just before he went on the air recently, to reply to Gen. Johnson, he said: "There will be thirty-five million people listening to me tonight. Give me fifteen more minutes and I'll have the world listening."

He has never spoken more than an hour at a time over the Radio. Absolutely tireless and possessing a station of his own—or practically his own—he would be able to go on every day and speak for two hours, three hours, four hours. But he won't do it. He is too good a showman to bore his listeners.

The newspapers of the country are almost solidly against him but he snaps his fingers at them—as long as he has the air in which to fight back. The Federal Communications Commission, which has the say in these air matters, might stop him as they have stopped others. But the Commissioners don't dare. With Huey down on them, their jobs wouldn't be worth a thin dime. The radical Senators, who see eye to eye with Huey on some things, do not like the way Radio is being conducted in any case and would like nothing better than a good, full grown pretext for cracking down on the Commission. The broadcasters—the networks—realize his power and any time he asks a favor they trip over themselves in their eagerness to help.

Any time the old cockalorum gets ready to crow, he can do so. He has his own private station and all the other stations in the land.

As to the Share-the-Wealth Plan, over which there is all the cockadoodledoo—that, between you and me, is a gag. It's a slogan, designed like all slogans for the express purpose of bringing in the customers. Like *"Eventually, Why Not Now?"* or *"Bring Back the Kaiser"* or *"Pike's Peak or Bust,"* and all the others. Huey's plan simply can't work and you can prove it yourself.

Senator Long adds up the wealth of the land and says such and such is the total. Then he says he will divide this among all the people so that every grown person in the land will get five thousand dollars in cash. So far, so good. But—a big BUT—the wealth which he is dividing is only about forty per cent. cash. The remainder of this wealth is factories, apartment-houses, real estate, machinery, etc. Tell us, Mr. Long, how do you propose to slice up a factory? In how many pieces can you cut a stream-lined locomotive?

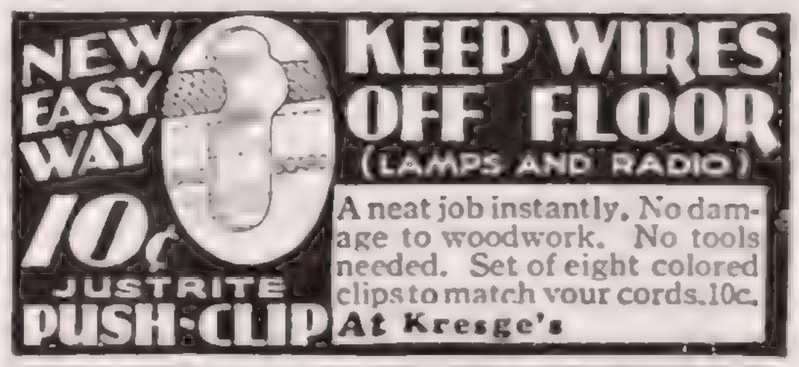
That rotten spot in the apple of happiness which he is offering the American people, Huey knows all about. He is too smart not to know it. But it is a good way to fool the dopes and the dunderheads, and all the other people who don't stop to figure things out. It's an old trick of dictators and kingfish—the trick that was used by Mussolini and Hitler and Mustapha Kemal.

Born in poverty and fighting enemies all his life, Huey Long has, however, an honest hatred of the excessively rich the

(*Continued on page 101*)









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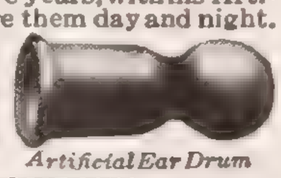
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Good Housekeeping Bureau

Hydrosal for Common Skin Outbreaks

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 98)

THURSDAYS (Continued)
(For stations see Monday same time.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Beauty Program, Margaret Brainard. (William Wrigley, Jr., Co.)
WABC, WCAO, WKBW, WAAB, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill."
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Floyd Gibbons. (Johns-Manville Corp.)
WJZ—basic blue.
Repeat show at 1:15 Mt. Orange

7:20 EST (½)—The Molle Merry Minstrels. Al Bernard and Emil Casper, end men; Mario Cozzi, baritone; Wallace Butterworth, interlocutor; the Melodeers Quartet and Milton Rettenberg and the Molle orchestra.
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WTIC, WBEN, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, WDAF, KYW, (KSD, off 7:45), WOW.

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (1)—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. (Fleischmann's Yeast.)
WEAF, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WJAX, WWNC, WIS, WPTF, WIOD, WFLA, WRVA, CRCT, WTIC, WTAG, WBEN, WJAR, WGY, WTAM, CFCF, WLW WEEI, WFBR, WWJ, WMAQ, KPRC, WKY, KSD, WBAP, WAPI, KYW, WTMJ, KSTP, WDAF, WJDX, WSMB, WSB, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WOAI, KFYR, WHO, WOW, WMC, KDYL, KOA, KTAR, KFI, KPO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ

8:30 EST (½)—Red Trails—dramatic story of Royal Northwest Mounted Police; Full Military Band direction Graham Harris.
WJZ, WMAL, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WJR, WLS, WFIL, WMT, WCKY

9:00 EST (½)—Camel Caravan with Annette Hanshaw, Walter O'Keefe; Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra. (Camel Cigarettes.)
(For stations see Tuesday same time.)

9:00 EST (1)—Maxwell House Show Boat. Frank McIntyre, Lanny Ross, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Kathleen Wells, contralto; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n 'January, comedy; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band.
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WSOC, WTAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WRVA, WIOD, (WLW on 9:30), WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WFLA, WMAQ, WKBF, KSD, WHO, KYW, KFYR, (WEBC on 9:15) WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WJDX, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, WBAP, KTBS, WKY, KPRC,, WOAI, WSM, WAVE, WKBF, KSTP, KTAR, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, WTIC, WHIO.

9:00 EST (½)—Death Valley Days. Dramatic sketches. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WJR, WLW, WSYR, KDKA, WBAL, WHAM, WGAR, WMAL, WLS, KOIL, WREN, KWK, KSO, WMT.

9:30 EST (1)—Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians with guest stars. (Ford Motor Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WICC, WCOA, WNBF, WMAS, WCAO, WSMK, WIBX, CKCL, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WLBZ, WBT, WHP, WHEC, WORC, WDRC, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WBNS, WBIG, WFEA, WDBJ, WTOC, WSJS, WKBN, WDNC, WBBM, WOC, KWKH, WOWO, KMOX, WMBR, WNOX, KGKO, WSBT, WQAM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WBRC, WDOD, WDSU, KOMA, KTSA, WACO, KFH, WALA, WGST, KRLD, KTRH, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KSCJ, KTUL, KVOR, KLZ, KSL, KOH, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KOIN, WKBH, WMBD, WNAX, WIBW, CRCM.

10:00 EST (1)—Paul Whiteman and his band; Helen Jepson, soprano; Ramona; the King's Men, and others. (Kraft.)
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WPTF, WJAX, WEEI, WCSH, WTIC, WFLA, WIS, CRCT, WRC, WCAE, WLW, WIOD, WJAR, WGY, WTAM, WRVA, CFCF, WWNC, WMAQ, KVOO, WMC, KYW, WHO, WOW, WSMB, WBAP, WKY, KTBS, WOAI, WIBA, WEBC, KSD, KPRC, WTMJ, KSTP, WDAF, WSM, WDAY, KFYR, KTHS, WSB, WAVE, WJDX, KOA, KTAR, KDYL, KOMO, KPO, KFI, KGW, KHQ.

10:30 EST (¼)—Captain Dobbsies' Ship of Joy. (Stewart-Warner Corp.)
(See Tuesday same time for stations.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday same time.)

11:30 EST (½)—The Camel Caravan, Annette Hanshaw, Walter O'Keefe; Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; (R Reynolds Tobacco Co.—Camel C ettes.)
KVOR, KLZ, KOH, KSL, KERN, K KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, K KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI

FRIDAYS
(May 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st)

6:45 EST (¼)—Wrigley Beauty Prog
For stations see Thursday same ti

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill."
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Red Davis.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Silver Dust Presents O'Neills." (Gold Dust Corp.)
(See same time Wednesday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Uncle Ezra's Radio Sta
(For stations see Monday same ti

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Dangerous Paradise.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (1)—Cities Service Con Jessica Dragonette, soprano; quarte Frank Banta and Milton Rettenl piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orche
WEAF, WTIC, WSAI, WEEI, WC WWJ, WCSH, WRC, WBEN, WT CRCT, WJAR, WTAM, WRVA, WF (WGY off 8:30), WDAF, WMAQ, W KSTP (WTMJ on 8:30), WFAA, WC KPRC, KTBS, KYW, KSD, WHO, W WEBC, KOA, KDYL, WIOD.

8:00 EST (¼)—Mrs. Franklin D. Ro velt. (Selby Shoe Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WN WGAR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CK WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WC WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WS WJSV, WMBR, WQAM, WDAE, KE KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KF KDB, KOL, KEPY, KWG, KVI, WC WLBZ, WBRC, WBT, KBNS, KR KLZ, KTRH, WNOX, KFAB, KL WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KO WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KT KSCJ, CFRB, KFH, WORC, CR WSMK.

8:00 EST (¼)—Irene Rich. Dram sketch. (Welch Grape Juice.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WB WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WLS, K WREN, KOIL, WSM, WMC, W WAVE, WMT.

8:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EST (½)—Kellogg College Pro Ruth Etting and Red Nichols and orchestra; guest artist.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, KD WBZA, WSYR, WGAR, WCKY, K KWK, WREN, KOIL, WFIL, W (WLS on 8:00) (WENR off 8:00)

9:00 EST (½)—Beatrice Lillie, comedie with Lee Perrins orchestra; Cavali quartet. (Borden Sales Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WR WBZ, WBZA, WJR, WHAM, KD WGAR, WCKY, CFCF, WPTF, WW WIS, WJAX, WTAR, WIOD, WF CRCT, WLS, WFAA, KSO, KW WREN, KOIL, WMC, WSB, WA WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KT KPRC, KOA, KTAR, KDYL, K KFSD, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, W WFIL.

9:00 EST (½)—Waltz Time. Bern Claire, soprano; Frank Munn, tenor; A Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Product
WEAF, WEEI, WTAG, WLW, W WBEN, WWJ, WJAR, WCSH, WFB WGY, WTAM, WCAE, WMAG, K WOW, KYW, WDAF.

9:00 EST (1)—Campbell Soup Compa presents "Hollywood Hotel," with Di Powell, Raymond Paige's orchestra, gu stars.
WABC, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WHE WIBX, WCOA, WHK, WEAN, WFE WFEA, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WDA WDBJ, WDBO, WDRC, WHP, WI WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WL WMAS, WMBG, WNAC, WOKO, WO WPG, WQAM, WSJS, WSPD, CFRB, CKA CKLW, KBBM, KFH, WNOX, KWK WTOC, WSFA, WMBR, WALA, KFA KFH, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOM KRLD, KSCJ, KTRH, KTSA, WAC WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WGS WHAS, WIBW, WLAC, WMBD, WNA WOWO, WREC, KTUL, KLZ, KS KVOR, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KER KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG, KHJ, KO KOIN, KOL, KVI, KRNT.

9:30 EST (½)—Phil Baker, comedian, wi Harry McNaughton, Gabrielle De L blues singer; Estelle Jayne and Le Belasco's orchestra. (Armour.)
WJZ, WBZ, WSYR, WMAL, WBZ.

(Continued on page 104)

(*Continued from page 99*)

ni-millionaires. I think his desire to the average man is sincere—even ugh the scheme he has evolved for sell- himself to America is hooey.

hen he first entered the Senate, he at eside Hattie Caraway, the lady sena- or from Arkansas. He hardly opened is mouth. He was a little scared and a motherly old lady, helped him. She the other day that Senator Long is us a kid with lots of good stuff in him. a chance and the proper direction, an become one of the greatest men of time.

e lady senator has good reason to kind words for Huey. Not long he entered the Senate, Mrs. Cara- ran for re-election to office. When started the odds against her were o one. And then Huey roared into Arkansas with his sound trucks. He d her into office single-handed. When counted the votes, they found that e Huey had spoken, Hattie had tri- ed—where he had not appeared, she va badly defeated.

's a big kid, all right. Remember me the officers of the German cruiser, en, made a formal call on him at his ? They came, gold-braided and cov- with medals. Huey greeted them in r of green silk pajamas. The officers one look, turned on their heels and ed out without a word. It was an in- to the German nation, no less! The ners almost handed Washington an atum.

ally, Huey had to put on a high hat a clothes-pin coat and go down to the and apologize. He charmed the offi- and the crew. If he had stayed much r they would all probably have be- American citizens and turned the er over to the United States Navy! d stuff—yes, but it's the kind of cir- whoopee that has got him talked about. Some say he does it deliberately. That he uses ain'ts and tough words to attract attention. We're paying attention, right enough. We're all listening. He has a tremendous audience. And in 1936, when he runs for office, I predict that he will get what kids usually get who talk too much—a licking. The hair brush will be in the hands of the American people.

The political sharps believe that Huey Long is being taken for a ride by the Republican Party. They want him to run for the presidency so that the race for the White House in 1936 will be between Roosevelt, Long and a Republican—possibly Hoover. It's an old political shennanigan. Long and Roosevelt will divide the Democratic vote and Hoover, the third candidate whoever he is, will become President. Roosevelt will be defeated—but not fatally. Long, however, will be dead—very and extremely dead, politically.

So we ask Mr. Long please to keep his foot out of quicksands and bear-traps.

But Radio being Radio, and we knowing so little about it you never can tell what the powerful appeal of a voice like Huey Long's will bring forth. One time he explained his secret as follows:

"You know how it is when you fry an egg. You have to hunt the wood and build a fire and heat your pan and brown your butter. I let the other folks do that. Then I come along and put the egg in."

That's the recipe. . . . But does it account for everything? Suppose the wood is wet? Suppose the matches are wet? And suppose, Huey, the egg is a bad egg?

You're not a bad egg, yourself, Mr. Long, but—what if the egg named "Share-the-Wealth," that you've dropped in the American political skillet, is bad? And what if the public gets the stench of it? Then what happens to you, Mr. Huey?

We ask you!

THE END

Hell-Bent for Bliss

(*Continued from page 45*)

grandest city in the world when you're p, is the loneliest, most desolate place wo strangers.

r days they lived on doughnuts. For al days they went without food. ay in the morning they got up and the weary round of orchestra bands, gencies, of radio studios. They audi- d at one of the networks. Nothing ened. They auditioned for band rs. But in vain.

ank Wilson, a Cincinnati writer, d in with Eddie. He also was vainly ng for a job. One by one the kids ed their belongings. Eddie's golf s. His traveling bags. Grace's trav- bags. Frank's books and typewriter. on and on went the fruitless search work.

ace was washing the boys' under- their socks—washing her own es. "It was months before I wore d underwear," she told me. "I had on, no kitchen privileges. When I ed to press a dress, I'd hang it up in the bathroom and steam it. Then I'd let the cold water run in the tub." She pressed handkerchiefs by holding them flat against the wall. "The only thing the boys had to have done outside was washing their shirts. As for pressing their suits, they guarded them jealously."

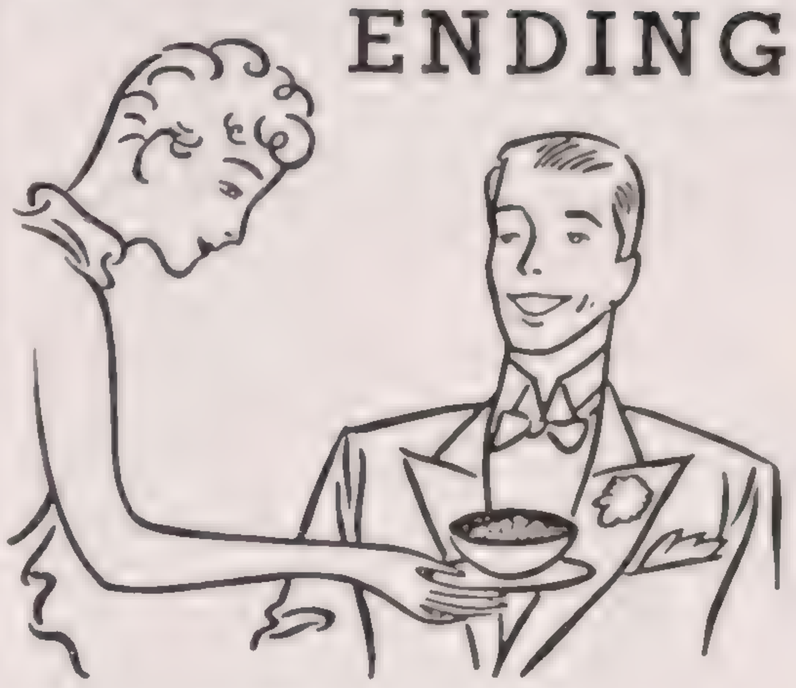
But never once during all that time did Eddie allow Grace's spirits to sag. That was what finally made her realize how fine he was.

There was the time, for example, when they hadn't eaten all day long. Sitting shivering in her fifth-story room, Grace felt pretty blue. She had just written her family, and Eddie had helped her plan what to tell them, to make them think that things were going smoothly. It never would do to let them guess the true state of affairs. And Eddie was sure that they would make good!

But this night Grace was hungry and close to tears. Their joint account showed twenty-five cents to their credit.

(*Continued on page 103*)

HAPPY ENDING



WHEN the tumult and the shouting have died down . . . and the inner man needs replenishing before bedtime . . . then, *right then*, is the time to have a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in milk or cream.

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SINUS

Here Are the Answers

(Continued from page 108)

he's not sure. By the time he was ten, he was busting bronchoes for his father. At fourteen, he ran away with a circus, but found broncs so much more interesting than stake-driving that he quit. On money saved working as a barber in New York City, he beat his way back to his home in Butler, Oklahoma, and started his own shop. While not shearing or shaving, he taught himself how to play the guitar. He went into vaudeville, then into making records at which he made records. Some of his discs sold as high as seven hundred and fifty thousand. His earnings from them for 1927 to 1928 were nearly forty-eight thousand dollars. Thanks for the interview. Good day.

Reporter: Hold on, now. How about the cast of "Dangerous Paradise?"

Answer Man: Well, probably most of the characters will be changed soon after this appears, but here they are: *Gail Brewster,* Elsie Hitz; *Dan Gentry,* Nick Dawson; *Daisy,* Helen Choat McGuire; *Malcolm Burleigh,* Frank Readick; *(anh. anh, anh! He's "The Shadow," too);* *Aida,* Dorothy Hall; *Professor Snead,* Julian Noa; *Sonia,* Agnes Moorehead; *Toy Lung,* Allan Devitt, and Carl Bixby, author. Good day.

Reporter: Certainly is. As long as you're casting about, how about the members of the Cavaliers' Quartet?

Answer Man: John Keating, first tenor; Morton Bowe, second tenor; John Segal, baritone; Stanley McClelland, bass; Lee "Buddy" Montgomery, pianist-arranger. Well, thanks, Mr. Reporter, and so long.

Reporter: Right you are. Everyone wants to know about this heckler, Sam Schlepperman, on Jack Benny's program. I won't go until you've told me something.

Answer Man: Boy, did I laugh! I mean, his real name, as he's been known in vaudeville and musical comedy, is Sam Hearn. But it seems there is a lawyer in New York named Samuel Schlepperman and he started a lot of legal *fiddle-de-dees* to stop Hearn from using his name on the air. Subjected him to ridicule, he said. Well, the matter was patched up, and now Lawyer Schlepperman and the comedian who plays under that name on the Benny program are friends. Thank you for the interview. God speed you, Repo r

Reporter: I'm in no hurry. I ne a few more priceless pearls of wisdom that handsome head of yours, such as happened to John Fogarty, the tenor.

Answer Man: You certainly can des me in a nutshell. Fogarty, right no out singing in vaudeville.

Reporter: Thanks. Can you spare to tell me the cast of the "Club Roma programs?

Answer Man: Certainly. *Ted,* Wever; *Zita,* Lee Patrick; *speaking of Lois Bennett,* Adele Ronson; *spe part of Conrad Thibault,* Conrad Thi

Reporter: How delightfully spe How about some information on the ial Negro blues organist, Fats Waller

Answer Man: Right-ho, reporter. —May 21st, 1904, New York City. cated at De Witt Clinton High Sc N. Y. C. Played organ and sang in of Abyssinian Baptist Church in Ha where his father preached. Went vaudeville, then into musical comedies. of which was backed by the famous g ler, Arnold Rothstein, who was sh death in a New York hotel. Made his work début March, 1933. Has wr "Willow Tree," "Keep Shufflin'" "Chocolate Bar," as well as the lyric the musical comedy, "Hot Chocola Height five feet eleven. Weight— two hundred pounds. Dark skin and eyes. Married and has boy of twelve. may go now.

Reporter: I will, if you'll clear up more thing for readers. Has Lanny any brothers and sisters, and is his f really separated from his mother?

Answer Man: He has one bro Winston, who is younger than he, ar present is living with him in New Y His mother and father are separated only by three thousand miles, not by m tal discord. The father, you see, whom Winston has been living unti cently, is in England, acting in Sh spearian repertory groups. The m lives in New York.

Reporter: Thank you. And may I that it was a pleasure interviewing a with such a keen intellect as yours?

THE END

MAY BIRTHDAY'S

Last month we listed a few radio friends who were celebrating birthd Here are some more birthday boys and girls. Address these artist 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

May 5th
Freeman F. Gosden (Amos)

May 12th
John Barclay

May 19th
Barbara Maurel

May 22nd
H. Ward Wilson

May 24th
Arthur Bagley

May 24th
Roxanne Wallace

May 28th
Al Jolson

May 30th
Whispering Jack Smith

May 30th
Ben Bernie

May 31st
Frances Alda

(*Continued from page 101*)

"I'm not hungry," Eddie lied manfully. "I think I'll go out for a few minutes."

Grace could hear him singing loudly as he walked down the steps. And resentment burned in her heart. Here she was starving, and Eddie walked out on her, singing and laughing! She threw herself on her bed, and began to cry.

About fifteen minutes later there was a knock on the door. Eddie came in, still grinning, with the biggest silver soup tureen Grace ever had seen, full of steaming minestrone, and a whole loaf of Italian bread alongside it on the platter.

He had known that without money he couldn't get food in the restaurant downstairs. But the cook, an Italian, might be easy to handle. . . . All the way down the steps Eddie had sung Italian arias. It worked! When he reached the kitchen, there stood the cook, eyes a-sparkle, humming gaily. Together they sang arias. Like most Italians, the cook was fond of good music.

Then, when the proper spirit of camaraderie had been created, Eddie said: "I came down for a little soup."

That night they feasted.

And then Eddie began to realize what a good sport Grace was.

"One day," he told me, "after a particularly weary round of useless auditions, I pawned my frat pin. It was almost the last thing to go. Even the ring Grace's mother had given her as a little girl went before it. I got eight dollars for the pin."

That night they went out to a little French restaurant, to celebrate. Eddie ordered dinner. The onion soup was a little slow in coming, so he said: "Since we're celebrating already, how about a little wine?"

"Well, if it isn't too expensive," Grace said. "Remember, we've got to make this eight dollars do for food for at least two weeks." Grace was the budget lady.

A half bottle of wine was fifty cents; a whole one, a dollar. "We'll have a bottle," Eddie said firmly.

The wine tasted like nectar. They finished it. Still the soup didn't come. "How about a cocktail all around?" Eddie suggested.

Frank smiled assent.

"Really, boys," Grace demurred, "we'd better not."

"Oh, that's all right," Eddie said. "I'm sure I'll have a job tomorrow. Why, I can't miss always, Gracie. Everything will be O. K." To the waiter: "Bring on the Martinis."

"Well, we kept it up," Eddie told me. And Grace, being a good sport, joined us. When we walked out of that restaurant, we had forty cents left of the eight dollars! Not once did Grace comment on how silly it was to drink our money away. The next day she cheerfully went back to our semi-starvation. Never once did she say, when she was hungry: 'I told you so.' Who wouldn't fall for a girl like that?"

Finally Lady Luck smiled upon them. Miss Jessie Ball of the program department of a national network, agreed to give them an audition.

"We had prepared just two numbers as a duet," they told me. *Petting in the Park* and *Together We Two*. We sang them both for Miss Ball."

"That's fine," she said. "Of course you know more?"

"Thousands," Eddie lied cheerfully, while they quaked for fear she might ask for another.

As a result, they landed on The Morning Parade, where they were on about once every two weeks. For each broadcast they got ten dollars apiece.

That was a wedge, but a pretty slim one. For three months they kept on with this occasional work. Finally the three held a council of war. They just couldn't get along on ten dollars every few weeks!

"There are so many singing duets, we ought to do something different," Grace said.

Romance was already in the air, I believe. For they conceived a series of experiences in the lives of a young honeymooning couple. They sat and discussed the idea, as they do now with each skit. Eddie wrote the first sketch. Through Miss Ball they got an audition before the Audition Board. That was on a Friday. On Monday morning they started on a four-a-week series over the network.

That was in May, 1934. Since then they've been going strong. And their romance is blossoming.

"It's funny," Eddie told me, "how Grace and I agree about everything. She is a sensational girl. She laughs at whatever I say: she's interested in everything I'm interested in, from honky-tonk saloons to prize fights, from sculpture to opera. And can she cook! Better than my mother. But don't you dare say that. I eat dinner there several times a week."

Eddie and Frank Wilson live in Greenwich Village. Grace, her sister (a student), and another girl have a little apartment on Seventy-first Street.

Ask Grace when she and Eddie will be married, and she blushes prettily and says: "We're too busy to think of that."

Ask Eddie when he proposed to Grace, and when "Mr. and Mrs." will be their name, and he'll grin and say: "Who ever said I proposed? I just said I love Grace and she's the grandest girl in the world."

And Grace blushes some more. So you can form your own conclusions.

THE END

It soon will be the time of year to feature egg and salad dishes. Some of Annette Hanshaw's favorites along these lines are featured in July RADIO STARS COOKING SCHOOL. Also included is a recipe for a delicious chocolate sponge cake. Don't miss this fascinating and helpful department next month.

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Programs for Children

9:00 EST (1)—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's.
(Sundays only)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WGR, CKLW, WFBM, KMBC, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, KTRH, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, WCOA, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KWKH, KSCJ, WMAS, WIBX, WWVA, KFH, WSPD, WORC, WNAX, WKBN, WDNC, WNOX, WACO, WHP, WDOD, WIBW, KTSA, KGKO, WTOV, WHAS, KOMA.

9:00 EST (1)—Coast to Coast on a Bus of the White Rabbit Line. Milton J. Cross conducting.
(Sundays only)
WJZ and associated stations.

9:30 EST (¼)—Sick-a-Bed Children's Program with Janet Van Loon.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WEAF and network.

11:00 EST (1)—Horn and Hardart's Children's Hour. Juvenile Variety Program.
(Sunday only.)
WABC only.

11:00 EST (¼)—Junior Radio Journal—Bill Slater.
(Saturday only.)
WEAF and network.

2:30 EST (½)—Mickey of the Circus.
(Saturday only.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WHK, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WSPD, WJSV, WDBO, WDAE, KHJ, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WICC WBT, WBIG, WDSU, WCOA, WHEC, WIBX, WKRC, WTOC, WDNC, KSL, WBNS, WMBR, WHP, WOC, WVOR, KTSA, WSBT, WDOD, KOH, WBRC, CKAC, KGKO, WACO, WNOX, WHAS, KOMA, WFBL, WDBJ, KMBC, KLZ, KRLD, WFAE, WALA, KMOX, KTRH, KERN, KFPY.

4:00 EST (½)—Our Barn—The Greatest Show on Earth; children's program.
(Saturday.)
WEAF and network.

5:30 EST (¼)—The Singing Lady—nursery jingles, songs and stories.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WJZ, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, CRCT, CFCF, WFIL, WMAL, WSYR.

5:30 EST (¼)—Jack Armstrong, All American Boy.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WHEC, WMAS. 6:30—WBBM, KMOX, WCCO.

5:45 EST (¼)—The Ivory Stamp Club with Capt. Tim Healy—Stamp and Adventure Talks.
(Monday, Wednesday, Friday.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC.

5:45 EST (¼)—Little Orphan Annie—childhood playlet.
(Monday to Friday inclusive.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, WBAL, WGAR, WRVA, WIOD, WJAX, WHAM, WJR, WCKY, WMAL, WFLA, CRCT, CFCF. 6:45—KWK, KOIL, WKBF, KSTP, WEBC, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WAVE, WSMB, WBAP.

5:45 EST (¼)—Nursery Rhymes—Milton J. Cross and Lewis James—children's program.
(Tuesday.)
WEAF and network.

5:45 EST (¼)—Dick Tracy—dramatic sketch.
(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WKBW, WBBM, WHAS, WOWO, WJSV, WHK, KMOX, WKRC, WFBL, WADC, WAAB, WCAU.

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers in the 25th Century.
(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WBNS, WHEC.

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim.
(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.)
WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WGR, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WHEC, WMAS WLBZ.

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 100)

FRIDAYS (Continued)
WWNC, WBAL, WHAM, WJR, WJAX, KDKA, WGAR, WRVA, WIOD, WFLA, WENR, KPRC, WOAI, WKY, WTMJ, KWK, WEBC, WMC, KSO, WAVE, WAPI, WFAA, WREN, KOIL, KSTP, WSM, WSB, WSMB, KTAR, KOA, KDYL, KFI, KPO, KOMO, KGW, KHQ, WBAL, WMT.

10:00 EST (½)—First Nighter. Drama with June Meredith, Don Ameche and Cliff Soubier. (Campana.)
WEAF, WEEI, WGY, WLW, WWNC, WJAX, WFLA, WIOD, WTAM, WTAG, WRC, WTIC, WJAR, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WCSH, WCAE, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, KVOO, WMC, WOW, WDAF, WKY, KPRC, WEBC, WSM, WSB, WSMB, WFAA, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KSTP.

10:00 EST (¾)—Circus Nights in Silvertown, featuring Joe Cook, comedian, with B. A. Rolfe and his Silvertown Orchestra; Tim and Irene; Lucy Monroe, soprano; Phil Duey, baritone; Peg La Centra, contralto, and Silvertown Singers. (B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WFIL, WCKY, WENR, WMT, KSO, WREN, KOIL, (WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTAR, WSOC off 10:30.)

10:30 EST (½)—The Pause That Refreshes on the Air—Frank Black and a ninety piece instrumental and vocal ensemble. (Coca Cola).
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WFLA, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WOW, WKBF, CRCT, CFCF, KFYR, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WTAR, WRVA, WBEN, WIOD. **9:30 CST**—KYW, WTMJ, WMC, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WSOC, WAVE, KTHS, KTBS, WMAQ. **8:30 MST**—KDYL, KGIR, KGHL. **7:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR.

10:30 EST (½)—Col. Stoopnagle and Budd.
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WPG, WICC, WBT, WDOD, WDNC, WBIG, WHP, KLRA, WREC, WLAC, WDSU, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KWKH, WMAS, WSJS, WORC, WCHS, WNOX, WBBM, CKLW, KMBC, KHJ, WCCO, KWKH, KSCJ, WMT, WKRC, WBNS, WOC, KVOR, WSBT, KOH, WMBD, KGB, KOL, KVI, KGKO, WACO, WAAB, WHAS, KOMA, KRLD, WSPD.

11:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EST (½)—Red Davis.
KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KOA, KDYL.

11:30 EST (¾)—Circus Nights in Silvertown.
WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, KSTP, KWK.

12:15 EST (½)—Studebaker Champions Richard Himber's Orchestra; Joey Nash violinist.
KOA, KDYL, KTAR, KJAR, KHQ, KP KFI, KEX.

SATURDAYS
(May 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th)

6:45 EST (¼)—Wrigley Beauty Progra
(For stations see Thursday.)

7:00 EST (½)—Soconyland Sketches (S cony-Vacuum Oil Co., Inc.)
WABC, WFBL, WHEC, WOKO, WNA WGR, WDRC, WEAN, WLBZ, WIC WMAS, WORC.

7:30 EST (½)—Outdoor Girl Beauty Para with Victor Ardens Orchestra; Con Gates, contralto; Richard Norton, ba tone. (Crystal Corp.—Cosmetics.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WH CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, CKA CFRB, WBBM.

8:00 EST (1)—Swift Hour. William Ly Phelps, master of ceremonies; mus direction, Sigmund Romberg; Hel Marshall and Byron Warner, solois (Swift and Company.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJA WGY, WBEN, WCSH, WFBR, WR WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMA KYW, KSD, WDAF, WMC, WSB, WAI WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WTMJ, WH WOW, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WK WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KDY KOA, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KH

8:00 EST (¾)—Roxy and His Gan (Fletcher's Castoria.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WSP WEAN, WFBL, WJAS, WJSV, WH WMAS, WGR, WKRC, WNAC, WOK WORC, CFRB, CKAC, CKLW, WBB KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRL KTRH, KTSA, WBRC, WREC, WC WDOD, WDSU, WFMB, WGST, WHA WIBW, WLAC, KLZ, KSL, KFP KFRC, KGB, KERN, KMJ, KFB KDB, KWG, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI

9:00 EST (½)—Richard Bonelli; And Kostelanetz's orchestra and singe (Chesterfield.)
(For stations see Monday same time

10:30 EST (3)—"Let's Dance"—Three Ho Dance Program with Kel Murra Xavier Cugat and Benny Goodman a their orchestras.
WEAF, WRVA, WSOC, WTIC, WTA WEEI, WBEN, WJAR, WCSH, WFB WRC, WGY, WCAE, WWJ, WL WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFL WTAR, WOAI, WMAQ. (WDAF 11:35), KYW, WHO, KSTP, KSD, WO WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFY WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAV KVOO, KTHS, WKY, WFAA, WBA KTBS, KPRC, KOA, KTAR, KDY KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFS



Leaving Hollywood for Chicago, Don Mario, romantic singer on "Penthouse Serenade" (Sundays 3:30-4:00 p.m. EST) bids Edna May Oliver goodbye.

I Cover the Studios

(*Continued from page 27*)

b unless the thousand are put up to be
l:ghed at and ridiculed, the one never
c nes forth.

Sh Is Life—

:n my wanderings around the studios, I ave watched the heartbreaking way in w ch the young and promising often are r ced to nothing. Usually it is through n fault of their own.

For instance, how many of you have w dered what has happened to Rowene V liams, whose name was changed to Jane w n she won that audition for a singing l , with Dick Powell on the Hollywood H el show? Well, you see, although R ene is a grand girl with a grander v e, she does not have a chic figure. N v, they're whispering, Powell kicked, s the producers withdrew Rowene and s stituted Frances Langford.

Ce Man's Poison

Walter O'Keefe sat with me in an audi-ti-room last night and we listened to Stoopnagle and Budd put on their new st aining show for Columbia.

"They're back again," O'Keefe said after s e of their magnificent tomfoolery. "This th g Columbia is doing—letting them pan ra o, sponsors, auditions, commercials, an-n cers, me, everything they find goofy ab t it—will put them right back where th belong—head and shoulders above the re of us."

A little later, O'Keefe and I caught a c of coffee with the two comics before th went back to the Roxy for a personal ap arance. A strange thing happened. It's w th recording.

Stoop, who writes the foolishness for th team, was sipping his java when the g d O'Keefe guy snapped his fingers s denly. "Gosh, Toots, I forgot. I wrote t this afternoon, and can't use it. You n t be able to." He pulled a folded s t of yellow copy paper and handed it a ss the table.

"Swell," grinned Stoop, reading. "I can t it up in half an hour." He grinned b broadly, reached into his own pocket, a extracted a shabby sheet of paper, w h bore a typical O'Keefe situation, c eived by Stoop in the wild scramble f ideas.

Ah, an O'Keefe gag at which you roar d t have come from Stoopnagle, for h n it would have laid a terrific omelet.

Gy College Boys

You have noticed the gay cameraderie th e Waring Pennsylvanians during their br dcasts, but if only I could smuggle yo into one of their rehearsals! There's a fference. The gaiety is gone, and in i place is a strained nervousness. The m cians and singers laugh rarely. As I w hed them not long ago, Rosemary H was singing a song. Near the end s she stopped, obviously at a loss be-ge her voice had clashed with a note t Glee Club was humming. "Don't you k w what to do?" Fred Waring asked. "I did know it two days ago." Rosemary didn't speak; she only bit her lip.

After Waring had sung the proper ending for Rosemary, Stella Friend and her Fellas rehearsed. The quartette is taking the place of the Smoothies, Babs Ryan and her Brothers. Babs Ryan's brothers were not her brothers and things were not so smooth. One was her husband; the other her brother-in-law. She divorced her husband not long ago and the new Stella Friend unit moved in.

Comment: Or Is Winchell a Fake Name?

Walter Winchell's secretary saw me in Radio City the other Sunday and asked if the man who did our article, *"Will They Kill Winchell?"* used a nom-de-plume. I told her George Kent was a real guy; then went in to listen to her boss do his weekly stint.

Winchell works in a tiny studio and sits before the mike as though he were going to jump into it at any moment. He lights cigarettes—though it's against the rules and a page would be fired for doing it—and builds up nervousness until it's time to start his flashes.

He makes his voice sound tinny, and it's too bad; he has such a pleasant voice, really, as the Ben Bernie guest shots will attest. Besides, the nervous tension necessary for that high-geared chatter is conducive to mistakes. And even Winchell can't proofread errors on the air.

The Children's Hour

Joe Penner, the old heart player, is doing a kid program!

Ha, ha! you say? I said it, too, until Joe gave me some figures. It is concluded by the people who give Joe the air that as many children as grown-ups listen to his program. That is the reason he has abandoned such lines as *"You nasty man,"* and *"Don't never do that."* One school, he learned not long ago, placed this notice on the black-board: *"Any child heard imitating Joe Penner will stay one hour after school."* Which should squelch the critics who say he's slipping because no more Penner lines sweep the country.

False Notes

That band billed by NBC as Whispering Jack Smith's is really led by Arnold Johnson, foremost of the CBS orch leaders, I learn. . . . Frank Parker, interviewed by the magazines as the broken-hearted singer who has given up love, really is cuh-razy about it.

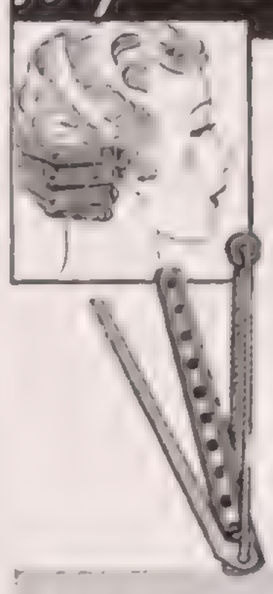
Addition

I wouldn't be at all surprised if the Clara, Lu 'n' Em sketch should suddenly include the adventures of a small child. Neither should you, for I'm telling you that Lu (Mrs. Howard Berolzheimer) has just adopted a six-weeks-old baby, whom she and her husband have named David. Both the other girls are married, but they have no children.

(*Continued on page 107*)



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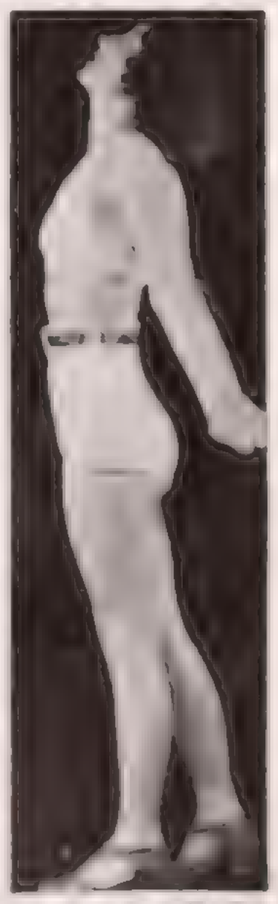
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Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just *where* they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I myself reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is a miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed!"

The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that?

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The Listeners' League Gazette

(*Continued from page 10*)

built; and (3) to protect listeners from poor and objectionable programs.

The organization will take the form of fan clubs located all over the country and blended into one national unit. Radio artists, to whom the plan has been explained, see in this move an excellent opportunity to unite their many fans into an organization of such strength that the voice of these listeners will be an important factor in shaping artists' radio careers. Fans who have discussed the idea with the League's sponsor, RADIO STARS Magazine, have indicated their desire to affiliate with the League to better support the stars who are their favorites.

The League therefore extends to all radio fans who have already formed fan clubs to have those clubs affiliate with the League. An invitation, too, is extended to all fans who are not now members of any particular fan club.

The method of organizing clubs in all sections of the country and blending them into one national unit has been explained by the League as follows:

In every city, large or small, fan clubs will be organized in behalf of various artists. These local fan clubs will be known as chapters. In other words, a sort of fraternity with many chapters in many places but all a part of one national club.

To give an example, chapters in behalf of Frank Parker will be formed in as many cities as possible. There may be one or there may be fifty chapters organized in St. Louis, for instance, all backing Frank Parker as their air favorite. Also in St. Louis there may be several chapters backing Bing Crosby, others formed in support of Jane Froman, etc.

Likewise, similar chapters will be formed in other cities throughout the country.

All the chapters formed for the same artist will be blended into an Artist Club. This means that all the Frank Parker clubs in Kansas City, New York, Shreveport, and other cities will be combined into the Frank Parker Artist Club. In the same manner, all the Jane Froman chapters throughout the land will be united to form the Jane Froman Artist Club.

These Artist Clubs combined form the Listeners' League of America.

Ten or more persons are necessary for the formation of a chapter. It is necessary that each member fill out and send to the League headquarters the individual membership application. Then the president of the group, acting in behalf of each member, must send to headquarters the application for a charter. In other words, if ten Bing Crosby fans get together to form a chapter, it is necessary that each one of the ten persons send in his own individual membership application, and then the president must send in the application for a charter. All can be sent in one envelope.

Arrangements have been made to take care of those individuals who are prevented, because of their residence in sparsely populated centers or because of other local conditions, from finding ten or more persons in order to obtain a Chapter charter. They are not to be excluded from the League because of this. Instead, these persons will merely send in their individual membership application and they will be grouped into one large Chapter which will be known as the Marconi Chapter, which will have its headquarters in the offices of the League in New York City.

Already, there are many fan clubs already organized and functioning throughout the country. To these clubs, the League issues a special invitation for them to affiliate with the national organization as soon as possible. These clubs have only to send in their individual membership applications and their charter application and they will automatically become affiliated with the League.

When a Chapter has been organized, each member of that chapter will be sent a membership card which entitles the individual to all benefits of the League. The Chapter will receive its official charter which will be signed by the radio artist in whose behalf the Chapter was organized. Each radio artist will also send each of his chapters a portrait autographed and with a special greeting to the members.

Chapters will be designated by numbers. The first chapter to organize in behalf of a certain star and have its application for a charter granted will be known as Chapter No. 1. For example, if the first chapter to be organized is a group of Lanny Ross followers in San Francisco, then this chapter will be known as the Lanny Ross Chapter No. 1.

The League is sponsored by RADIO STARS Magazine and has its headquarters in the editorial offices of the magazine at 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Included in RADIO STARS Magazine's sponsorship agreement is a provision for one hundred free subscriptions to the magazine to be sent to the presidents of the first one hundred Chapters organized. For that reason, League officials urge radio listeners to get their chapters organized and their charter applications in early in order to take advantage of this free offer.

Next month, RADIO STARS Magazine will devote space to the news of the League and its progress. Those interested are asked to watch this coming issue for further information about the organization.

Members Receive Benefits

3. To place at the disposal of each Chapter a complete service of information concerning artists. This will include material to be used in Chapter meetings, stories for newspaper use, and material for fan club publications.

4. To supply a portrait, autographed with a special greeting from the artists, to each local Chapter.

5. To make available, whenever possible, to each Chapter the services of radio artists to act as judges in contests or to write special signed articles for Chapters or local newspapers.

6. To publish in RADIO STARS Magazine news of members, Chapters and artists, to bring about a closer tieup between the artists and their followers.

7. To bring together members and artists when artists visit cities where Chapters are located. The League will attempt to notify Chapters when artists are to visit their locality.

Artists' Lavish Praise

From **Frank Parker**: "I'm sure my fans will rally to the cause. And I've some swell fans, too. Most loyal people you'll ever know."

From **Jane Froman** came this message: "I'm for it 100 per cent. Count on me on everything."

A beautiful message received was that from **Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink.** "They call me M Schumann-Heink," she wrote. "I what I want to be—a mother to a fans. I shall appreciate their lette

Here is what **Lanny Ross** said would please me a lot if my fans v join the Listeners' League of Am being sponsored by RADIO STARS M zine."

"Swell," said Patti of the Pi **Sisters.** "Sure, we want our fans t the League," harmonized Jane. "A think they will," added Helen.

"Am I for it? Now I ask you, could anyone turn down such an I'll help in any way I can." That sage came from **Vivienne Segal.**

"I can't always talk to my fa my radio programs," writes **Irene B ley,** "but here's a chance to tell them how much I appreciate loyalty. I sincerely hope they wi filiate with the League and then w work together in a great wy."

From Countess **Olga Albani:** "I always wanted listeners to write t and tell me frankly their opinion o programs. Then, too, I should lik know my fans better. I believe Listeners' League of America will both purposes."

Says **Conrad Thibault:** "I shal happy to participate in the League

"The idea of blending all my clubs into one for greater coöper has always appealed to me," said **Etting.** "I believe much more ca accomplished in that way."

Betty Barthell's message: "If League benefits both the fan and artist, then count me in. I've al said that an artist without fans i just about as bad shape as Sally I without her fans."

From **Hal Kemp:** "Fans are my critics. I should like very much to them organize and let me know what they think of Hal Kemp and band."

Rosaline Greene writes: "I'm 100 cent for the idea. Count me in b means. I'll coöperate in every way."

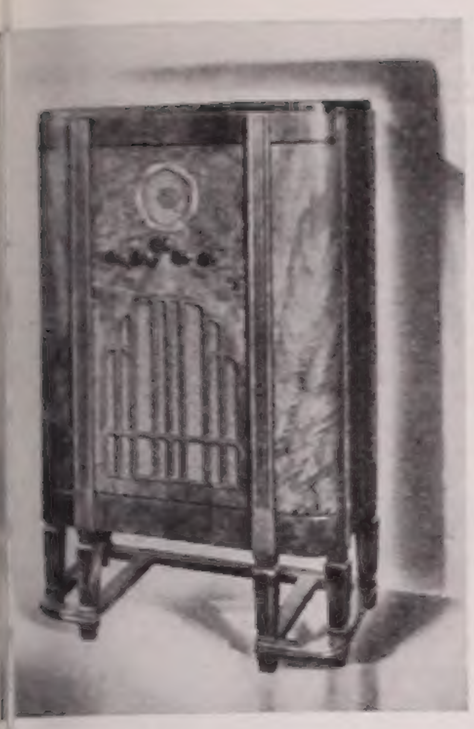
News of the Clubs—

The February-March issue of ' Parker Herald" has just reached desk. In one corner of the cov a red heart, symbolic of Valent day. In another corner is a green Sh rock in tribute to St. Patrick's Miss Eleanor F. Anderson of Ossi N. Y., is president of this Frank Pa club. We hope that its members affiliate with the League and the o **Frank Parker** fans throughout country.

Blanche Nasinec, Box 26, Ly Illinois, has a club of ninety mem in behalf of **Irene Beasley.**

Miss Ida Cagna writes to tell us a a **Rosaline Greene** club which obta fifty-eight members during its month. If you're interested to k what this club is doing, write Cagna, 8 Westley Avenue, North C bridge, Mass.

All fans are urged to send new their activities to the League, 149 M son, Avenue, New York City. In way we will be able to make our "N of the Clubs" column very interesting







re are three of the beautiful prizes waiting for winning contestants in our SCRAMBLED STARS contest. (See Pages 31, 32 and 33 of this issue). Waiting for YOU, perhaps! And don't you want to own one?

Second Prize (above, left) An RCA VICTOR GLOBE TROTTER console—An eight-tube range covers from 140 to 18,000 kilocycles, which includes aviation and weather reports, standard domestic broadcasts, police, aircraft and amateur signals, as well as the principal international entertainment bands.

Third Prize (above, center) An RCA VICTOR GLOBE TROTTER Table Cabinet Radio—six tubes. Range includes standard domestic broadcasts, police, amateur and aircraft broadcast signals, as well as principal international entertainment bands. Height, 20 inches; width, 16¾ inches; depth, 11½ inches.

Fifth Prize (above, right) An RCA VICTOR STANDARD SHORT WAVE TABLE MODEL—five tubes, covering standard programs, "High Fidelity" Band, police band, aircraft bands, an amateur band and foreign entertainment.

I Cover the Studios

(*Continued from page 105*)

Help

Braille, the system of touch reading, has always fascinated me, but it wasn't until the Clovernook Home for the Blind at Mt. Healthy, Ohio, published the first number of a radio magazine that I had the chance to examine the method at first hand. I'm still more fascinated now; and flattered, too, since the entire first issue, including the program guide, was selected from Radio Stars.

Georgia D. Trader, a trustee of the Home, tells me there are twenty-two girls at work in its printing department. Thirty-nine girls live in the residence, located about fifty yards from the shop, and guide ropes outline the connecting walks so that they may move back and forth unassisted. Clovernook is charging only two dollars for yearly subscriptions when they are taken by the blind and three dollars when libraries or schools buy them. That, I suppose, is because the organizations can better afford them. Any surplus will be turned into the Home; but, since the paper is expensive and there is no revenue from advertising, it appears the only benefit Clovernook will receive will be spiritual.

Citation

Musicians are notoriously hard to handle. In every band there is one facetious fellow, or lad who holds up the works. I've seen Elie Duchin, livid with disgust, leave his piano in the middle of a rehearsal; I've watched Lennie Hayton rumple his hair and stamp his feet in a flare of pent-up rage; and any other band leader you can name has his troubles. For that reason, Frank Black is among the most laudable of the baton wielders. He continues to get results out of his musicians by joking with them. Many a gray hair has he saved himself with a light-hearted, "Come on, boys; here's where the brass gets virile."

Arnold Johnson is another who jests his men into a fever of hard work.

Answer

Our Mr. Wilson Brown has just handed me an inquiry from a Los Angeles reader. I answer: "Yes; you may hear Babs Ryan and her Brothers over the chains. Dick Himber tells me he is considering them seriously for his program.

Long Live the King!

Seventeen of our finest bandmasters gathered at Jack Dempsey's restaurant the other night to do homage to Paul Whiteman on the twentieth anniversary of his entrance into the orchestra field with his own band. But that wasn't the only scene of celebration. Paeans of praises went out over the air, and at the bars the boys hooked their heels over the rails and hiccupped: "Lesh have thish on good ol' Paul."

The famous orchestra leaders are grateful to him for having changed, through the alchemy of his genius, ragtime into syncopation. And, except for that one guy I was talking to on 48th Street, they can't get over it. This egg went into a long eulogy, his eyes popping with his efforts to outdo the others. "He's a great guy," he concluded, "but I'm afraid he's falling a little behind some of we artists."

Ouch!

THE END



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HERE ARE THE ANSWERS



Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson, radio favorites on the air three evenings a week.

Extra! A. M. Hurls Defi At Fans' Charges of Dilly-Dallying

NEW YORK, May 1—Cornered after days of evading reporters, Uncle Answer Man today gallantly defended himself against accusations of RADIO STARS readers that he is too incompetent or just too downright lazy to (1) Tell how to get artists' photographs; (2) Tell how to get tickets for broadcasts; (3) Answer questions by mail; (4) Answer questions about non-network artists; (5) Find out answers to certain of their questions.

Your reporter found the dashing Answer Man in his charming New York City apartment, bristling with indignation and a two days' growth of beard. The interview:

(*Note:* Your reporter happens to be Unkie A. M. himself. No one else wanted the job of interviewing him. He's been chasing himself for days, and now we've got him talking to himself, which he does most of the time anyhow—*Editor.*)

Reporter: Certainly a privilege to be interviewing such a distinguished writer, Mr. Answer Man. Now that first charge . . . .

Answer Man: If you won't quote me—well anyway, almost every radio artist at some time in his career sends photographs to listeners requesting them. Few do it long. They usually decide the expense is too great. It's impossible to keep up with all of them and to know at any given time which ones are and which ones aren't sending them out. The only thing a listener can do is to write the artist in care of the network over which he broadcasts and hope that he hits him at the right time. I myself can't send them to readers. If it's too great an expense for the stars with their salaries, how do they think I can on my income?

Reporter: Come, come, let's not get heated. About those broadcast tickets now . . . .

Answer Man: Well, I can't send out tickets for broadcasts, either. The listener desiring to witness a broadcast should write the station or network over which he hears the program. He should print *"Ticket Request"* on the envelope. The rest is like waiting for a sweepstakes' drawing. If he's lucky, he'll get the tickets after awhile. But he must remember that on programs such as Vallee's, there is a waiting list of thousands. I can get myself or my wife's great aunt Clothilde into a studio, but that's the extent of my prowess, so you tell the readers, will you?

Reporter: I certainly will, you marvelous man. If you could spare a moment more . . . .

Answer Man: Flatterer! Now those other charges. I can't answer questions by mail because I ain't—I mean I haven't—got time. Too many of 'em. I can't answer questions about non-network artists because the majority of readers are interested in network stars. Have a cigarette?

Reporter: Thanks. You certainly have good taste in tobacco. Now I know you aren't going to let them keep on saying you're too lazy to find out such things as, for example, Johnnie Green's birthdate?

Answer Man: Why should I? There's nothing I couldn't tell you about radio artists, right out of my head. It was October 10th, 1908.

Reporter: Or the real name of Bert Parks, announcer, and something about his life?

Answer Man: Real name—Bertram Parks Jacobson. Born—December 30th, 1908, Atlanta, Georgia. Educated—Emory College. Network debut with Little Jack Little's orchestra. First public appearance was as impersonator at age of five at Luna Park, N. C. Weight—One hundred and thirty-two pounds. Height—five feet, eleven inches. Black hair. Brown eyes. Am I at all verbose?

Reporter: You look healthy enough to me. But you might use more words in telling something about that folk and cowboy singer, Jimmy Marvin.

Answer Man: I imagine most of the readers want to know if Johnny really was divorced. He was, and married again. He was born nearly thirty-eight years ago in a covered wagon somewhere near the boundary lines separating Indian Territory (Oklahoma), Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas. He thinks he's an Oklahoman, but (*Continued on page 102*)

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Posed by Heather Angel

A BRIDE'S SECRET



"Every bride knows a secret that every girl should learn…she knows how to charm," an exquisite bride confided. "My beauty rules are *different*. I would never dream of making up without first putting on a few drops of perfume. Instantly its fragrance makes me a new person…joyous…confident…alive! Only then am I sure that my cosmetics will make me look the way I *want* to look."

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You are really unfair to your beauty…and to your natural yearning for romance…if you don't buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection they are "certified to be pure" and sample sizes are only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.


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